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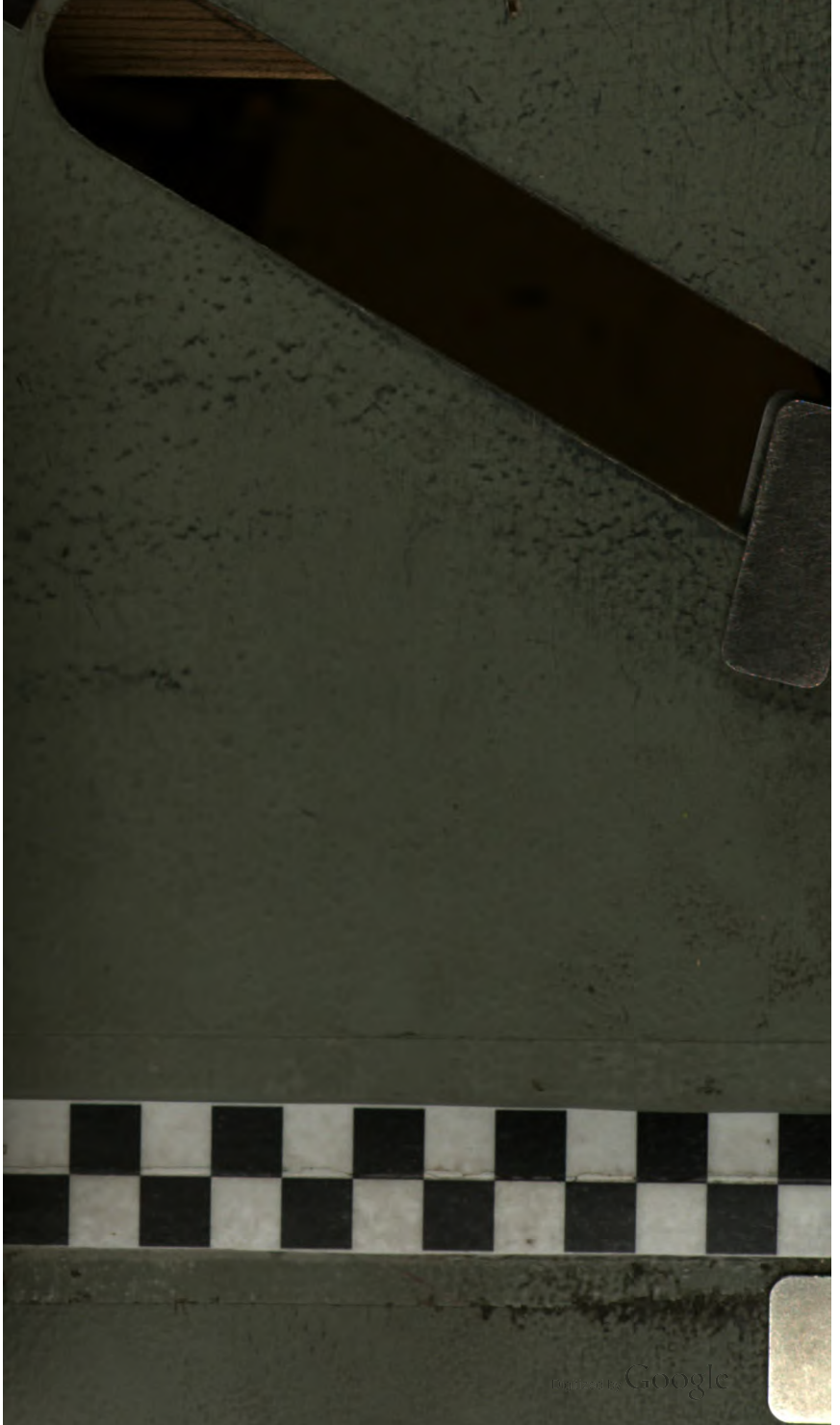
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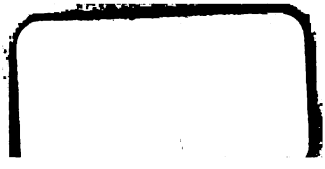

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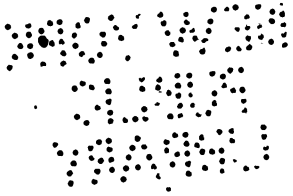

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ART. I.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

Mémoires d'outre Tombe. Par le Vicomte de Chateaubriand.
La Tribune: Chateaubriand. Par M. Villemain.
Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier.

GREAT men, of the very first order of greatness,—"the heights and pinnacles of human mind,"—are of no country. They are cosmopolitan, not national. They belong not to the Teutonic, or the Anglo-Saxon, or the Italian, or the Gallic race, but to the Human race. They are stamped with the features, rich with the endowments, mighty with the power, instinct with the life, not of this or that phase or section of humanity, but of humanity itself, in its most unlimited development and its loftiest possibilities. There is no apparent reason why they might not have been born in any one of the nations into which the civilised modern world is divided as well as in another. The *universal* elements of their character and their intelligence override and obliterate the special ones. We do not think of Shakespeare and Bacon, of Spinoza and Descartes, of Newton and Galileo, of Columbus or Michael Angelo, of Kant or Goethe, as Frenchmen or Englishmen, Germans or Italians, but as MEN, whose capacities and whose achievements are at once the patrimony and the illustration of all peoples and all lands alike.

But there are great men of a secondary stature and a more bounded range,—men darkly wise and imperfectly and irregularly great, yet whose greatness cannot be disputed, since, in spite of many moral short-comings and much intellectual frailty, they have filled a large space in the world's eye, have done good service and earned high fame, have notably influenced the actions and the

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thoughts of their contemporaries, and produced works "which after-times will not willingly let die,"—and yet who are so prominently marked with the impress of their age and country, that no one can for a moment fail to recognise their origin. Every page of their writings, every incident of their career, every power they evince, every weakness they betray, proclaims aloud the Briton or the Frank. And we speak here not only of men of talent, but of men of unquestionable genius too. "Talent," as Sir James Mackintosh well defined it, is "habitual power of execution:" it is of many descriptions; it may be generated to some extent; it may be cultivated to almost any extent; and will naturally have a local stamp and colouring. "Genius" implies a *special* gift, an innate and peculiar endowment; Providence, with a mysterious and uncontrollable sovereignty, drops the seed into any soil; it might be expected, therefore, to be purely personal, rather than redolent of time and place. Yet, except in the case of those paramount and abnormal Intelligences of whom we have spoken above, men of genius, for the most part, are essentially national and secular,—visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the era in which they lived, and the land which gave them birth.

Of this secondary order of great men—unquestionably a man of genius, unquestionably also and *par excellence* a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of the nineteenth century—CHATEAUBRIAND was one of the most eminent and the most special. His career, his character, and his writings, are well worth the pains of studying. His career extended over the whole of the most momentous and exciting epoch of modern history, and was involved in some of its most stirring scenes. He was born in 1768, and died in 1848. He was old enough to feel an interest in the establishment of American Independence; and he lived to see the United States swell in number from thirteen to thirty-three, and their statesmen dwindle in capacity from Washington to Polk. He was presented in his eighteenth year to Louis XVI. in the days of his grandeur at Versailles, and he *might* have been presented in his eightieth year to Louis Napoleon, at the Elysée, as he marched back from exile on his way to the imperial throne. He was a fugitive to England in his youth, and ambassador to England in his old age. He served Napoleon, and he served Charles X. He lived through the three great moral, political, and social convulsions of modern times—the revolution of 1789, the revolution of 1830, the revolution of 1848. He was born under feudalism; he died under socialism. He opened his eyes on France when she was an ancient and hereditary monarchy: he beheld her "every thing in turn and nothing long;" he lived to see the Second Republic, and almost to see the Second Empire.

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His writings, varied in their range,—romantic, religious, polemic, and biographical,—are all peculiar and characteristic, and full of energy and warmth. By the common consent of his countrymen, he is regarded as having carried the poetry of prose composition to a pitch never approached by any one before or since, except Rousseau; and in that style of refined acrimony, quiet thrusts with polished rapier, and graceful throwing of poisoned epigrammatic javelins, which is so peculiarly French, and which Frenchmen so inordinately value, he had confessedly no rival. He was, moreover, a real power in literature: his controversial writings undeniably exercised great influence over political transactions, and his sentimental writings exercised a still wider and more indisputable influence over the taste and tone of the lighter productions of his age. His character, finally, both in its strength and its weakness, was peculiarly French. His unsociability apart, he might almost be taken as the typical man of his class, time, and country,—greatly exaggerated however, especially in his defects. A sense of honour, quick, sensitive, and fiery, rather than rational or deep; an hereditary high breeding, which displayed itself rather in exquisite grace and urbanity of manner than in real chastening of spirit; a native chivalry of temper and demeanour, but too superficial to render him truly either generous or amiable; vanity ignobly excessive and absolutely childish; and egotism carried to a point at which it became quite a crime, and almost a disease;—such were the prominent features of Chateaubriand, according to every portrait we possess.

Of Chateaubriand's early years we know little that is reliable; for we know nothing beyond what he has told us himself. His reminiscences of this period, it is true, occupy quite a sufficient portion of his autobiography; but the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, in which he records them, though begun when in the prime of life, were so often retouched and altered in later years, when his memory was failing and his imagination was every day growing more lawless and untruthful, and they are, moreover, so uniformly and obviously the production of a writer who sought to discover what was becoming rather than to remember what was correct, that we can trust their statements only when in themselves probable and characteristic. We do not mean to charge him with intentional falsehood in relating the events either of his earlier or later life; but his fancy was so vivid and his vanity so irritable and insatiable, he had so rooted a conviction that every thing connected with the Vicomte de Chateaubriand must be singular and wonderful, he was so constantly *en représentation* both before himself and before the world, he was so full of the most transparent affectations as to his own sentiments,—in a word, he was so habitually insincere with himself.

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(whether consciously or unconsciously we cannot pronounce), that we never know, unless we can check his narrative from independent sources, how far we are dealing with fact or fiction. We come across instances of this inaccuracy and unfaithfulness in almost every page of his Memoirs; so that we can proceed only with doubt and caution, making ample allowance as we go along for the motives which we know to have been at work.

François-René de Chateaubriand was born September 4th 1768, at Saint-Malo in Brittany,—most reluctantly, as he informs us,—against his strong desire and in cruel disregard of his most vehement protests. The distaste for life, which he loses no opportunity of expressing—and which we may well conceive was in a measure genuine, for selfish men and proud men are seldom happy—manifested itself in him, we are required to believe, before his birth. He was not the eldest son: his father wanted a second boy, in order to secure the transmission of the family name; but Chateaubriand was so unwilling to come into the world that he sent four sisters before him, one after another, in the vain hope of quenching his parent's insatiable desire of offspring. "Je fus le dernier de ces dix enfants. Il est probable que mes quatres sœurs durent leur existence au désir de mon père d'avoir son nom assuré par l'arrivé d'un second garçon: —*je résistais; j'avais une aversion pour la vie.*"* He was a delicate infant: his life was in some danger, but was spared at the instance of a vow made by his nurse to the patron-saint of her village. His way of recording this childish peril is so characteristic in the turn of sentiment and expression, that it is worth quoting: "Je n'avais vécu que quelques heures, et *la pesanteur du temps était déjà marquée sur mon front.* Que ne me laissait-on mourir? Il entrait dans les conseils de Dieu d'accorder au vœu de l'obscurité et de l'innocence la conservation des jours *qu'une vaine renommée menaçait d'atteindre.*"

The father of Chateaubriand was a Breton gentleman of ancient family but decayed fortunes. He had acquired a moderate competence himself by a step which in those days indicated much good sense and force of character: he had entered the mercantile marine, made one or two successful voyages, and then settled for some years in the West-Indian colonies. As soon as he was in a position of reasonable independence, he returned to his native land, purchased at Combourg, near Saint-Malo, an old ancestral estate and chateau; but the soil was poor, the chateau dreary, and the site desolate and forlorn. The son has left a most uninviting picture of both the paternal residence and the paternal character—the one cold

* In another passage he speaks of "la chambre où ma mère *m'infligea la vie*" (vol. i. p. 23).

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and gloomy, the other severe, silent, passionate, and morose, with an inordinate pride of name and race as his predominating moral features. In reference to this family pride, we must notice one of the first of Chateaubriand's affectations and insincerities. He pretends to despise all such weakness; he loudly proclaims the hollowness of all such pretensions; he stigmatises them as "odious in his father, ridiculous in his brother, and too manifest even in his nephew;"—and he adds with some *naïveté*, "Je ne suis pas bien sûr, malgré mes inclinations républicaines, de m'en être complétement affranchi, bien que je l'aie soigneusement cachée." So far is he, however, from being either free from this weakness or able to hide it, that he betrays it in his every page. He loses no occasion of enumerating his ancestral glories and connections; he describes with irrepressible self-glorification his entering the royal carriages and hunting with the king—privileges only granted to those of undoubted noble birth; he devotes a whole chapter to his pedigree; he returns to the subject again and again; when his father dies, he gives an extract from the mortuary register detailing in full all his titles and formalities; he assures us that "if he inherited the infatuation of his father and his brother," he could easily prove his descent from the Dukes of Bretagne, the intermingling of his blood with that of the Royal Family of England; and he adds a long note, with further particulars and *pièces justificatives*, at the end of his Memoirs. And then he descends to the unworthy affectation of apologising for these "*vieilles misères*" and "*puériles récitations*," on the ground that they are given for the sake of his nephews, "who think more of such matters than he does," and in order to explain the dominant passion of his father. "Quant à moi" (he says), "je ne me glorifie ni ne me plains de l'ancienne ou de la nouvelle société. Si, dans la première, j'étais le chevalier ou le vicomte de Chateaubriand, dans la seconde je suis François de Chateaubriand; *je préfère mon nom à mon titre.*"

The young inheritor of all these past and future glories suffered from a defective education and a neglected childhood. He passed some portions of interrupted years at the seminaries of Dol, Rennes, and Dinan successively, before which period he seems to have spent his time in wandering along the wild shore of Brittany, or playing with the village urchins of Saint-Malo. He read fitfully, but learnt nothing thoroughly. He gained the admiration of his instructors, he tells us, on account of his singular memory for words,—it seems to have been his one special faculty in youth;—but he adds characteristically, "One thing humiliates me in reference to this: memory is often the endowment of fools; it belongs usually to heavy minds,

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rendered yet more ponderous by the baggage with which they are overloaded." He actually feels ashamed of possessing a good memory because he cannot have it all to himself, but must share the endowment with ungifted men! The remainder of his youth was passed principally in his ungenial home at Combourg, lost in idleness and reveries, roaming among the woods, gazing at sunsets, building castles in the air, and indulging in those vague, semi-erotic, semi-ethereal fancies, so common to imaginative minds at the opening of life; but of which—full of his notion that every thing relating to him was anomalous and unique—he says; "I do not know if the history of the human heart offers another example of this sort of thing." His sister Lucile, who seems to have been a charming person, was his sole companion and comfort in this ungenial and unprofitable life. Even with her it was melancholy enough; without her it would have been insupportable. It nourished and enriched his poetical imagination, beyond question; but it nourished and consolidated all his moral failings at the same time—his *farouche* and sombre humour, his unamiable egotism, his slavery to passion and to fancy, and his normal attitude of self-study, self-wonder, and self-worship. His father rose at four o'clock, summer and winter; and his harsh voice calling for his valet resounded through the house. At noon the family assembled for dinner in the great hall, previous to which hour they worked or studied in their own rooms, or were supposed to do so. After dinner the father went to shoot, or fish, or look after his farm; the mother went to her oratory; the daughter to her room and her *tapisserie;* and the son to the woods, or to his books and dreams. At eight o'clock they supped; then the father shot owls, and the rest of the family looked at the stars, till ten o'clock, when they retired to rest.

"The evenings of autumn and winter were passed in a somewhat different manner. When supper was over, and the four *convives* had returned from the table to the fireplace, my mother, with a sigh, threw herself upon an old couch, and a stand with one candle was placed beside her. Lucile and I sat by the fire; the servants cleared the table and retired. Then my father began his walk, and never stopped till bed-time. He wore an old white *robe-de-chambre*, or rather a sort of mantle, which I have never seen on any other man. His head, nearly bald, was covered with a great white cap, which stood straight up. When he walked away from the hearth, the large room was so dimly lighted by its solitary taper that he became invisible—his steps only were heard in the darkness. Gradually he returned towards the light, and emerged little by little out of the gloom, like a spectre, with his white robe, white cap, and long pale face. Lucile and I exchanged a few words in a low voice while he was at the other end of the room, but we were silent the instant he approached us. As he

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passed, he inquired of what we were speaking. Seized with fear, we made no reply, and he continued his walk. The rest of the evening nothing was heard but the measured sound of his steps, my mother's sighs, and the whistling of the wind. The castle-clock struck ten. My father stopped; the same spring which had raised the hammer of the clock seemed to have suspended his steps. He drew out his watch, wound it up; took up a large silver torch with a large wax taper, went for a moment into the little western tower, then returned torch in hand, and went towards his bed-room in the eastern tower. Lucile and I put ourselves in his way, embraced him, and wished him a good night. Without replying, he bent towards us his hard and wrinkled cheek, proceeded on his way, and withdrew to the bottom of the tower, and we heard the doors close after him.

Then the charm was broken; my mother, my sister, and myself, all transformed into statues by my father's presence, suddenly recovered our vitality. The first effect of our disenchantment was to produce a torrent of words. If silence had oppressed us, it paid dearly for it.

The flood of words being exhausted, I called the chamber-maid, and conducted my mother and sister to their apartment. Before I withdrew, they made me look under the beds, up the chimneys, behind the doors, and search the staircase, passages, and neighbouring corridors. All the traditions of the castle, its robbers and spectres, suddenly recurred to their memory. The people were firmly persuaded that a Count de Combourg, with a wooden leg, who died three centuries before, appeared at certain epochs, and that he had been met on the grand staircase of the tower: sometimes, also, the wooden leg walked by itself along with a black cat."

We may readily concede that a youth thus passed was not calculated to inspire any vivid love of existence, and we have no doubt also that Chateaubriand was constitutionally of a melancholic temperament; but still that weariness and *ennui* of life which he so ceaselessly parades in his Memoirs becomes nauseous at last. It is thrust in our faces on all occasions, and without occasion: it is exaggerated, it is morbid, it is carefully fostered, it is profusely manured; and it is never checked or modified by any Christian sentiment or any manly principle. Chateaubriand's early years were undeniably full of gloomy and depressing influences, but they were amply redeemed by subsequent successes. He achieved fame while still young; he rose to the height of grandeur and renown, according to his estimate of such things; he was loved by many and admired by all; he lived long, he lived actively, he lived on the scene of the most thrilling events, and he lived through a period more replete than any other with interest and excitement. If he had been less of an egotist, or more of a Christian, he must have been thankful for life at least, even if he had not consciously enjoyed it. Yet the burden of his song is the same at every age. In the *Natches*

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(one of his earliest works) he writes: "Je m'ennuie de la vie; l'ennui m'a toujours dévoré: *ce qui intéresse les autres hommes ne me touche point.* . . . . . Je suis vertueux sans plaisir: si j'étais criminel, je le serais sans remords. Je voudrais n'être pas né, ou être à jamais oublié." In the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* he writes, under the date of 1821: "Religion à part, le bonheur est de s'ignorer, et d'arriver à la mort sans avoir senti la vie." Eleven years later, when he was sixty-four years old, he writes to a lady friend: "Puissance et amour, tout m'est indifférent, tout m'importune. J'ai mon plan de solitude en Italie, et la mort au bout."

It must not be supposed that his youthful studies and reveries were wholly unproductive: he seems to have talked well when excited and sufficiently at ease to overcome his native shyness; and his sister, struck with some remarkable indications of talent, persuaded him to write. He did so for a while; then he became discouraged, threw his work aside, and grumbled at Lucile for having suggested it. Even then he thought only of fame, not of interest in his subject, nor of the simple expression of his sentiments and fancies. "J'en voulus à Lucile d'avoir fait naître en moi un penchant malheureux: je cessais d'écrire, et *je me pris à pleurer ma gloire à venir.*" He began by writing verses, as nearly all young men do; and he would fain persuade his readers that so competent a critic as M. de Fontanes found them excellent. "J'écris longtemps en vers avant d'écrire en prose: M. de Fontanes *prétendait que j'avais reçu les deux instrumens.*" Unfortunately for Chateaubriand, M. de Fontanes gave his own version of the matter to M. Villemain, showing that the poet must have magnified some enforced politeness into deliberate eulogy. The critic signalised in the verse of Chateaubriand a want of spirit and real poetry which surprised him: "Car, enfin" (said he), "à travers les énormités, il est admirable de créations de style dans sa prose: c'est toute autre chose dans sa poésie;—on dirait qu'il se dédommage et qu'il fait amende honorable de ses hardiesses par le prosaisme et la timidité."*

Meantime the young aspirant had embraced no profession, though he had dreamed of nearly all, and was unfit for any. "His spirit of independence," he himself says, "rendered him averse from every sort of service; *j'ai en moi une impossibilité d'obéir.* Les voyages me tentaient, mais je sentais que je ne les

* *Villemain*, p. 17. In another part of his Memoirs, Chateaubriand, in reference to the novel and unclassic style of his earlier writings, observes: "Toutefois, mon ami (Fontanes), au lieu de se révolter contre ma barbarie, *se passionna pour elle.*" On this M. Villemain remarks: "M. de Chateaubriand is wrong here. No one, as we can testify, was more thoroughly impatient of the affectation, barbarous or not, which disfigures *Atala* and *René*, but he was charmed with their beauties" (p. 75).

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aimerais que seul, en suivant ma volonté." His father designed him for the navy, and sent him to Brest to prepare for his commission; but he renounced the career for some unexplained cause, and returned to the paternal mansion. His mother wanted to make him a priest; but Chateaubriand felt no vocation in that line, though some preliminary studies were undertaken, and he actually received the tonsure from the Bishop of Saint-Malo, as a step towards becoming at some future period a Knight of Malta. He at one time resolved to obtain same appointment in the East Indies, and his father consented to let him dispose of himself in this manner; but months flowed by, and no active measures were taken to realise the scheme. At last the paternal patience was worn out: a commission in the army was obtained, and the future Celebrity was sent off to join his regiment with a hundred louis in his pocket and a parting allocution, which was rather a scolding than a benediction. The young ensign presented himself at head-quarters, and for a while did duty with his corps; but he saw no service and learned no discipline, spending most of his time in Paris, watching the gradual opening of the Revolution. The state of affairs soon became uncomfortable for an officer of noble family in the service of the king; Chateaubriand appears to have been still too egotistical a dreamer to feel any absorbing interest in the great drama that was then evolving; he was seized with a fancy for discovering the north-west passage,—so at least he says; but probably he was only restless and adventurous. However, he sailed for America; renounced his alleged scheme on the first discouragement he met with; wandered awhile in the prairies and the forests of the new world; gained a glimpse into the poetry of savage life, of which he made the most in *Atala* and the *Natchez;* and returned suddenly to France, with no definite reason or determinate purpose, on hearing of the king's flight to Varennes. One passage in the *Mémoires* relating to this period is so indicative of certain features of Chateaubriand, that we must turn aside for a moment to call attention to it. On the voyage out he had formed an intimacy with a fellow-passenger, an Englishman named Francis Tulloch, who seems to have possessed both talent and merit. This was in 1791. Thirty-one years afterwards, in 1822, when Chateaubriand was at the summit of his worldly grandeur as ambassador to England, Francis Tulloch was living in Portland Place, just opposite to the official residence of his former fellow-traveller and intimate. He wrote a very friendly and courteous letter to Chateaubriand, informing him of their close neighbourhood, and saying that though of course *he* could not make the first advances towards the renewal of intercourse with so great a man, yet that, "on the slightest

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tary of Legation to Rome; he left her when he went on a pilgrimage to the Levant; in fact, he usually left her behind him whenever he went any where. She was a kind of *pied-à-terre* or furnished lodging, which he kept in Paris to be ready for him when he happened to return, after his restless wanderings. The few pages which he devotes to her in narrating his marriage are singularly cool and characteristic. He does full justice to her intelligence and character, and expresses himself grateful for her devotion and affectionate patience with his faults. He intimates that her virtues made her less easy to live with than his defects, but generously takes no merit to himself for his more *facile commerce;* for he says, that "resignation, general obligingness, and serenity of temper"—which no one but himself ever dreamed of attributing to him—"are easy to a man who is weary and indifferent to every thing." He then proceeds to speculate whether, possibly, after all, he may not have plagued her more that she plagued him; and ends by a deliberate and earnest disquisition on the problem whether his marriage "did really spoil his destiny." "No doubt," he argues, "I should have had more leisure and should have produced more; no doubt I might have been better received in certain circles and among the grandees of the earth; no doubt Madame de Chateaubriand often bothered me, though she never controlled me. But, on the other hand, without her I might have gone to the bad, like Byron; I might have become a disreputable old *débauché;* and after all, I am not sure that if I *had* given full scope to my desires, and led a life of vagabond *amours*, it would have 'added a cord to my lyre,' or made my voice more touching, or my sentiments more profound, or my tones more energetic or more thrilling." "Retenu par un lien indissoluble, j'ai acheté d'abord *au prix d'un peu d'amertume* les douceurs que je goûte aujourd'hui. Je dois donc une tendre et éternelle reconnaissance à ma femme, dont l'attachment a été aussi touchant que profond et sincère. Elle a rendu ma vie plus grave, plus noble, plus honorable, en m'inspirant toujours le respect, sinon toujours la force des devoirs."

Chateaubriand soon discovered that his wife's property, for the sake of which he had married her, was all but mythical. It had been secured on the domains of the clergy, and these domains had been confiscated by the nation. At all events, the funds, whether existing or not, were inaccessible. With great difficulty he borrowed ten thousand francs; and, as ill-luck would have it, while these were in his pocket, for the first and only time in his life, he was enticed by the fatal fascinations of the gaming-table. He lost all except fifteen hundred francs, and, in his confusion and distress of mind, he left these also in a

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hackney-coach, and told his family that the *whole* sum had gone in this way. This portion, however, he recovered the next day, and with this he emigrated. The army of the Princes, ill-constituted and ill-commanded, was, as is well known, promptly defeated and dispersed. Chateaubriand escaped to England, and there spent the next seven years in poverty, privation, and sometimes in actual famine, supporting himself partly by his pen, and partly by occasional remittances from abroad. Here he learned the tidings of his mother's imprisonment and his brother's death upon the scaffold, along with that of Malesherbes and several of his near connections. Part of this long exile was spent in study, but more in aimless, though not wholly unprofitable, poetic reverie. Here he wrote, or at least prepared, the *Natchez* and *Atala*, and here he published his first work, *Essai sur les Révolutions*, a very crude performance, but displaying much miscellaneous, superficial, and undigested reading, and no small promise of future talent. The book was little known, and had no success—probably did not deserve any; though it made the author known among his fellow-exiles. He himself admits, in his bombastic way, that it was all but still-born: "Un ombre subite engloutit le premier rayon de ma gloire."

Two episodes in this portion of his life are all that we need notice; but his mode of dealing with both speaks volumes as to the moral nature of the man. He had obtained, through Peltier's* interposition, some archæological employment in the county of Suffolk. While in that neighbourhood, circumstances caused him to reside for some time in the family of a clergyman near Bungay, who had a charming wife and an only daughter. With the latter, then about fifteen, according to Chateaubriand's account (every part of this narrative, we may observe, comes from himself, and is coloured, if not perverted, by his peculiarities), he was in the habit of reading Italian; he listened to her music and directed her studies. An attachment sprang up between them, which was observed by the parents, who, anxious only for their daughter's happiness, and too liberal-minded to object to her marriage with a penniless exile, determined to offer him her hand. Chateaubriand's description of the scene in which the mother, herself still young and beautiful, makes him the proposal is disfigured by the bad taste and the disposition to unworthy allusions which is so offensive in several of his writings. "Elle était dans un embarras extrême. Elle me regardait, baissant les yeux, rougissant; *elle-même, séduisante dans ce trouble, il n'y a point de sentiment qu'elle n'eût pu reven-*

* The same French publisher who was afterwards tried for a libel on Bonaparte; a charge which gave occasion to the well-known magnificent oration of his advocate, Sir James Mackintosh.

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diquer pour elle." Chateaubriand was stupefied at the proposal; the recollection of his own abandoned wife flashed across him; he avowed his marriage; the mother fainted, and he fled back to London, full of remorse and a haunting half-poetic love. His fancy had been vividly excited, but it scarcely appears that his heart, if he had one, was really touched. But the sequel of the story is the characteristic portion. Miss Charlotte Ives,—this was the young lady's name,—when this early illusion had worn away, married Admiral Sutton; and in after years, being anxious for the promotion of her sons, bethought her of applying to her former admirer, then ambassador from France to England, to use his influence with Mr. Canning, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and about (as was supposed) to proceed to India as Governor-General. This was in 1822, twenty-seven years after the brief romance we have related. Accordingly she called upon him, and saw him twice. The narration is his own: we do not accept it as a true picture of the deportment of an English matron, but we give it as we find it. They spoke at length of past times and old and tender memories, holding each other's hands. The fatuity of the grandee, the superb egotist, the *homme à bonnes fortunes*, breaks out at every sentence. He asks if she had recognised him. "Elle a levé les yeux, qu'elle tenait baissés, et pour toute réponse, elle m'a adressé un regard souriant et mélancolique comme un long souvenir. Sa main était toujours entre les miennes." Then, after a few more questions:

"'Mais dites-moi, madame, *que vous fait ma fortune nouvelle?* Comment me voyez-vous aujourd'hui? Ce mot de *milord* que vous employez me semble bien dur.'

Charlotte répliqua:

'Je ne vous trouve pas changé, *pas même vieilli.* Quand je parlais de vous à mes parents pendant votre absence, c'était toujours le titre de *milord* que je vous donnais; il me semblait que vous le deviez porter; *n'étiez-vous pas pour moi comme un mari, my lord and master?*'

Cette gracieuse femme avait quelque chose de l'Eve de Milton en prononçant ces paroles; elle n'était point née du sein d'une autre femme; sa beauté portait l'empreinte de la main divine qui l'avait pétrie."

They had still another interview, a parting one. Chateaubriand says it was painful on both sides. She gave him a packet of his old letters and some manuscript of his, observing, "'Ne vous offensez-pas si je ne veux rien garder de vous.'* Et elle

* This remark of hers would seem to be a simple invention, a theatrical or sentimental *fib* of the ambassador's. It would appear that Chateaubriand, having once got re-possession of these old, and probably compromising, documents (which the lady only intended to show to him), was far too shrewd to give them back again; for we find letters from her in the *Souvenirs de Madame Récamier*,

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se prit à pleurer." He then bids her adieu, and sets to work to analyse the feelings with which he regarded her then, as compared with his faint fondness twenty-seven years before, and concludes in this unseemly fashion: "Si j'avais serré dans mes bras, épouse et mère, celle qui me fut destinée vierge et épouse, c'eût été avec une sorte de rage, pour flétrir, remplir de douleur, et étouffer ces vingt-sept années livrées à un autre, après m'avoir été offertes." We shall meet with more than one example, as we go on, of the same species of profound indelicacy.

The other incident of Chateaubriand's London life to which we made reference was this. There is an admirable and most beneficent institution in this metropolis, known to most of our readers, called "The Royal Literary Fund." Its purpose is that of affording temporary aid to literary men and women who may be in distress or privation, but whose position and education are such as would render the receipt of open charity more painful than poverty itself. The assistance needed is therefore dealt out with all secrecy and delicacy, and after the most careful inquiry, by a permanent secretary, the chairman, and one or two members of the society, who are understood never to reveal the names of the recipients. In this way much good is done, much suffering relieved, and much sensibility soothed and spared. The members of this association meet once a year in force at a great banquet, where some one distinguished for rank or fame is usually selected to preside. In 1822, when Chateaubriand was ambassador in England, he was invited to attend this annual dinner, in his double capacity of eminent politician and celebrated writer. One of the royal dukes was in the chair, and the attendance was unusually graced by the rank and talent of the guests. Many speeches were delivered: when it came to Chateaubriand's turn, he passed a glowing eulogy on the institution; and by way of illustrating the services which it rendered in modesty and silence to struggling genius, without distinction of sex or nation, he drew a graphic picture of a young foreigner cast upon these shores, having nothing but his talents and his industry to support him; striving, and striving long in vain, to earn a scanty subsistence by his pen; and finally, when just about to give up the conflict in despair, rescued by the agent of the society descending upon his garret unsolicited, like a saving and ministering angel. When he had heightened the effect of his portrait by all the colours his rich fancy could gather round it, he produced

more than once entreating that the packet she had so long cherished *might be returned to her;* and intimating also, not obscurely, that the interview we have narrated had not been as agreeable to her as her interlocutor represents it. She calls it "that *inexpressibly* bitter moment when I stood in your house an uninvited stranger;" and he evidently, though giving her politeness enough, did nothing for her son. *Récamier*, i. 405.

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a most vivid and thrilling emotion in his audience by adding: "*This case was my own: I* was that unknown and destitute foreigner, five-and-twenty years ago, &c. &c." The effect was electric: every body was taken by surprise: no one had ever heard the faintest rumour of the transaction; and all vied with one another in congratulating the society on having relieved so great a man, and lauding the ambassador for the "grandeur of soul" which did not shrink from such an avowal. "Happy," exclaimed Mr. Everett, the American minister, on the occasion of another anniversary celebration,—"happy the institution which could give relief to such a man! happy the man magnanimous enough to come here afterwards and acknowledge it!" or words to that effect.

Remembering this touching scène, we opened the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* with some curiosity, to read the narration of it there. Under the date of 1822, and in a portion of the autobiography *written at that period*, we find a record of this notable dinner given by the Literary Fund. It is mentioned by way of introducing a somewhat inflated compliment paid him on the occasion by Mr. Canning, and some still more inflated reflections of his own on his juxtaposition with so great a man;* *but not one word is to be found in reference to the story we have just given;* not a hint of his ever having received such relief, or of having so "magnanimously" avowed it. On the contrary, he denies it by implication, observing that "*if the Literary Fund had existed* when he came to London in 1793, it might perhaps at least have paid his doctor's bill."† The Literary Fund *did* exist at that time, for it was founded in 1790. How are we to explain the irreconcilable discrepancy between the two statements? The incident at the dinner could not have escaped his memory; for the description of the dinner in his memoirs must have been written within a few days of its occurrence, and he remembers perfectly the names and the language of his *convives*. Was it that he thought the acknowledgment of having received at any period, and under any circumstances, eleemosynary aid would not read well in the biography of so great a man? Was he willing to confess it *vivâ voce*, as a mere *verbum volans*, which might be forgotten to-morrow, but unwilling to embody it in a work which was to make him, and to be itself, immortal? Or was it, in truth, that no such relief had ever been afforded him; that the idea of proclaiming it before a brilliant assembly had tempted him into a theatrical clap-trap; that he could not resist the desire to produce a mo-

* "Est-ce l'affinité *de nos grandeurs*, ou le rapport de nos souffrances, qui nous a réunis ici?" &c. (Canning had then undergone no *souffrances*.)

† He is careful also to assure us (ii. p. 86) that he had refused to accept the pecuniary assistance offered by the English government at that period to the French emigrants.

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mentary effect; that, in fact, the whole story was a histrionic lie, which he uttered on the spur of the occasion, but shrank from deliberately recording in his life? Neither explanation is creditable; but the last, we suspect, is the true one.

We are now arrived at the commencement of Chateaubriand's literary life, which ranged from 1800 to 1812, and which may be said to have been inaugurated by the *Génie du Christianisme*, though the *Essai sur les Révolutions*, which we have already mentioned, and *Atala*, of which we shall speak presently, were given to the world before his great work. This work, however, was the one which made his fame and fortune; and it is this to which he himself always refers as his title both to permanent glory and to the gratitude of his country and of Europe. It is important therefore, if we would estimate him aright, to inquire a little into the character of the book, and the circumstances in which it originated. Like nearly all the men of note in France at the close of the 18th century, Chateaubriand was an unbeliever, not probably from any very profound inquiry or reflection, but still deliberately and avowedly. Many passages, as well as the whole tenor, of the *Essai sur les Révolutions*, proclaim this plainly enough. If any doubt, however, existed on this head, it would be set at rest by a remarkable document which Saint-Beuve has brought to light. There exists a copy of the *Essai*, annotated with various marginal remarks, additions, and corrections, prepared with a view to a second edition, which the author then hoped for. Among them we find the following. The original text of the *Essai* says: "Dieu, la Matière, la Fatalité, ne font qu'Un." Chateaubriand adds in the margin, "Voilà mon système, *voilà ce que je crois.* Oui, tout est hasard, fatalité dans ce monde; la réputation, l'honneur, la richesse, la vertu même: et comment croire qu'un Dieu intelligent nous conduit? . . . . Il y a peut-être un Dieu, mais c'est le Dieu d'Epicure; il est trop grand, trop heureux pour s'occuper de nos affaires, et nous sommes laissés sur ce globe à nous dévorer les uns les autres." In another passage he writes, also in the margin, in reference to another life: "Quelquefois je suis tenté de croire à l'immortalité de l'âme, *mais ensuite la raison m'empêche de l'admettre.* . . . . Ne désirons donc de survivre à nos cendres; mourons tout entiers, de peur de souffrir ailleurs." Again: his incredulity, and his reason for it, are summed up in this sentence; the *Essai* says: "Dieu, répondez-vous, vous a fait libre. Ce n'est pas là la question. A-t-il prévu que je tomberais, que je serais à jamais malheureux? Oui, indubitablement. Eh bien! votre Dieu n'est plus qu'un tyran horrible et absurde." The marginal note adds: "Cette objection est insoluble, et ren-

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verse de fond en comble le système chrétien. Au reste, *personne n'y croit plus.*"

These comments were written some time in 1798. In July of that year, his sister writes to him a pathetic letter announcing the death of his mother, her deep grief for his errors and impieties, and adding her own prayer that Heaven would enlighten him and make him cease to write. By the time the letter reached him, this sister also had ceased to breathe. The effect of this double exhortation on his mind must be given in his own words. In his *Mémoires* he says:

"The filial tenderness I felt for Mme. de Chateaubriand was profound. The idea of having poisoned the last days of the woman who bore me drove me desperate. I threw into the fire with horror the remaining copies of the *Essai*, as the instrument of my crime. I would have annihilated the work, if it had been possible. I only recovered from my grief when the idea struck me of expiating my first work by a religious one: *such was the origin of the Génie du Christianisme.*"

In the preface to the first edition of the work, he gives a similar account:

"My mother having been thrown into a dungeon at the age of seventy-two, died on a truckle-bed, to which misery had reduced her. The recollection of my *égarements* spread bitterness over her last hours; and in dying she commissioned one of my sisters to recall me to the religion of my youth. My sister communicated to me these last wishes of my mother. When her letter reached, she herself was no more. Ces deux voix sorties du tombeau, cette mort qui servait d'interprète à la mort, *m'ont frappé. Je suis devenu Chrétien.* Je n'ai point cédé, j'en conviens, à de grandes lumières surnaturelles: ma conviction est sortie du cœur; *j'ai pleuré et j'ai cru.*"

His reason was not convinced, but his heart was deeply touched; the conception of the work was like a ray of light and peace to him; and its plan was in strict conformity with its origin. He threw himself with feverish enthusiasm into the undertaking: he read much, but he mused and meditated still more; a title was soon found, as we learn from a letter to Fontanes, and a title far more appropriate and just than the one he afterwards adopted. He writes: "I misinformed you as to the title of the work: it is to be called *Des Beautés poétiques et morales de la Religion Chrétienne, et de sa Supériorité sur tous les autres Cultes de la terre.*" This gives a very precise idea of the nature and object of the book. It is not a didactic or a controversial work. There is no logic and no sequence in it. It is a poetic rhapsody, of rare finish and elaboration of sentiment and fancy. It is Christianity, or rather the Catholic form of it, made graceful with every drapery, gorgeous with every colouring, attractive with every association, which vivid imagination

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and a rich and glowing eloquence could gather round it. Or rather, it is a collection of beautiful and pathetic images and pictures drawn from all walks of thought and feeling, pressed into the service of religion, and bound together with a golden thread of faith. It contains much to please and elevate the pious, much to confirm the gratitude of the happy, much to soothe the sufferings of the wretched and the bereaved, much even to stimulate the enthusiasm of endurance and of sacrifice; but not an argument or a consideration to convince or touch the unbeliever. Indeed, we gather as much from the author's own confession and analysis.* He picked up many suggestions and much of the religious colouring of the work from a superficial perusal of the Fathers; the descriptions of Nature, he tells us, he extracted from *The Natchez* (a tale of savage life, which had occupied him for some years, and which was afterwards retouched and published); and his own idea of the character of the book may be learned from the significant fact that, in its original form, it embodied his two celebrated romances, *Atala* and *René*,—romances which, with all their beauties, are assuredly not religious in their essence:—what of Christianity appears in them is the thinnest varnish in the one case, and a mere brilliant patch embroidered on the other. We confess ourselves quite unable to share the admiration expressed for the *Génie du Christianisme*, not only by Frenchmen generally, but even by such competent critics as Villemain and Saint-Beuve. No doubt it is full of poetic beauties, warmth of fancy, richness of colouring, and charm of style, though disfigured by frequent inflation and some deplorable specimens of puerility and false taste;—but it has none of the ring of true metal about it, to our

* "It was a mistake (he tells us in the Introduction) to endeavour to reply seriously to sophists (meaning *reasoning* unbelievers)—a race of men whom it is impossible to convince, *because they are always wrong*. From neglecting this consideration much time and labour have been lost. It was not the sophists that needed to be reconciled to religion; it was the world they had led astray. They had seduced it by assurances that Christianity was a worship sprung out of barbarism, absurd in its dogmas, ridiculous in its ceremonies, inimical to arts and letters, to reason and to beauty—a worship which had done nothing but shed blood, enthral the world, and delay the happiness and enlightenment of the human race. It behoved us, therefore, to show that of all religions that ever existed, Christianity is the most poetic, the most humane, the most favourable to liberty, literature, and art;—and that the modern world owes it every thing, from agriculture up to abstract science—from hospitals for the miserable up to temples built by Michael Angelo and adorned by Raphael. It was necessary to prove that nothing can be diviner than its morality, nothing more lovely or more imposing than its dogmas, its doctrine, and its worship; that it favours genius, purifies taste, develops virtuous passion, gives vigour to the thoughts, noble style to the writer, perfect models to the artist; that there is no shame in believing in company with Newton, Bossuet, Pascal, and Racine; and finally, that we must summon all the fascinations of imagination and all the interests of the heart to the aid of that faith against which they had been armed. *This is the work I undertook*" (vol. i. p. 16).

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ears; it reads throughout like the work, not of a believer, but of a man who wished to believe, who sought to find peace and joy—but, yet more, fame and literary success—in believing.* It strikes us as the production (to quote the expression of a French critic) "d'une imagination qui s'exalte, d'une tête qui se monte, non pas d'un cœur qui croit;"—and several incidental remarks by Chateaubriand himself appear to justify this somewhat harsh description. He confesses to the alternations of doubt and faith which disturbed him even during the composition of the work.† When he speaks of the *Génie du Christianisme* in his Memoirs, and of the immense sensation it excited, it is never with the deep and modest gratitude of the pious Christian, sincerely thankful that he has been permitted and enabled to do service to his Master, nor even with the simple joy of the soldier who is delighted to have gained a victory for the good cause;‡—it is always with the self-glorification of the *littérateur* who has made a grand hit and achieved an unparalleled success. Not one emotion of simple disinterested piety can be discovered any where. "*La littérature*" (he says) "*se teignit* des couleurs de mes tableaux religieux . . . . Le heurt que le *Génie du Christianisme* donna aux esprits fit sortir le xviii^me^ siècle de l'ornière, et *le jeta pour jamais hors de sa voie:* on recommença, *ou plutôt on commença,* à étudier les sources du Christianisme . . . . *C'est moi* qui ai rappelé le jeune siècle à l'admiration des vieux temples." In his account of the Congress of Verona, written in comparatively

* Some notion of the general character of the book may be given by looking over the titles of the chapters: *Qu'il n'y a point de morale s'il n'y a pas d'autre vie. Elysée antique. Jugement dernier. Bonheur des justes. Pourquoi les Français n'ont que des mémoires. Division des harmonies. Des ruines en générale. Effet pittoresque des ruines. Ruines des monumens chrétiens. Des cloches. Pompes funèbres des grands. Tombeaux antiques. Tombeaux modernes. Tombeaux chrétiens. Cimetières de Campagne. Tombeaux dans les Eglises. Saint-Denis. Epoux: Adam et Eve; Pénélope et Ulysse. Le Père: Priam. Amour passionné: Didon. Amour champêtre: Le Cyclope et Galatée,* &c.

† "Quand les semences de la religion germèrent la première fois dans mon âme, je m'épanouissais comme une terre vierge qui, délivrée de ces ronces, porte sa première moisson. Survint une bise aride et glacée, et la terre se dessécha. Le Ciel en eût pitié, il lui rendit ses tièdes rosées; puis la bise souffla de nouveau. Cette alternative de doute et de foi a fait longtemps de ma vie un mélange de désespoir et d'ineffables délices." *Mémoires.*

‡ In looking again over his *Mémoires* we have found one passage which may be considered an exception: we give it *quantum valeat.* It was written at the close of life. "On the supposition that my name will leave some trace behind it, I shall owe it to the *Génie du Christianisme.* Without deceiving myself as to the intrinsic value of the book, I recognise its accidental worth: it came at the right moment. On this account it gave me a place in one of those historical epochs, which, mingling the man with the events, oblige people to remember him. If its influence be not limited to the change which during forty years it has produced on living generations; if in those who come after us it should revive one spark of those truths which have civilised the earth; if the faint symptom of life now visible should be preserved through future years,—I shall die full of hope in the Divine mercy" (vol. ii. p. 221).

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his old age, we find this remark: "Il nous était impossible de mettre aussi entièrement de côté ce que nous pouvions valoir; d'oublier tout-à-fait que nous étions *le restaurateur de la religion*, et l'auteur du *Génie du Christianisme*." And when, on the publication of *Les Martyrs* some years later, certain complaints were made in relation to the fancied heterodoxy of portions of it, Chateaubriand, with an indignation which tastes so much of the person and so little of the cause, exclaims: "Et ne voilà-t-il pas que les chrétiens de France, *à qui j'avais rendu de si grands services en relevant leurs autels*, s'avisèrent bêtement de se scandaliser."

Notwithstanding his tendency to self-laudation, however, Chateaubriand does not at all exaggerate the actual success of the work. It placed him at once on the pinnacle of fame. The truth was, that it appeared in the very nick of time. It was published at a moment of reaction. It caught the world on the rebound.* It delighted the most opposed classes, and aided the most diverse interests. It was published just as the Concordat was proclaimed, and the churches were about to be re-opened. Napoleon, who half dreaded the effect of his convention with the Pope and his coquetting with the clergy on the allegiance of an unbelieving and mocking generation, was charmed at the advent of so unexpected and efficient an ally. The poor, the suffering, and the timid, who had been so long deprived of the consolations of religion, were beyond measure rejoiced to hear the old language once again. The noble families of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—to whom their religion was like their loyalty, a sort of family inheritance, a portion of their family pride, a thing that "belonged to good society," and was more than ever cherished since infidelity and scepticism had been dishonoured by the embraces of a democratic *canaille*—recognised the aristocratic opinions, the *ton comme il faut*, and welcomed their fellow-noble with enthusiasm. Every one pressed round him to do him homage; and incense of all sorts was burnt before him, till even he was almost satiated.†

This, however, was not his first literary success. A year

* M. Villemain well describes the work: "Ce fut *la pensée du plus grand nombre* traduite par un homme de génie; ce fut un lieu-commun populaire embelli par une éloquence originale." Vinet very felicitously styles him "the Poet-laureate of Christianity."

† His *Mémoires* contain one very *naïve* expression, extraordinarily characteristic of the false taste and inflation of sentiment which constantly interferes to spoil even his most natural moods. He tells us he was anxious that his book should make "a great noise" in the world, in order that his mother (who was in heaven) might hear it! "Ce désir me venait de la tendresse filiale: *je voulais un grand bruit, afin qu'il montât jusqu'au séjour de ma mère*, et que les anges lui portassent ma sainte expiation."

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previously, his faithful and sagacious friend, M. de Fontanes, had induced him to extract the episodical romance of *Atala*, and to give it separately to the world. The result amply justified the anticipations of the critic. To use an expression of Lord Byron, M. de Chateaubriand "awoke next morning, and found himself famous." The volume can be read from beginning to end in a couple of hours, so that a single day was sufficient to decide its fate. It was profusely advertised, and became instantaneously famous. It was not, indeed, by any means universally admired, but it was universally read. There were many different opinions, but no silence on the question. Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires* has left us a very graphic and amusing account of its reception, and of the effect of that reception on himself. It was hailed with enthusiasm by the young and by the fair sex; but severely handled by grave Academicians. It was worshiped by the romanticists, but scouted by the classicists. Girls wept over it in the boudoir; dramatists ridiculed it on the stage. Parodies, caricatures, sign-boards, all helped to fill the public mind with Atala, Chactas, and the Père Aubry. "I saw" (says Chateaubriand) "on a little theatre of the Boulevards, my lady savage with a head-dress of cock's feathers, talking to a wild man of her tribe about 'the soul of solitude,' in a style that made me perspire with shame. Young lovers at the *Variétés* were made to talk of alligators, swans, primeval forests, while their parents stood by fancying they had gone crazy. The Abbé Morellet, to cover me with confusion, got his maid-servant to sit upon his knee, in order to show that he could not in that position hold her feet in his hands, as I had described Chactas holding those of Atala during the storm. But all this only served to augment the excitement." His head, he confesses, was turned. He was intoxicated with success. "Je me dérobais à mon éclat; je me promenais à l'écart, cherchant à éteindre l'auréole dont ma tête était couronnée. . . . Quand ma supériorité dînait à trente sous au pays Latin, elle avalait de travers, gênée par les regards dont elle se croyait l'objet. Je me contemplais, je me disais: C'est pourtant toi, créature extraordinaire, qui manges comme un autre homme." Altogether this chapter is one of the most natural and pleasing in his *Mémoires*.

As *Atala*, though so short, is perhaps at once the best, the most complete, and the most characteristic of Chateaubriand's works, it is worth while to spend a few minutes in considering its peculiarities. It exemplifies nearly all his special merits and his special faults. The language is exquisitely choice and musical; the descriptions of nature are in the best style of gorgeous and artificial poetry; the sentiments, though not always simple or appropriate, are often touching and beautiful, and sometimes

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elevated. On the whole, though full of charms, it is very young and very French—we know not how else to describe it. The story is a sort of reproduction of *Paul and Virginia;* with the difference, that the lovers of Bernardin de St. Pierre were colonists, and those of Chateaubriand are North-American Indians. In simplicity, in pathos, in fidelity of colouring and costume, in correctness of taste, in every thing, except rich word-painting, the earlier romance has, in our judgment, the advantage. In purity of conception and delicacy of treatment, St. Pierre, though somewhat morbid, is unquestionably far superior. The girls in both stories are correct in conduct; but the one is modest, while the other is only chaste. Atala is a young maiden of the tribe of Natchez, but of European origin by the father's side; Chactas is a young savage of another clan, whom she liberates on the eve of the day when he was about to be burnt alive, after the usual mode in which Indians treat their captives. The two young people fly together, and wander for weeks in the forests and prairies, till they reach a missionary settlement. Atala returns the love of Chactas with an ardour yet greater than his own; but her mother having vowed her to celibacy in her cradle, she dares not yield to their mutual passion, and when on the point of failing takes poison to save herself from breaking this vow. She confesses on her death-bed to father Aubry, a venerable priest, and dies in the midst of his exhortations and consolations. Chactas relates the story in his old age to René—alias Chateaubriand.

Such is the outline of the tale. But the tale is nothing, the painting is every thing. That painting, while full of detached beauties, is also full of incongruities when looked at as a whole. We would willingly, as the author somewhere in his works advises, "abandon the small and easy criticism of faults for the larger and more difficult criticism of beauties;" but in the instance of *Atala* this is impossible, and would be unjust; for the beauties are beauties of detail, and the faults lie in the *ensemble* of the picture. The language, half simple, half imaginative, of savage life, is put on laboriously in patches; the sentiments, and often the expressions, are redolent of the most advanced, and even morbid, civilisation; and the *jar* consequent upon the mixture is felt in every page. Thus Atala says of her mother's death: "Le chagrin d'amour vint la chercher, et elle descendit dans la petite cave garnie de peaux d'où l'on ne sort jamais;" but when describing her passion for Chactas, she uses this Rousseau-ish and Chateaubriand-ish language: "Sentant une divinité qui m'arrêtait dans mes horribles transports, j'aurais désiré que cette divinité se fût anéantie, pourvu que, serrée dans tes bras, j'eusse *roulé d'abîme en abîme avec les débris de Dieu et*

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du monde." Conceive such words or such thoughts in a young maid of the American forests! Then Chactas is always admiring and adoring "Nature:" the genuine child of nature never talks about nature at all. Chactas in one page describes simply enough, and as a savage might, the lovely hair and eyes of his wood nymph; but then goes on with this Parisian twang: "On remarquait sur son visage je ne sais quoi de vertueux et de passionnée, dont l'attrait était irrésistible; elle joignait à cela des grâces plus tendres, et une extrême sensibilité, unie à une mélancolie profonde, respirait dans ses regards." The gem of the book is, we think, the discourse of the good old priest, when he is labouring to reconcile Atala to dying so young, and so full of life and love, by depicting the miseries and disenchantments that so commonly are inseparable from continued years; but, though magnificent as a rhapsody on the "vanity of human wishes," its whole tone and tenor seem out of place in a cave in a primeval forest, and addressed to a simple savage maiden. He assures her that she loses little in losing life; that cabins and palaces are alike wretched; that every thing suffers and every thing groans here below; and then adds this monstrous piece of bad taste, which all the entreaties of his friends could not persuade Chateaubriand to expunge: "Les reines ont été vues pleurant *commes des simples femmes;* et l'on s'est étonné *de la quantité de larmes* qui contiennent les yeux des rois."

We must quote a few more passages of this really beautiful discourse, in justice both to our criticisms and to the author we are obliged to treat so unceremoniously.

"Est-ce votre amour que vous regrettez? Ma fille, il faudrait autant pleurer un songe . . . . . Atala, les sacrifices, les bienfaits ne sont pas des liens éternels : un jour, peut-être, le dégoût fut venu avec la satiété, le passé eût été compté pour rien, et l'on n'eût plus aperçu que *les inconvéniens d'une union pauvre et méprisée* . . . . . Je vous épargne les détails des soucis du ménage, les disputes, les reproches mutuels, les inquiétudes, et toutes ces peines secrètes qui veillent sur l'oreiller du lit conjugal. . . . . Mais peut-être direz-vous que ces derniers exemples ne vous regardent pas; que toute votre ambition se réduisait à vivre dans une obscure cabane avec l'homme de votre choix; que vous cherchiez moins des douceurs du mariage que les charmes de cette folie que la jeunesse appelle amour? Illusion, chimère, vanité, rêve d'une imagination blessée! . . . . . Si l'homme pouvait être constant dans ses affections, sans doute la solitude et l'amour l'égalerait à Dieu même; car ce sont là les deux éternels plaisirs du grand Etre. Mais l'âme de l'homme se fatigue, et jamais elle n'aime longtemps le même objet avec plénitude. *Il y a toujours quelques points par où deux cœurs ne se touchent pas; et ces points suffisent* à la longue pour rendre la vie insupportable.

Enfin, ma chère fille, le grand tort des hommes, dans leurs songes

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de bonheur, est d'oublier cette infirmité de la mort attachée à leur nature : il faut finir. . . . . L'amour n'étend point son empire sur les vers du cercueil. Que dis-je (ô vanité des vanités !), que parlais-je de la puissance des amitiés de la terre ? Voulez-vous en connaître l'étendue? Si un homme revenait à la lumière, quelques années après sa mort, je doute qu'il fût revu avec joie par ceux-là même qui ont donné le plus de larmes à sa mémoire : tant on forme vîte d'autres liaisons, tant on prend facilement d'autres affections, tant l'inconstance est naturelle à l'homme, tant notre vie est peu de chose même dans le cœur de nos amis."

The whole fitting criticism of *Atala* may be summed up in a few sentences of M. Vinet. "This hybrid incoherent character shows itself throughout, but most especially in the colouring of the style, or rather in the promiscuous intermixture of colours, which mingle without blending. The East and the West, the present and the past, the *naïveté* of the savage and the morbid subtlety of the civilised Parisian, are cast pell-mell into the images and expressions of the *dramatis personæ*. All this is unnatural and false; and yet, we must admit, it is supportable enough. Every thing is not well assorted; but every thing is brilliant, melodious, and sweet. There is such freshness and splendour in the inharmonious colours; such music in the rich and gorgeous language. As a magnificent painter of the magnificence of nature, M. de Chateaubriand has no equal, and scarcely a competitor."*

We have dwelt so long on these two most celebrated and most characteristic works of Chateaubriand, that we have no space for any details as to the remainder of his literary career. *René*—which originally and naturally formed an episode in his youthful romance of *Les Natchez*, and was forcibly transported thence into the *Génie du Christianisme*, where it first appeared —is a vivid but most painful delineation of a soul made wretched by vague yearnings and selfish discontent, unprincipled indolence, and unloving egotism; in fact, a faithful picture of Chateaubriand's own youth. It has in it nothing noble, nothing manly, nothing vigorous or fresh; but a sadder cry, a deeper groan, never issued from the hopeless abysses of an aimless and melancholy spirit. It is morbid to the very core: it is one of the most remarkable specimens of that "Literature of Despair" peculiar to our age, of which *Werther*, *Obermann*, and *Adolphe* are analogous productions.

It was in the year 1806 that M. de Chateaubriand conceived the plan of his great prose-poem *Les Martyrs*. He saw in the story of the early Christian sufferers for their faith, as he had

* Etudes sur la Littérature Française au xix^me^ siècle, tom. i. p. 273.

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before seen in Christianity itself, a grand field for poetry and romance, for descriptions of the beauties of nature, and the charms of elevated sentiment and passion. To imbue his mind with the needful local colouring, he planned that voyage to the East of which he afterwards published so pleasing an account in the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem.* He would fain persuade us in his autobiography that he went thither in the spirit of piety, to weep at the foot of Calvary, and to bathe in the waters of the Jordan; but, in the preface to the *Itinéraire,* one of his real motives is avowed: "J'allais chercher des images: voilà tout." The other motive, perhaps the most powerful one, is obscurely hinted at in a later portion of his *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* (Venice, 1833), but was well known to his friends. He went in obedience to the exigencies of a charming person to whom he was then much attached, who sent him to gather that fresh glory which was needed thoroughly to win her heart, and promised to meet him at the Alhambra on his return. Of that meeting we have a romantic shadowing out in *Le Dernier Abencerage,* an exquisite little tale of Moorish chivalry. The passage in his *Mémoires* is as follows: "Have I told all the truth in my *Itinéraire* as to this journey? Did I really make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ in a spirit of repentance? *One sole thought possessed me:* I counted with impatience the moments till its realisation. On the deck of my ship, with eyes fixed on the western star, I demanded of it wings to speed me on my course, *de la gloire pour me faire aimer.* I hoped to find this at Sparta, at Sion, at Memphis, at Carthage, and to bring it back to the Alhambra. How my heart beat as I approached the coast of Spain! Aurait-on gardé mon souvenir ainsi que *j'avais traversé mes épreuves?*"

Les Martyrs appeared in 1809, but had far less success than the author anticipated, though more, in our opinion, than it deserved. It is a poem in every sense, but written in prose—a mistake which causes all its extravagances and anomalies to stand out in disagreeable relief. Only verse, and verse of the highest order, could make such descriptions and rhapsodies harmonious. The work, like all Chateaubriand's, is replete with detached beauties, but every beauty is set in a frame-work of anachronisms and incongruities which overpower its fascinations. The whole conception of the work, too, is false in its foundation: the design was to contrast the two religions, Christianity and Paganism—the fresh infancy of the one beside the sunset death-bed of the other. But in executing this conception the author has fallen into the most fatal and unpardonable of all anachronisms—one of twenty centuries at least: he has contrasted, not the Christianity of Cyprian's with the polytheism

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of Diocletian's day, but the Catholicism of Bossuet with the mythology of Homer. He has fallen, too, into an error which, if not so scientifically heinous, is yet more practically revolting. He has given us descriptions of heaven and its mysteries which, though modelled after the Apocalypse and the *Paradise Lost*, read like parodies on both. He follows, with mincing and unequal step, the most questionable flights of Dante and of Milton, shaming and caricaturing them as he goes along. The following—one of the most carefully-wrought passages in the book—will suffice to justify our criticism.

"Delicious gardens extend round the radiant Jerusalem. A river flows from the throne of the Almighty: it waters the celestial Eden, and bears on its waves the pure Love and the Wisdom of God. The mysterious stream separates into different channels which mingle and reunite again, and nourish the immortal vines, the bride-like lilies, and the flowers which perfume the couch of the bridegroom. The tree of life rises on the Hill of Incense; a little further the Tree of Knowledge spreads on every side its deep roots and its innumerable branches; hiding amid its golden foliage the secrets of the Divinity, the occult laws of nature, moral and intellectual realities, and the changeless principles of good and evil. . . . . Of the angels, some keep the 20,000 war-chariots of Sabaoth and Elohim; others watch over the quiver of the Lord, his inevitable thunderbolts, and his terrible coursers, which carry war, pestilence, famine, and death. . . . . There is accomplished, far from the gaze of angels, the Mystery of the Trinity. The Spirit, ever ascending and descending between the Father and the Son, mingles with them in those impenetrable depths. The primitive Essences divide; the triangle of fire vanishes away; the oracle opens, and the Three Powers become visible. Seated on a throne of clouds, the Father holds a compass in his hand; a circle is beneath his feet; the Son, armed with a thunderbolt, is at his right hand; the Spirit rises at his left hand like a pillar of light."

With such pictures—"poor fragments all of this low earth"—could Chateaubriand dream of rousing the pious imagination of Paris in the nineteenth century.

With the publication of *Les Martyrs* and the *Itinéraire*, followed somewhat later by *Le Dernier Abencerage* and *Les Natchez*, we may regard the literary phase of M. de Chateaubriand's life to have terminated. His subsequent publications, *Etudes historiques*, *Congrès de Vérone*, and the translation of *Paradise Lost*, were the productions, comparatively, of his age, and need not be more particularly noticed.

The political life of Chateaubriand belongs to the Restoration, but he made one or two episodical excursions into the domain of public affairs under the Empire. In 1803, after the

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completion of the *Concordat*, Napoleon resolved to send an embassy to Rome, and nominated his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, as Minister, and Chateaubriand, then in the full bloom of his fame as author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, as Secretary of Legation. The appointment seemed a fitting one, and Chateaubriand accepted it as an appropriate testimony to his merits; but his elation was considerable, and he conducted himself as young men and vain men will do under such circumstances.* He immediately became, in his own eyes, the soul and centre of the embassy, and relegated the Cardinal, in fancy, to a subordinate position; imagining that Napoleon had intended him to do all the work, and his chief to be a mere *roi fainéant*—a sort of *nominis umbra*. He therefore preceded the ambassador to Rome, and, in defiance of all official etiquette and decorous reticence, procured an audience of the Pope, presented his credentials and proceeded to make good his position. The arrival of the Cardinal replaced him in his natural subordination, and reduced him to comparative obscurity. This was intolerable to a man of his insatiable vanity and extravagant expectations, and he complained bitterly of his disappointment. The secret official correspondence of the Cardinal, and the private letters of his secretary, during the whole duration of their ill-assorted union, are filled with reciprocal reproaches and complaints; and at length Chateaubriand so far forgot himself as to forward (through Madame Bacciochi, we believe) a long note to the First Consul, containing much political information and suggestions which ought to have been transmitted through the Cardinal, and many insinuations against the Cardinal himself which ought never to have been transmitted at all. The truth was, that Chateaubriand was of all men the least fitted for a diplomatic post of any sort. He was too conceited, intriguing, and insubordinate for a secondary position, and far too suspicious, irritable, and gullible through vanity, for a principal one. An ambassador should be keen-sighted, calm-tempered, firm, somewhat pachydermatous, and as free from weaknesses which foes and rivals can play upon as may be. Chateaubriand was susceptible, impulsive, unsociable, giving and taking offence with equal readiness, and as full of obvious and manageable foibles as any man

* There can be little doubt that he accepted the nomination gladly, and in the sincere hope of being able to render special services to the Church; but in his *Mémoires* he endeavours to persuade us that he was most reluctant; conscious, he says, "que je ne vaux rien du tout *en seconde ligne*;" but was induced to forego his objections by the representations of the Abbé Emery. But, as if he could never be consistent or able to see matters as they really were when himself was concerned, he goes on to say that his real determining cause was the failing health of his friend Madame de Beaumont, for whom the climate of Italy was recommended, and who agreed to accompany him if he went to Rome. "*Je me sacrifiai* à l'espoir de la sauver."

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that ever breathed. He soon grew sick of his situation. He considered the Cardinal to be an incapable fool, the Cardinal looked upon him as a meddling and intriguing upstart; the First Consul became weary of their squabbles, but was persuaded by the vigilant friendship of M. de Fontanes to anticipate Chateaubriand's intended resignation by appointing him Minister to the newly-constituted Republic of the Vallais. Chateaubriand returned to Paris on his way to his post, which, though really insignificant, was an apparent promotion; but, while there, was shocked and startled, in common with the rest of Europe, by learning one morning the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien. In the first moment of horror and indignation, he sat down and wrote his resignation to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was a noble and generous impulse, and did infinite credit both to the feeling and the courage of the young diplomatist. For Napoleon, though not yet emperor, was on the point of becoming so, and was virtually all-powerful; and the man who, in defiance of all law and right, had just stained his hands with the blood of a Condé, was not likely to hesitate in punishing any inferior victim who might brave or blame him. It was a period, too, in which civil bravery and independent conscience were at their lowest ebb in France. All honour, therefore, to Chateaubriand for his prompt and spirited proceeding;—but why, in his *Mémoires*, should he seek to enhance the merit of the deed by speaking as if he alone of all existing Frenchmen was capable of such conduct, and as if all his friends were paralysed with consternation at his audacity?* Why, in relating an act which so much redounds to his glory, need he seek to monopolise that glory, and discolour facts that he may do so? "For many days," he writes, "my friends came trembling to my door, expecting to find that I had been carried off by the police. M. de Fontanes *became nearly wild with terror* at the first moment; he, like all my best friends, considered me shot." Yet Chateaubriand, when he wrote this, must have been fully conscious of its inaccuracy and injustice; for he knew that two days after the crime, when the *Moniteur*, by direction of Napoleon, had altered the wording of an address presented to him by M. de Fontanes as President of the Legislative Chamber, so as to give it the appearance of approving the murder, this same friend, whom he represents as wild with fright, had the courage to insist on the public correction of the error. He relates himself also, in a later portion of his Memoirs, that a few months afterwards, when Napoleon had been crowned emperor, and was

* Why, too, spoil the record of one of the few single-minded acts of his whole life by hinting at a motive of vanity? Why the reflection, "En osant quitter Bonaparte, *je me plaçais à son niveau*"?

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even more absolute and formidable than before, he said to Fontanes, with his customary brutality, "Eh bien, Fontanes, vous pensez toujours à votre Duc d'Enghien." His interlocutor was bold enough to reply in a tone of grave rebuke, "Il me semble que l'Empereur y pense autant que moi." In truth, Chateaubriand was far from being as unique as he fancied in his courage on that occasion. M. Suard, an old Academician, and then editor of a journal, *Le Publiciste*, on being desired by the minister of the day to "set public opinion right" on the subject of the official murder, sent this plain reply, at least as bold and honourable as M. de Chateaubriand's: "I am seventy-three years old, and neither my mind nor my conscience, any more than my limbs, have grown supple with age. The trial and execution of the Duke are proceedings which I deplore, and which contravene all my notions of justice and humanity. I cannot therefore 'rectify' an opinion which I share."

No one, however, ever doubted Chateaubriand's courage or high sense of honour in political affairs. He gave another proof of it in 1807, by publishing in the *Mercure*,—a literary paper of which he had become the editor,—an article containing, among other pungent reflections, the following famous passage, of which the writer was immensely proud:

"Lorsque, dans le silence de l'abjection, l'on n'entend plus retentir que la chaîne de l'esclave et la voix du délateur; lorsque tout tremble devant le tyran, et qu'il est aussi dangéreux d'encourir sa faveur que de mériter sa disgrâce, l'historien paraît, chargé de la vengeance des peuples. C'est en vain que Néron prospère; Tacite est déjà né dans l'empire. . . . . Si le rôle de l'historien est beau, il est souvent dangéreux; mais il est des autels comme celui de l'honneur, qui, bien qu'abandonnés, réclament encore des sacrifices; le Dieu n'est point anéanti parceque le temple est desert."

So sunk was France then in slavery and silence, that a sentence like this was like the sudden sound of a trumpet in a Quakers' meeting or at a funeral-procession; the excitement was extraordinary; Napoleon was furious; the *Mercure* was suppressed, and, according to the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, the audacious writer was ordered to be arrested. This, however, was never done—probably was never ordered. The sentences which introduce and close this episode in the Memoirs are too characteristic to be omitted. Chateaubriand begins the narrative by saying, "It was not in vain that I wore a countenance tanned by exposure to the sun (he had just returned from the East); I had not encountered the *wrath of heaven* (Anglicè, the heat of a Syrian summer) to tremble before the anger of a man. Si Napoléon en avait fini avec les rois, *il n'en avait pas fini avec moi*," &c. And after describing the rage of the emperor, he concludes thus:

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"Ma propriété périt; ma personne échappa par miracle; Bonaparte eut *à s'occuper du monde: il m'oublia.*"

But Chateaubriand's real entrance into the arena of political life was effected by his famous pamphlet, *Bonaparte et les Bourbons;* and a more splendid inauguration never man had. Like the *Génie du Christianisme*, this fierce and spirit-stirring invective came out in the very nick of time; like that production, it caught the tide on its turn; it gave utterance to the pent-up feelings of millions, decided the movements of the wavering, and clinched and whetted the passions of the exasperated and the wronged. It was written during the last struggle of Napoleon for existence and for empire on the soil of France; (the author tells us it was written amid mortal anxieties and in the greatest danger, with locked doors at night and with loaded pistols by his side); it appeared when the allied armies were at the gates of Paris, when Napoleon was at Fontainebleau in the agonies of meditated abdication, and when the conquerors and the people were alike hesitating as to the government and the ruler they would choose. Never was a shot so opportune or so telling. By enumerating all the crimes and tyrannies of Napoleon, and painting them in colours and in traits that made the heart of the whole nation at once rage and bleed, it gave the *coup-de-grâce* to the falling oppressor; and by appealing to all the ancient and long-dormant but not extinguished sentiments of loyalty and chivalry which were once so powerful among the French people, by pleading the old glories and the recent sufferings of the exiled race,—it went far to determine the deliberations of the liberators and the liberated alike in favour of what was, in fact, the only sound decision,—the recall of the Bourbons to the throne. Louis XVIII. may or may not have said, as Chateaubriand more than once asserts, that this pamphlet "was worth to him a hundred thousand men;" but if he did say so, it was only a somewhat extravagant expression of the truth. As usual, however, Chateaubriand endeavours to monopolise *all* the credit of the event to which he was only one—though perhaps the chief—of the contributors; and he would fain persuade us in his *Mémoires* that even Talleyrand was in favour of a compromise and a regency:—Talleyrand, who had especial reason to hate and dread every thing Napoleonic; Talleyrand, who so tersely urged upon the half-reluctant and still-admiring Alexander: "Louis XVIII est un principe; Bonaparte est un principe:—tout ce qui n'est ni l'un ni l'autre n'est qu'un intrigue."

In our judgment, this pamphlet is beyond question the best production of Chateaubriand's pen, because it is by far the truest and most earnest. It is the utterance, somewhat excessive perhaps, but not unwarranted, of the righteous and relentless

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indignation of a public man against perhaps the greatest public criminal of modern times, pointed and heightened by the smouldering fury of the private foe. It is concentrated passion, approaching to malignity, let loose in a cause which almost hallowed the emotion. The invective is splendid; the tone and language are throughout superb. From first to last there is scarcely an ornament or a trope; for once the author thought more of his subject than of himself—more of the wounds he could inflict than of the dazzle he could make. Here he fights like a gladiator in the arena of life and death, dependent on the keenness of his thrusts and the sharpness of his sword; in all his previous displays he has been attitudinising like a fencing-master on the stage, studying every posture, pausing at every instant to admire and point out how bright is his blade, and how skilful are his lunges and his guards. The pungency and effectiveness of the *style* are something unrivalled,—and herein, by the way, lay always Chateaubriand's chief force. His picture of the suffering caused by the conscription must have exasperated the feelings of every family in France nearly to fury. "Les générations de la France étaient *mises en coupe réglée comme les arbres d'une forêt:* chaque année 80,000 jeunes gens étaient abattus. . . . On en était venu à ce point de mépris pour la vie des hommes et pour la France, d'appeler les conscrits la *matière première*, et la *chair à canon* . . . . Bonaparte disait lui-même: J'ai 300,000 *hommes de revenu.*" We have no space to quote; but all who wish to see the eloquence of invective carried to the very perfection of magnificence, should read the last few pages, beginning, "Bonaparte est un faux grand homme;" and again the passage, "Bonaparte n'est point changé: il ne changera jamais;" and that where he concludes, "Que les Français et les Alliés reconnaissent leurs princes légitimes; et à l'instant l'armée, déliée de son serment, se rangera sous le drapeau sans tache, souvent témoin de nos triomphes, quelquefois de nos revers, toujours de notre courage, jamais de notre honte."

It has been objected to Chateaubriand that there was something ignoble and ungenerous in firing a shot like this, weighted with the accumulated animosity of years, into the flank of a falling foe, and in thus rejoicing over the defeat of a French ruler by foreign arms. The objection, we confess, appears to us quite unjust. Chateaubriand had opposed and condemned Napoleon in the height of his power; he had earned the right to attack him when and where he could; and the pamphlet was published at the first moment when publication was possible. The crisis was perilous and decisive; hesitation prevailed every where; a little more timidity on the part of the Allies, a little more moderation on the part of Napoleon, and a compromise

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fatal to all parties might have been accepted; and what then would have been the position of Chateaubriand? He did excellent service; he encountered considerable risk; and we think he would have been guilty of a dereliction of duty if any false notions of generosity had withheld him from striking at so critical a conjuncture. It was simply impossible, too, *not* to welcome the Allies: they were felt by the whole nation to be deliverers; Napoleon had come to be execrated as much as he was feared:—he was, in the eyes of Frenchmen, less their sovereign than their gaoler and oppressor. A far graver and more real offence, in our estimate, was his repudiation of these sentiments in later years, when his loyalty was somewhat cooled under the influence of disappointed vanity, and when he had to *poser* in a befitting attitude before a public whose feelings, like his own, had undergone a change. At the time, in 1814, he hailed the success and the arrival of the allied invaders with delight; every page of the pamphlet bears witness to his joy at their approach, his gratitude at their behaviour, and his alarm lest they should listen to a compromise, and leave Napoleon on the throne of a diminished kingdom. It was natural he should feel thus; he had a right to feel thus. But how, then, could he venture in his *Mémoires* on the falsehood of describing himself as wretched and humiliated on seeing the entrance of the allied sovereigns? "Je les vis défiler sur les boulevards, *stupéfait et anéanti* au dedans de moi, comme si l'on m'arrachait mon nom de François, pour y substituer le numéro par lequel je devais désormais être connu dans les mines de la Sibérie" (iii. 348).

So powerful and well-timed a production as *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*, coming from a man so eminent in literature, at once brought Chateaubriand into contact with the restored monarch and his court, and enrolled him for the future on the list of active politicians and possible ministers. But it appears to have been immediately and instinctively felt that, with all his genius, he was too little of a practical man for the crisis. He received many compliments, but no place; and the vacant embassy to Sweden, to which he was at length nominated, owing to the untiring zeal of one of his devoted admirers, Madame de Duras, was far from satisfying his expectations. He speaks of the appointment with considerable bitterness; and before he could take it up, the return of Napoleon from Elba once more scattered the whole royalist party to the winds. M. de Chateaubriand followed his master to Ghent, and there became one of the advisers and nominal ministers of the fugitive king and the mock court. There, though he had nothing to do as minister, he was active with his pen. He presented sagacious memorials

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to Louis XVIII., and wrote brilliant articles in the *Moniteur de Gand;* but the *exigeant* vanity and hauteur of his character made themselves unpleasantly felt at the council-board; his acute sovereign soon took his measure, though perhaps he valued his talents too little and was irritated by his manners too much. "He was, I admit," says M. Guizot, who knew him well both then and afterwards, "an inconvenient ally; for he pretended to every thing and was hurt and offended at every thing: on a level with the finest minds and the rarest geniuses, it was his illusion also to think himself the equal of the most consummate statesmen; and his soul was filled with bitterness because men would not admit him to be the rival of Napoleon as well as of Milton. Earnest men and men of the world would not lend themselves to this idolatrous folly; but they under-estimated his real power, and forgot how dangerous he might be."

Under the second restoration, the position of M. de Chateaubriand was anomalous and painful. Unpopular at court; feeling himself neglected and postponed to men in all respects inferior to himself; indignant at the King for admitting into his cabinet such feeble favourites as Blacas, and such abandoned villains as Fouché; sharing all the angry and vindictive passions of the ultra-royalists, while holding all the constitutional doctrines of the liberals—he found himself in a state of inconsistent and universal opposition. Discontented with every one and objecting to every thing, he struck right and left impartially if not indiscriminately. Nominated to the Chamber of Peers in that difficult and embittered conjuncture, he fought much like a wild horse, biting those before him, kicking those behind him; insisting vehemently for the liberty of the press; contending no less vehemently the next moment for the removability of the judges; bent alike on enforcing all his own views of freedom, and on crushing his enemies, if need be, by all the resources of despotism; labouring with equal zeal to reëstablish the old legitimate monarchy of France, and to confine that monarchy within the limits of the English constitution. The fact was, that then, as always, he was obeying his instincts, which were strong and steady—not his convictions, which were always weak and wandering. He wished for a powerful government, provided he might be its chief; and he wished for a free press, because he was sure always to be its brightest ornament and its supreme director. The world was to be organised so as best to bring out the faculties and the grandeur of François-René de Chateaubriand. From 1816 to 1820 Chateaubriand, partly in the Chamber, but still more in the journals, may be regarded as the leader of the opposition; and his chief sin in these days was, that, while all wise and good men were doing their utmost to

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smooth down the still-rankling animosities of the past, and to reconcile hostile parties and hostile men by moderation and by compromise, Chateaubriand was the declared enemy of all moderation and all compromise; he sought to excite passions, not to allay them; his warfare was violent and bitter, and his language sometimes utterly atrocious,—as when he endeavoured to associate the quiet and modest Decazes, just then falling from power, with the murder of the Duc de Berry, saying "ses pieds ont glissés dans le sang." He inaugurated the campaign by publishing his *Monarchie selon la Charte*, in which, with the greatest clearness and brilliancy, he expounds and enforces the advantages of parliamentary government, and the sole responsibility of ministers; while mixing with his wisdom some singular inconsistencies, which laid him open to severe retort, and showed how imperfect and *un-thorough* was his political philosophy. This work gave great offence to the King, and an abortive attempt was even made to suppress it and to prosecute the author. Shortly afterwards Chateaubriand set up *Le Conservateur*, a journal of his own, in which he displayed wonderful skill and vigour as a polemic,—skill and vigour, however, not great enough to conceal for one moment, or to excuse to any honest mind, the bitter personal feeling from which they drew their inspiration. He says: "The revolution wrought by this journal was unexampled: in France, it changed the majority in the two Chambers; abroad, it transformed the spirit of the Cabinets of Europe." Without echoing this somewhat extravagant self-glorification, there can be no doubt that it produced a vast effect on the state of parties, and that to it was mainly due the advent of M. de Chateaubriand and his friends to power. M. de Villèle and M. de Corbière entered the Cabinet, and Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador to Berlin. The next year their party was triumphant in the Chambers and in the government;—M. de Montmorency became Minister for Foreign Affairs, and to Chateaubriand fell the gorgeous prize of ambassador to England.

One might have fancied that so eminent a post—the highest in the diplomatic world—would have satisfied for a time even his restless and exacting ambition. It certainly gratified his vanity in no ordinary measure; and in his *Mémoires* his delight breaks out in a fashion which, but for the incurable bitterness and affectation mingled with it, would be almost that of a child or a *parvenu*. But the delight of a child is simple; that of a parvenu is bombastic:—Chateaubriand's is sour, pretentious, *peacock-ish*, and pettish with assumed contempt,—the outpouring of a miserable and devastated spirit, insisting on every thing and satisfied with nothing. His own account so paints himself that we must quote it at some length:

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"Thirty-one years after sailing for America, a simple ensign, I embarked for London with a passport thus conceived: '*Laissez passer* his Lordship Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador to his Britannic Majesty, &c.' No personal description; *ma grandeur devait faire connaître mon visage en tous lieux.* A steam-boat, *chartered for me alone*, brought me from Calais to Dover. On landing, on the 5th April 1822, I was saluted by the guns of the fortress. An officer came from the commandant to offer me a guard of honour. The landlord and waiters of the *Ship Inn* came out to receive me, with heads bare and arms by their side. The mayoress invites me to a *soirée* in the name of the most beautiful ladies of the town. An enormous dinner of magnificent fish and beef restores *M. l'Ambassadeur*, who had no appetite and was not at all tired. Sentinels stood at my door, and the people shouted huzzas under my windows. . . . . .

The 17th of May 1793, I disembarked an obscure and humble traveller at Southampton. No mayoress noticed my arrival; the mayor gave me a *feuille-de-route*, with an extract from the Alien Bill, and a personal description: 'François de Chateaubriand, French emigrant, five feet four inches high, thin, brown hair and whiskers.' I shared a conveyance of the cheapest sort with some sailors on leave; I entered the city where Pitt reigned—poor, sick, and unknown, and lodged for six shillings a month in a garret in Tottenham-Court Road.

Now, however, obscurity of a different sort spreads its gloom over me in London. My political position overshadows my literary renown: there is not a fool in the three kingdoms who does not think more of the ambassador of Louis XVIII. than of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme.* . . . How I regret, in the midst of my insipid pomp, the tears and tribulations of my early years in England! . . . When I come home now in 1822, instead of being received by my friend in our miserable attic, and sitting on a flock-bed, I have to pass through two files of flunkeys, ending in five or six respectful secretaries; and I reach at last, overwhelmed with *Monseigneur, My Lord, Your Excellence, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*, a drawing-room all carpeted with silk and gold. O gentlemen, let me alone, I entreat you. Be quiet with your *My Lords*. 'The Marquis of Londonderry is coming,' you say; 'the Duke of Wellington has asked for me; Mr. Canning seeks me; Lady Jersey waits for me at dinner with Mr. Brougham; Lady Gwydyr expects me at ten o'clock at her Opera box; and Lady Mansfield, at midnight, at Almack's!'

Have pity on me; where shall I hide myself? who will deliver me? who will rescue me from these persecutions? Return, return, ye charming days of misery and solitude," &c. &c.

And so he goes on for some pages.

A little further on in the same volume, while describing the Canadian forests, he breaks off thus: "And who is the monarch whose rule now replaces that of France over these regions? *He who yesterday sent me this note:*

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'Royal Lodge, Windsor.

MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE,—I am ordered by the King to invite your Excellence to dinner and a bed here on Thursday next.

FRANCES CONYNGHAM.'"

This polite note of Lady Conyngham, thus lugged in by the head and shoulders, to show us how familiar he had become with the great, is greeted by the following piece of inflated affectation, in the richest style of parvenu-ism: "Il était dans ma destinée d'être tourmenté par des princes"!

In the next volume we find a parallel passage:

"Those who read this part of my Memoirs may have observed that I have interrupted them twice,—once to give a great dinner to the Duke of York, brother of the King of England; the other time to give a *fête* on the anniversary of the restoration of the King of France. *This fête cost me forty thousand francs.* Peers and peeresses of the British Empire, ambassadors, and foreigners of distinction, filled my splendidly-decorated rooms. My table glittered with glass, gold, and porcelain, and was covered with all that was most delicate in food, wine, and flowers. Portland Place was thronged with brilliant equipages. The best music of Almack's charmed *the fashionable melancholy of dandies and the elegant reveries of pensively-dancing ladies.* The Opposition and the Ministry came to a truce in my halls; Lady Canning [who did not then exist] talked with Lord Londonderry, and Lady Jersey with the Duke of Wellington. Monsieur [Charles X.], who complimented me on the sumptuousness of my entertainments in 1822, never dreamed in 1793 that there lived near him a future minister who, *waiting for his grandeurs*, was then fasting in a churchyard, as a penalty for having been faithful to his prince."*

The position of ambassador in London, brilliant as it was, could not long satisfy him. He pined to be in a brighter scene, and more immediately in contact with the centre of political action. At this period the uncured folly of the restored despots was causing disturbance in various parts of Europe, and in Spain the Cortes and the sovereign were in open hostility. A congress of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries was to meet at Verona to discuss the perils of the time, and Chateaubriand longed to be among them, a conspicuous figure in the brilliant assemblage. Montmorency, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was going as the representative of France, and neither needed nor much fancied so clever and unmanageable a colleague. But the Ambassador persisted, and put in action every means of influence he possessed. He applied to Montmorency direct: "Je

* Chateaubriand appears to lose his head whenever he has to speak of his personal relations to royalty. In mentioning the transference to Saint-Denis, in 1815, of the mutilated remains of the royal family, he writes: "Among these bones I *recognised* the head of the Queen (who had been decapitated in 1793) *by the smile which she had given me* at Versailles"! (iii. 402.)

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pense" (he says) "qu'il est bon pour vous et pour moi que vous me mettiez en rapport direct avec les souverains de l'Europe : *vous compléterez ainsi ma* carrière, et vous m'aurez toujours sous la main pour vous faire des amis et repousser vos ennemis." He pressed the same demand unremittingly upon Villèle, then virtually chief of the Cabinet, and he urged Madame Récamier to use all her skill in persuasion to obtain for him the bauble on which he had set his heart. He set Madame de Duras also to work for the same end. His pertinacity was successful, and he went to Verona to *pavoneggiarsi*, as the Italians say, among the congregated grandeurs of the world. When there, as we learn from his own and Montmorency's correspondence with Madame Récamier, as well as from other more formal sources, his conduct was not that either of a loyal colleague or a faithful plenipotentiary. His vanity had been more irritated by the opposition which his appointment had met with in the first instance than gratified by his subsequent success. He was sulky with Montmorency and disobedient to Villèle. He had his own notions of what France ought to do, and had no notion of obeying the instructions of his government. It was not for Villèle to direct *him*, Chateaubriand, nor for Montmorency to control him ; he was abler and greater than either, and was determined to follow his own independent course. Few points in his career are less to his credit as a man of honour and of principle than his conduct throughout all these transactions. He appears to have deceived both his colleague and his chief. The Holy Alliance wished to put down the Spanish Revolution by force, and to use the arms of France for this purpose. M. de Villèle was very unwilling that France should be so used, and instructed his plenipotentiaries not to lend themselves to any such result. M. de Montmorency, a pious zealot and a royalist *par excellence*, was anxious to interfere by arms in the affairs of Spain as a matter of high principle. M. de Chateaubriand, pretending to agree with Villèle, was in his heart even more anxious for a war in Spain than Montmorency, though for a different motive, as he afterwards repeatedly avowed, and gloried in avowing. He cared comparatively little, almost nothing, indeed, about the respective merits of the King and the Cortes in their civil strife ; he desired only a war in which the armies of France, by an easy and certain victory, should restore the tarnished lustre of their military fame. This unprincipled view of matters we take from his own impudent confession, or rather from his own immoral boastings. He wished to send French troops *somewhere ;* it mattered little where. "L'idée de rendre de la force et de l'éclat à nos armes me dominait toujours," he says in 1822.*

* Mémoires, iv. 181.

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Early in that year he urged Montmorency to send troops into Piedmont, reminding him that when at Berlin the previous year he had endeavoured to persuade his predecessor to march an army into Savoy, when an occasion appeared to present itself for interference. Now, since the Italian opportunity had been lost, he was determined that the Spanish opportunity should be made use of, in spite of the objection of his chief, and without reference to the righteousness of the cause.* "*My* Spanish war, the great political event of my life" (he writes twenty-three years later) "was a gigantic enterprise. Legitimacy for the first time smelt powder under the white flag, and fired its first shot after those shots fired under the Empire which the latest posterity will hear. To march over Spain at a single step, to succeed on the same soil whereon the armies of so great a conqueror had experienced such sad reverses, *to do in six months what Napoleon had not been able to do in seven years,*—who could have aspired to effect such a marvel? Nevertheless, *this is what* I *did.*" It is pretty clear now, from authentic documents relating to the secret history of that time, as well as from Chateaubriand's own Memoirs, that the French invasion of Spain (for a war it scarcely can be called) was concocted between the Emperor Alexander and the French plenipotentiary, in opposition to the Cabinets both of London and of Paris.

And now comes the meanest, if not the most immoral, part of these transactions. Montmorency returned to Paris, leaving Chateaubriand still at Verona. Villèle received him very coldly, in consequence of his having, contrary to his instructions, almost pledged France to interfere by force in Spain. It soon became evident that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, differing so widely from the President of the Council on so important a question, could not satisfactorily continue to hold office under him. M. de Montmorency resigned his post accordingly. M. de Chateaubriand, who while at Verona had, unknown to his colleague, corresponded privately with M. de Vilèlle, and who on this same question differed from Villèle even more widely and more resolutely than Montmorency had done, after a few decent hesitations, *succeeded the latter as Foreign Minister.* Nay more, in his private correspondence he had more than once hinted to Villèle his willingness to accept this succession to a not then vacant heritage. The sad truth is, that Chateaubriand's vanity and ambition were too selfish and too grasping to permit him to be perfectly a gentleman or a man of honour in his relations

* In one of his letters to the President of the Council from Verona, he writes, "C'est à vous à voir si vous ne devez pas saisir une occasion, peut-être unique, de replacer la France au rang des puissances militaires, et de *réhabiliter la cocarde blanche* dans une guerre courte et presque sans danger."

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either with ladies or with colleagues. Having entered the Cabinet on the understanding that he agreed with Villèle and disagreed with Montmorency as to the Spanish war, he set himself to work to promote that war as earnestly as Montmorency could have wished, and took to himself the entire credit of its inauguration and its success. Villèle, seeing it at last to be inevitable, made no further opposition, and having little *amour propre*, did not dispute its questionable glories with his insatiable and restless colleague. But it soon became evident that Chateaubriand was almost as dangerous and as uncomfortable in as out of power, and would be not more loyal to Villèle than he had been to Montmorency. The King too could not endure him. After some months of discomfort, the explosion came. The Ministry brought forward a plan for converting the five per cents into three per cents, with Chateaubriand's concurrence in the council: so at least his colleagues declared. But when the measure came on for discussion in the Chambers, the Opposition was found far stronger than any one anticipated. Chateaubriand, seeing this, sat gravely silent in public, but was open-mouthed against the scheme in private. Villèle was not a man to put up with such behaviour. Chateaubriand was summarily dismissed, and by an unlucky accident, in a manner which seemed both brusque and insulting. He received his *congé* only as he was entering the council-chamber. He retired furious and baffled, not into private life, but into the most virulent and vicious opposition, to the regret of his best friends. For four years he carried on, chiefly in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, an unrelenting war against the Minister who had dismissed him, becoming in the course of it almost unconsciously the head of the Liberal opposition. In 1828 he triumphed, and M. de Villèle fell from power; but Chateaubriand did not succeed him. Charles X. liked him even less than Louis XVIII. had done; so vigorous an employer and champion of the liberty of the press was not the man to find favour with the monarch who was already longing for the *Ordonnances*. It was necessary, however, to find some post for so formidable and so effective a polemic; so the Ministers offered him the embassy to Rome. He wished much for this post, but there was one difficulty in the way. It was held by one of his ostensible and most generous friends, the bosom friend also of Mme. Récamier, the Duc de Laval, who had resided there long, and was by no means willing to quit. Chateaubriand made some decorous and deprecatory hesitations, as he had done in 1823; but it was evident that he was bent on Rome, and Mme. Récamier was employed to smooth the rugged path. The Duc de Laval was the more disinterested of the two; he went to Vienna, and Chateaubriand superseded one

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friend at the Papal Court, as he had before superseded another at the Foreign Office. This proceeding, which was in harmony with the rest of his political career, was his last act. The following year, when the Polignac Ministry came into power, disgusted alike at the men who were nominated and at his own exclusion, he sent in his resignation and retired.

We have said little or nothing of the private and domestic life of M. de Chateaubriand; and, in truth, there is not much to say. He was never genial or social; he hated both the effort and the constraint of general society, and, except in a circle of a few intimate adorers, he was usually silent, gloomy, and abstracted. When he talked, however, he talked, as might be expected, with much brilliancy. Among his own sex, it is probable, no eminent or attractive man had ever so few friends. He had too cold a heart, too absorbing an egotism, too irritable a pride, and too biting a tongue, either to love or be loved much. In reference to his relations with the other sex — a subject which commonly fills so large a space in the biographies of remarkable Frenchmen—the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, without being exactly honest, are, if we except one or two very unpleasant and unwarrantable hints, decorously discreet. We shall imitate that discretion; though a few words are needed to prevent misconception of Chateaubriand's character on this point. Of his long, pure, and honourable friendship with Mme. Récamier we spoke at length not long since, when reviewing the *Souvenirs* of that unique and admirable woman. All his intimacies, however—and he had many—were neither so amiable nor so irreproachable. Those who knew him well say that he treated women, as he treated every thing else in this depreciated world, with a superb and commanding egotism. Sought and worshiped by many women of the finest qualities, and exercising over them, when he pleased, a singular and irresistible fascination, he was yet always the tyrant, never the slave. He gave little and exacted much, or rather he conceived that quality made up for quantity, and that the little he gave was in reality more than all that could be lavished on him in return. At the age of sixty-four he writes with *naïve* conviction to a lady whom he invited to meet him in Switzerland, "that he would give her more in one day than others in long years;" and as, in spite of this assurance, she failed at the rendezvous, he tells her "Vous avez perdu une partie de votre gloire; il fallait m'aimer, ne fut-ce que par amour de votre talent et l'interêt de votre renommée."* What he sought and found in love was not the affection of this or that woman in particular, but the flattery of

* Sainte-Beuve, Causeries, ii. 126.

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his vanity and the distraction of his *ennui*—the excitement, the dreams, the stir of the imagination, the momentary revival of old enchantments, without which life was to him a desert and a burden. We should have fancied that he must have been a most tormenting and disappointing lover; yet the ladies whom he distinguished never complained of him; they seem all to have taken him at his own valuation, and done homage at his feet. Even Madame Récamier, sought and worshiped as she had been all her life by the most agreeable and remarkable men of the age, gave Chateaubriand preëminence over them all; and though his turbulent, exclusive, and exacting temper caused her at first infinite vexation and distress, and once obliged her to absent herself from him and from Paris for a time, yet she could not shake off the fascination; it ended in her forgiving him and taming him, and devoting herself to him, with a rare and beautiful fidelity, through long years of decay. For nearly a quarter of a century, with occasional interruptions by absence, he wrote to her every morning and visited her every evening; and she closed his eyes in death, at the age of eighty, when her own had been long sealed in blindness.

We have now followed this prominent figure of the first half of our century through all the various phases of his existence—as youthful wanderer, literary celebrity, minister and politician, husband, friend, and lover; and a more strongly-marked or consistently-preserved individuality we never met in history. He was the same man at eighteen as at eighty; the same in obscurity as in fame; the same in politics as in love; never simple, never natural, never true; absorbingly selfish, incurably affected; the wretched victim of insatiable yearnings and eternal discontent. Probably the only thoroughly sincere thing about him was his desolate *ennui* and weariness, or rather disgust, of life. In his earliest works, *René* and *Les Natchez*, he speaks with bitter contempt of those whom suffering and reflection "have not cured of the *mania for existence;*" eight years before his death he writes thus:

"J'ai fini de tout et avec tout: mes mémoires sont achevés. Je ne fais rien; je ne crois plus ni à la gloire ni à l'avenir, ni au pouvoir ni à la liberté, ni aux rois ni aux peuples. J'habite seul un grand appartement où je m'ennuie et attends vaguement je ne sais quoi que je ne désire pas et qui ne viendra jamais. Je ris de moi en baillant, et je me couche à neuf heures. J'admire ma chatte qui va faire ses petits, et je suis éternellement votre fidèle esclave; sans travailler, libre d'aller où je veux, et n'allant nulle part. Je regarde passer à mes pieds ma dernière heure."

As a young man we saw him unable to fix upon any path in

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life: too proud, too indolent, and too fastidious for any; having no object and no purpose, because he himself bounded his own horizon. As a literary man, the same fatal want re-appears: he has grand powers, grand thoughts, grand conceptions even, but no mighty aim outside of the gigantic MOI; no creed but his own genius, no goal but his own glory, no joy but in his own success. When he enters the political arena, the native vice is still uppermost, rampant as ever, and yet more intolerable, because the stage is so noble and the interests so momentous. In his *Monarchie selon la Charte*, he intimates the *personal* ground on which he so greatly valued parliamentary institutions; they offer a career and an interest to those who have passed the age of pleasure and are satiated with literary fame. "Was it not," he asks, "very hard to be employed in nothing at an age when one is fit for every thing? To-day the manly occupations which filled the existence of a Roman, and which make the career of an Englishman so noble, are offered to us on all sides. We need no longer lose the middle and the end of our life; we can now be men when we have ceased to be youths. We *can console ourselves for the lost illusions of our earlier days in endeavouring to become illustrious citizens;* we need not fear time, when one may be *rajeuni* par la gloire." Throughout his Memoirs, whenever he speaks of his political career his mingled affectation and discontent break out. He repeatedly tells us that "he has no ambition;" that "there is no renown or power on earth which could tempt him to stoop for an instant to pick it up;"* that all ministries and embassies and political triumphs are "wretched baubles," far beneath a man like him "qui de mon char domine le train de rois." "Que m'importaient," he exclaims, "pourtant ces futiles misères, à moi qui n'ai jamais cru au temps où je vivais, à moi sans foi dans les rois, sans conviction à l'égard des peuples, à moi qui ne me suis jamais soucié de rien, excepté des songes!" All this sounds something worse than paltry, when we remember that this man—without ambition, without political conviction, above all desire for glory, looking down from the height of his fancied supremacy on kings and all that kings could offer, wishing for nothing but repose, caring for nothing but dreams—is the same Chateaubriand who was insatiable in his pursuit of office; implacable towards those who rivalled him; bitter against those who thwarted or refused him; restless and not over-delicate in his intrigues for advancement; ungenerous, to say the least, towards his friends; simply ferocious towards his antagonists; savagely morose under defeat; haughty and contemptuous in success. His one virtue as a politician—and in France, no

* Mémoires, ii. 110, iv. 273, i. 148, iii. 401.

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doubt, it is a great one — was fidelity to his party; a party which he adopted from sentiment and connection, without sharing its principles or being able to guide its policy.

Was his religion of deeper root or purer alloy than his patriotism? Was he truer and less egotistic as a Christian than as a statesman? It is difficult, after what we have seen, to think so. He patronised Christianity; he did not bow down before it. He was its appreciator, not its votary. He cared much for its beauty, little for its truth: he valued it because so closely associated with his fame; but, whether he really believed in it or not, assuredly he never regulated either his feelings by its spirit or his life by its precepts. Few men of decorous life and conversation were ever less imbued with the peculiar virtues of the Christian character. He chose the highest place at feast and synagogue; he thought more highly of himself than he ought to think; and of the spirit of meekness, humility, and forgiveness of injuries he had no more notion than a Red Indian. He was, in truth, one of the most unamiable, as well as one of the most unhappy of men. He really loved no one but himself; he heartily appreciated no genius but his own; his posthumous Memoirs, which he wrote with the view of raising a grand temple to his own fame, are filled with portraits of his contemporaries, scarcely one of which can be called either generous or cordial, few of which are just, and most of which are snarling, bitter, and malignant; some of them, where the originals had defeated or eclipsed him, being painted in colours which transgress even the bounds of decency. We may give one example, among the worst no doubt, but still by no means unique.

"M. de Talleyrand, appelé de longue date au tribunal d'en haut, était contumace: la mort le cherchait de la part de Dieu, et elle l'a enfin trouvé. Pour analyser minutieusement une vie aussi gâtée que celle de M. de la Fayette a été saine, il faudrait affronter des dégoûts que je suis incapable de surmonter. Les hommes de plaies ressemblent aux carcasses de prostituées: les ulcères les ont tellement rongés qu'ils ne peuvent servir à la dissection."*

Talleyrand also left memoirs behind him, but with the direction that they should not be published till fifty years after his death. Chateaubriand's autobiography, assailing and blasting nearly every public and living reputation, was sold during his lifetime, and given to the world the same year in which he died.

A great MAN Chateaubriand can scarcely, in any true sense of the word, be called; his soul was too much eaten away by hollow affectations and puerile vanities, for that. But amid all

* Tome vi. p. 242.

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his weaknesses and littlenesses he had the faculty of producing upon his contemporaries the impression of grandeur and of strength. A great *writer* he certainly was; and probably it was his unrivalled capacity in this line that deceived both himself and others into fancying him a thinker and a statesman. He offers, perhaps, the most remarkable instance the world ever saw of the extent to which the power of style can disguise and even supply the absence of higher gifts. We cannot better conclude this long paper than by a few sentences from the pen of Albert de Broglie.

"Between 1814 and 1848 France for thirty-four years tried her hand at representative government. Three unfortunate tempers have twice led to a sad failure of the trial: a general and systematic spirit of opposition to authority, extravagance of personal pretensions, and the bitterness of personal animosities. Never have these three characteristic national features —which render constitutional government almost impossible— appeared so strongly as in M. de Chateaubriand. He was an active public character for fifteen years: he opposed every government; he put forth pretensions to every post; and he ended by hating every body."

Art. II.—FREDERICK THE FIRST, KING OF ITALY.

Gedichte des Mittelalters auf König Friedrich I. den Staufer und aus seiner so wie der nächstfolgenden Zeiten. Von Jacob Grimm. Berlin: 1844.

Folchetto Malespina. From the Italian of Varese. London: 1860.

Of all the many odd freaks of diplomacy which we have seen of late, perhaps the very oddest was when an Austrian statesman last year defended the possession of Lombardy by his master on the ground that that province was "a fief of the German empire." Considering that there never was such a thing as "the German empire;" considering also that, if there was, Lombardy never was a fief of it; considering, again, that Francis Joseph of Lorraine is in no sense the heir or successor of the old German kings; considering also that, if he were, it would by no means prove his right to any particular fief of their kingdom;—considering all this, the statement, whether as a historical assertion or a political argument, is certainly remarkable in all its parts. We do not undertake to decide whether the

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diplomatist who made it was really so strangely ignorant himself, or whether he was, after the manner of diplomatists, merely practising upon the presumed ignorance of others. In either case it shows the reckless way in which people allow themselves to turn the facts of past times into political arguments about present affairs. If it is true in any sense that "Lombardy is a fief of the German empire," it is equally true of all Germany, of the greater part of Italy and Belgium, of nearly all Holland, all Switzerland, and about a third of France. If Francis Joseph was lawful master of Lombardy, because Lombardy was "a fief of the German empire," his claim must be equally good to be absolute lord of all the countries we have reckoned up, to say nothing of vaguer claims to superiority over Poland, Denmark, England, and the world in general.

We have mentioned the above diplomatic escapade as an instance of the way in which the ancient relations of Germany and Italy may be misrepresented or misconceived from the German side. We have transcribed, as a specimen the other way, the title of a translation of an Italian novel, fairly interesting, but not very remarkable, which shows how they may be misrepresented or misconceived from the Italian side. The novel of *Folchetto Malespina* deals with the days and the deeds of—since the great Charles himself—the greatest German who ever set foot upon Italian soil. Now most certainly any one who drew his idea of Frederick Barbarossa from that story alone, would set him down as having as little business in Italy as Francis Joseph has at Venice and Cracow, or Louis Napoleon at Rome and Chambery. It would never occur to a reader of *Folchetto Malespina* that Frederick, German as he was, was the elected, crowned, and anointed King of Italy and Emperor of the Romans, a king whose sovereignty was acknowledged in theory by all, and was zealously asserted in act by a large portion of the nation.

It is most desirable, for the sake both of the present and the past, that misconceptions of this sort should not be allowed to confuse the right understanding of either. We undertook in a late article to show that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte was not the successor of Charles the Great. We now assert, with equal confidence, that Francis Joseph of Lorraine is just as little the successor of the Saxon Ottos or the Swabian Fredericks. The legal and traditional rights of the old Teutonic kings have absolutely nothing in common with the brute force of the modern Austrian tyranny. Let this be well understood on both sides, and it will be alike impossible to dress up an imposture of yesterday in the borrowed plumes of a fallen but still venerable power, and needless to pervert and depreciate a great cause and

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a great man, because, at a superficial glance, his career seems to run counter to the cause which has the sympathy of every generous heart of our own day.

Our immediate business is to give a picture, both personal and political, of Frederick Barbarossa, as the greatest and most typical of the German kings of Italy, and therein to show how absolutely nothing there is in common between the position of the old Swabian and the modern Austrian. We have chosen Frederick, both as being the most famous name among the Teutonic kings, and because he is really the best suited for our purpose. Charles the Great stands by himself, alone and without competitor. He was the founder; those who came after him were at most his successors. And again, the four centuries which elapsed between Charles and Frederick had greatly altered the position of the world. Charles belongs to the debatable ground between ancient and mediæval history. Frederick belongs to a century which is the most typical of all the middle ages. In the days of Charles much was still living and practical which in the days of Frederick had become matter of learning and tradition. Charles was really a Roman Augustus; he stepped, as naturally as a barbarian Frank could step, into the place of which the female usurper at Byzantium was declared unworthy. Frederick was a real King of Germany, and one almost equally real of Italy; but the imperial title was now little more than a magnificent pageant, to be disputed about by priests and lawyers. In the days of Charles, the Bishop of Rome was as clearly the subject of the emperor as his rival at Constantinople. In the days of Frederick, the Popes had reached that ambiguous condition, neither subject nor sovereign, which was really the source of their most efficient power. In short, it would require the ingenuity of a French bishop to see any resemblance between Charles the Great and any thing now on the face of the earth. But Frederick comes near enough to us to be easily misunderstood. In his days the old "Francia" had vanished. Germany, France, and Italy, in the modern sense of those words, already existed. A King of Germany warring in Italy, now conquering, now conquered, building up with one hand and pulling down with another, has enough of superficial likeness to phenomena of our own times to make it worth while to stop to show the points of real unlikeness. And again, Frederick is the best suited for our purpose of the post-Carolingian emperors, if only because he is far the best known. Like Charles the Great, he has become a hero of romance; he has become, as it were, the patriarch of a nation, and his memory still lives in the German heart as the impersonation of German unity. Frederick was perhaps not personally superior to his predecessors

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Otto the Great and Henry III.; but he has contrived to attract to himself a greater portion of the world's lasting fame. Again, in the reign of Henry IV. the chief interest, as far as Italy is concerned, is of an ecclesiastical kind; in the reign of Frederick the ecclesiastical interest is subordinate to the political. Hildebrand himself is the arch-antagonist of Henry, but one cannot help looking at Alexander III. chiefly as the ally of Milan. Again, Frederick Barbarossa, like all other German kings, and, indeed, almost all other men, cannot be compared, in extent and variety of natural gifts, to his wonderful grandson and namesake. But the very genius of Frederick II., and the whole circumstances of his life, put him out of all competition. Frederick Barbarossa is essentially a man of a particular age and country; he is in every thing, for good and for evil, a German of the twelfth century. But his grandson can hardly be said to belong to any particular nation. The child of a German father and a Norman mother, born and brought up in his half-Greek, half-Saracen realm of Sicily, the first patron of the new-born speech and civilisation of modern Italy, it is hard to say what blood or what culture predominated in him; but it is clear that the Teutonic element was the weakest of all. In the largeness of his views, in the versatility of his powers, he rises intellectually as far above his grandfather as he sinks beneath him morally. It is never desirable for history to descend, either with prudish or with prurient curiosity, into the secrets of private life; still it is impossible to avoid comparing the almost recognised harem of the second Frederick, his concubines and bastards openly obtruded upon the world, with the apparently decent and regular household of his grandfather. Perhaps, indeed, we may be more inclined to forgive the license which produced Manfred and Hensius, than the lawful matrimony which gave birth to Henry VI.; still, as concerns the men themselves, it is clear that the elder Frederick lived the life of a Christian king, and the younger that of a Saracen sultan. In matters coming more properly within the sphere of history, we cannot fancy Frederick Barbarossa wandering into the regions of forbidden religious speculation; but still less can we imagine him acting the part of a cruel persecutor of heretics,* without a particle of religious bigotry, simply to ward off the suspicion of heterodoxy from himself. Frederick II., in the higher parts of his character, was beyond his age, almost be-

* How far Frederick Barbarossa was responsible for the *death* of Arnold of Brescia does not seem quite clear; but to have spared a man whom every Catholic looked on as a heretic, and every Ghibelin as a traitor, would have required as keen a vision as that of Frederick II., combined with a clemency beyond that of his grandfather.

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yond all ages; but for that very reason he had but little real influence upon his own generation, and is least of all men to be taken as typical of it. But the elder Frederick was one whose every idea was cast in the mould of his own age and nation. He devoted himself, with a steadfast and honourable devotion, which won the respect of his enemies, to those objects to which it was natural that a German king of the twelfth century should devote himself. Most of those objects are utterly alien to the sympathies of our own time; many of them were opposed by those men of his own day with whom we are naturally most inclined to side. Still, a candid mind will ever honour the zealous devotion of a life to any cause not palpably unrighteous, and unstained by means which are palpably dishonourable. A prince whose life was mainly given up to crush the growing liberties of Italy appears at first sight as an object of something almost like abhorrence. But only look at him with the eyes of a contemporary German, or of an Italian of his own side, and we shall soon see that the enemy of Italy in the twelfth century was at least one of a far nobler mould than the Bourbon, the Corsican, and the Lorrainer, with whom she has had to struggle before our own eyes.

Our present object is chiefly to consider the character and position of Frederick with regard to the Kingdom of Italy; his relations with powers like Poland and Denmark, his two crusades, even his internal policy in his German realm, hardly concern us. Now, fully to understand that position, we must, for a short space, take up that general thread of early mediæval history which we dropped in the opening article of our last Number. We there saw that the great Frankish empire of Charles the Great was, at least from the year 888, cut up into the four kingdoms of Eastern France or Germany, Western France, Burgundy, and Italy; and that of these it was Eastern France, the *Regnum Teutonicum*, which had by far the fairest claim to be looked upon as the true continuation of the kingdom of Charles and Pippin. The Eastern Frank clave to the tongue and manners of his forefathers, and kept possession of the city which was the great Emperor's chosen dwelling during life, and his resting-place after death. For nearly four hundred years the crown of Germany passed through a succession of dynasties, which produced at least their fair share of able and valiant kings. We have been so used for some ages past to look upon Germany as a country utterly divided, or united only by the loosest of federal ties, that we have some difficulty in realising the *Regnum Teutonicum* of the early middle age as a single kingdom, and, for those times, far from a disunited kingdom. Of course it would not answer modern ideas of English

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good government, still less of Parisian centralisation. A Duke of Saxony or Bavaria was a very formidable subject, and had very little scruple about rebelling against his liege lord. But he was not more formidable or less scrupulous than an Earl of Mercia or Northumberland, long after England acknowledged a single king. He was, at all events, far more orderly and obedient than a Duke of Normandy or a Count of Flanders. In short, the Germany of Henry III. was quite as united as the England of Edward the Confessor, and incomparably more united than the France of Philip I. A revolt in Germany, as in England, was a rebellion, and was felt and spoken of as such; but hostilities between Rouen and Paris have rather the character of foreign war. The object of the great Saxon war against Henry IV. was to dethrone the reigning king and to set up another; a tribute to his importance which the King of Paris never received from his refractory feudatories. While the King of the French never got farther from his capital than Orleans or Compiègne, the Kings of the Teutonic Kingdom were constantly moving from province to province and from city to city, throughout the whole of their vast realm. Above all, while no diet or assembly of any kind brought the French feudatory into peaceful contact either with his lord or with his fellow-vassals, all Germany was constantly flocking together to those "Colloquia" which occupy as important a place in the pages of Lambert of Herzfeld as our own Witenagemots, Great Councils, and Parliaments do in those of our own early historians. In a word, the Saxon, Frankish, and Swabian emperors were, in a true and practical sense, Kings of Germany; the early Capetians were only in the vaguest and most nominal way Kings of France.

But the kingdom of Germany was not the only realm which obeyed the sceptre of Frederick. For nearly two hundred years before his time it had been recognised that the prince who was elected to the sovereignty of the *Regnum Teutonicum* acquired thereby at least an inchoate right to the iron crown of the Italian kingdom, and to the golden crown of the Roman empire. Otto the Great had appeared in Italy at the call of the Italians themselves, as the most powerful among the successors of the Great Charles; he was crowned and anointed Emperor of the Romans, and as Emperor of the Romans he exercised the fullest sway over the Pontiff and the people of the Eternal City. From his time onward the rank of King of Germany was but a step to the higher rank of Roman Emperor; till at last the very name of the German kingdom was lost, and the prince crowned at Aachen, but not yet crowned at Rome, bore the title of King, instead of Emperor, of the Romans. It is easy to see that this increase of dignity proved the real ruin

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of the German kingdom. It involved at least one Italian campaign in every reign; each successive king had to fight his way to his Italian capital. It called off the sovereign from the affairs of his native kingdom to struggle with Popes and republics, in a land which it was vain to hope really to hold in any constant and regular obedience. And again, the very rank of Roman Emperor, with all the halo of superhuman grandeur which surrounded it, must have tended to diminish the real power of the German King. Cæsar Augustus might well be looked upon as almost too exalted to act as the local king of a particular kingdom. His power gradually diminished; the "Imperator Urbis et Orbis" at last owned hardly a foot of ground in his imperial capacity, and another prince was formally recognised as sovereign of the city from which he drew his highest title.

Had, therefore, the German kings, Otto, Henry III., and Frederick himself, sternly abstained from all intermeddling in Italian affairs, one can hardly doubt that the German kingdom would have greatly gained thereby. Perhaps their once compact and powerful realm might have remained compact and powerful to this day. But it would have required foresight more than human to refuse the Imperial Crown for themselves and for their nation. National distinctions had not then made themselves so distinctly felt as they have since. The universal sway of the old Cæsars, its more recent renovation by Charles, were not yet forgotten among men. That there should be a Roman Cæsar was something in the eternal fitness of things; and to whom could that highest place on earth be so worthily decreed as to the best and most powerful of the successors of Charles? Again, a large portion of the higher ranks in Northern Italy must have been of German descent, and probably had not yet wholly forgotten their German origin. And, though the speech of daily life was different, yet the use of one language for every public purpose must, throughout Europe, have tended greatly to make national distinctions less strongly felt. Their practical effect was just as strong, but men did not, so strongly as they do now, openly recognise and act upon the principle that difference of race or language is a ground for difference of political government. We do not remember, during the whole of Frederick's Italian warfare, any distinct and openly avowed case of Italians as Italians acting against the German as a German. Nobody denied Frederick's right either to the kingdom of Italy or to the Roman Empire. The only doubt was as to the nature and extent of his royal rights; and no doubt the growing republican spirit of the cities would quite as readily have disputed the rights of a native sovereign. And throughout Frederick was the chief of a large Italian party, who sup-

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ported him with even greater zeal than his German countrymen. Possibly their loyalty was misplaced, but it was loyalty to an acknowledged legitimate king, not traitorous adhesion to a foreign invader. Frederick was in Italy the king of a party; if he was cursed as a destroyer at Milan, he was worshiped as a founder at Lodi. The truth is that, in the twelfth century, Italian patriotism did not exist. Each man had the warmest local affection for his own city, but of Italy as a country he had no idea whatever. Indeed, as the cities more and more assumed the character of independent republics, as the notion of a separate Italian kingdom grew fainter and fainter, national as distinguished from local patriotism grew fainter and fainter also. A variety of circumstances in each particular case made the Emperor the friend of one city and the enemy of another. But the Milanese who resisted Frederick, resisted the enemy not of Italy but of Milan; the men of Cremona and Pavia who followed his banner never dreamed that, in supporting their own friend, they were supporting the enemy of their country. It is of course highly probable that difference of blood, speech, and manners may have aggravated the bitterness of the conflict; yet the German historian* holds up his hands in horror at the cruelty of the Italians to one another, compared with which the mutual hate of German and Italian was love and gentleness. Nowhere, in short, do we find any signs of the really national feeling which awoke in after times, the feeling with which stout Pope Julius longed for the expulsion of the barbarians, or that which now unites all Italy from the Alps to the Pharos in loathing of the sway of Austria. The union of Germany and Italy under a single king was, in truth, something utterly impracticable; the attempt to effect such a union brought much of lasting evil on both countries; but avowedly to recognise that it was impracticable would have required a more long-sighted statesman than the twelfth century was likely to produce. We sympathise with the Italian opponents of Frederick, but we sympathise with them rather as the assertors of civic republicanism against imperial power than as the defenders of Italy against a foreign invader. Italy, in short, in the twelfth century was not an "oppressed nationality."

It was therefore in support of claims consecrated by long and venerable traditions, of claims admitted in name by the whole nation and zealously supported by a powerful party, that Frederick waged his long warfare in Italy. We have endeavoured to give some notion of the cause which he represented; we will now

* "Non ut cognatus populus, non ut domesticus inimicus, sed velut in externos hostes, in alienigenas, tantâ in sese invicem sui gentiles crudelitate sæviunt quantâ nec in barbaros deceret." Otto Fris. lib. i. cap. 39.

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attempt to draw a picture of the man himself, and to give a slight sketch of his policy and actions as far as concerns Italy. In so doing we shall endeavour, as far as possible, to draw our estimate of the man and his acts directly from comtemporary sources. It is of course impossible but that remembrances of Gibbon, Sismondi, and Milman should occasionally influence us; but we have certainly done our best to form our judgment upon the evidence of men who were spectators, and sometimes actors, in the events. Most of the chronicles of this period are to be found in the sixth volume of the great collection of Muratori. Among these, the first place in rank belongs to no less a person than Frederick himself, who gives a summary of the early events of his reign in a letter to Otto, Bishop of Freising,* prefixed to that prelate's history. The second place in dignity and the first in importance is undoubtedly due to Otto himself. This episcopal historian was himself of princely, even of imperial descent; he was the son of Leopold III., Margrave of Austria, by Agnes, daughter of the Emperor Henry IV. But as this same Agnes, by her first marriage with Frederick I., Duke of Swabia, was the mother of Duke Frederick II., the father of the Emperor Frederick, it follows that Bishop Otto was himself the uncle of the subject of his history. That history, as we have said, may be read in the sober text of Muratori; but we have chosen rather to study it in a noble old copy dated Strassburg, 1515, ushered in with imperial diplomas from King Maximilian, and adorned with abundance of imperial eagles. Otto first wrote a general history of the world in seven books, ending with the election of his nephew Frederick, in 1152, followed by an eighth book, of a diviner sort, containing an account of what is to happen at the end of the world. Like all chronicles of the kind, it is valueless alike for prophecy and for early history, but it becomes useful as it draws near the writer's own time. He afterwards accompanied his imperial nephew in his first Italian expedition, and wrote two books "De Gestis Friderici Primi," which fill one of the highest places in the list of mediæval writings. He, however, unluckily gets no farther than the fourth year of his hero's reign; but his work is continued, in two books more, by Radevic, a canon of his own church, down to 1160, the year in which Radevic wrote. Both these authors, of course, write from the imperial side, but both seem to write as fairly as one can expect, and they are especially valuable in quoting contemporary documents. Otto writes like a prince,

* Commonly Otto of Frisingen: but this we take to be simply a mistaken following of the Latin form Otto Frisingensis. The German name of the city is Freising. It has now fallen from its ancient glory, and is only a small town in the kingdom of Bavaria.

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admiring his nephew without worshiping him, and showing throughout the wide grasp of a statesman, and a most remarkable spirit of observation in every way. Radevic, as becomes his place, is not the rival, but he is, as far as in him lies, the careful imitator of the prelate who promoted him. Both of them were high-minded German churchmen, and we look on their testimony on the Emperor's side with far less suspicion than on that of the imperialist writer next in importance. This is Otto Morena of Lodi, an Italian lawyer, who filled some judicial office under Frederick and the two preceding kings, Lothar and Conrad. We must remember that this was just the time when the study of the Civil Law was reviving; and there can be no doubt that its study was of serious advantage to the imperial cause. Frederick, it is has been said,* came into Italy "with the sword of Germany in the one hand and the books of Justinian in the other." No doubt the jurisconsult of Lodi fully recognised in the Swabian king the true successor of Augustus and Constantine, the Cæsar of whom it was written that "quod Principi placuit, legis habet vigorem."† But no doubt this conviction produced in the mind of Otto the Judge an allegiance of a far more servile kind than the Teutonic loyalty of Otto the Bishop. We can fully understand the enthusiastic affection which every citizen of Lodi would feel for his royal patron and founder; still we soon get wearied of the "sanctissimus," the "dulcissimus," the "christianissimus," and the whole string of superlatives which Otto delights to attach to every mention of the imperial name. Otto's own chronicle goes down to 1162; both as judge and as annalist he was succeeded by his son Acerbus, who is an equally firm adherent to the imperial cause, but is somewhat less profuse in his adulation, and does not scruple sometimes to pronounce censure on his master's actions. His attachment to Frederick himself never fails; but he paints in strong colours the evil deeds of the imperial lieutenants during Frederick's absence,‡ and the little heed which the Emperor himself took to punish them.§ The history of Acerbus Morena ends with his own death, in 1167; the record of that event, and the character of the author, having doubtless been added by another hand.

These are the chief writers on the imperial side. On the other side we have the too brief chronicle of the Milanese "Sire Raul" in the sixth volume, and the life of Pope Alexander in the collection of the Cardinal of Aragon in the third volume of Muratori. The sixth volume also contains a few smaller pieces on particular parts of the story; one of which is Buoncompagni's Narrative of the Siege of Ancona, a most interesting piece of

* Oxford Essays, 1857, p. 158.
† Inst. Just. lib. i. cap. ii. § 6.
‡ Apud Muratori, t. vi. col. 1127.
§ Ibid. col. 1131.

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description, but to which, as it is not strictly contemporary, it strikes us that Sismondi has given more weight than it deserves as a historical document. We may remark generally, that the writers on the papal and republican side commonly speak of the Emperor with a strong feeling of respect. If we want good hearty abuse of Frederick Barbarossa, we must turn to the letters of our own St. Thomas of Canterbury and his correspondents. The cause of the difference is obvious. To the French and English partisans of Alexander, Frederick was a mere distant bugbear, a savage enemy of the Church, to be abhorred as much or more than any sultan of Paynimrie. Those who saw him nearer, even as an enemy, understood him better. Those who fought against him knew that they were contending with a noble and generous enemy, and with one who, after all, was their own acknowledged sovereign. Popes, too, always commanded, even from their own party, less reverence in Italy than any where else; therefore the sacrilegious warfare of the Ghibeline, which seemed so monstrous on this side the Alps, assumed a dye far less deep in the eyes of those among, and even of those against, whom it was actually waged.

Frederick was elected king in 1152. He came to the crown by that mixture of descent and election which was so common in the early middle age, and which modern writers so constantly misunderstand. Nearly every modern state has settled down into a hereditary monarchy, and has enacted for itself a strict law of succession, because it has been found that, whatever arguments may be brought against that form of government, it has at least the great practical advantage of hindering dissension and civil wars. Those earlier times had no clear idea of strict hereditary right; but the family feeling was intensely strong, and in those days, of course, the personal character of a king was every thing. A king could not then be a mere constitutional puppet; a great man was loved, or he was feared—in either case he was obeyed; a small man, with equal legal authority, was despised, disobeyed, perhaps deposed or murdered. The ideal king needed two qualifications; he must be the descendant of former kings, and he must be himself fit for the kingly office. Hence we constantly find a king succeeded, not by the person whom we should call his next heir, but by him who was deemed the worthiest of the royal house. Thus Conrad, by his last will, recommended, not his son, but his nephew Frederick, as his fittest successor in his kingdoms; and the princes of those kingdoms confirmed his choice. Conrad's eldest son, who, according to a common practice, had been crowned in his lifetime as his successor, was dead; his second son was too young: Germany had no desire for such another minority as that

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of Henry IV.; Frederick was young, brave, vigorous, he united the blood of the two great contending houses; the son of a Ghibeline father and a Guelfic mother, he was the man of all others who might be expected to secure peace* at home and victory abroad. He was therefore unanimously chosen king by the Assembly at Frankfort, and received the crown of the Teutonic kingdom† at Aachen, the royal city of the Franks.‡ But besides Germany, the newly-elected monarch had at least an inchoate right to the royal crowns of Burgundy and Italy, and to the imperial diadem of Rome. Of Burgundy we need say little more than that he visited the kingdom once or twice, secured his interest there by his marriage with the Burgundian princess Beatrice, and at last, rather late in his reign, in the year 1178, found leisure for a solemn coronation at Arles.§

But our interest centres round him in his character of King of Italy and Emperor of the Romans. Otto of Freising distinctly tells us that Italian barons took a part in Frederick's election at Frankfort.‖ We know not who these Italian barons may have been, what was their number, or how far they were at all really entitled to speak in the name of the Italian kingdom. But whoever they were, whether many or few, whether they were summoned or came of their own accord, it is clear that their presence must have tended to give at least an outward appearance of right to the new king's claims over Italy, both in his own eyes and those of others. As king-elect of Italy, his course was to hold an assembly of the Italian kingdom at Roncaglia, to receive the iron crown of the Lombard kings, and thence to advance to Rome, and there receive the golden crown of the Roman empire at the hands of the Roman Pontiff. This was the regular course for each newly-elected king; in theory he went on a peaceful errand to his capital, in practice he commonly had to fight his way at every step. Two things always strike us in these imperial progresses; no emperor ever gets to Rome and leaves it again without meeting with more or less resistance, and yet that resistance never assumes any national organised form. Nobody denies his claims, a strong party zealously asserts them; and yet no king is turned into an emperor without bloodshed. The truth is, that it was

* Otto Fris. ii. 2: cf. Urspergensis in anno (p. 295), who plays on the name Friedrich = "Pacis Dives."

† "Post primam unctionem Aquisgrani et acceptam coronam Teutonici regni." Ep. Frid. ap. Otto Fris.

‡ "In sede regni Francorum, quæ in eâdem ecclesiâ a Carolo magno posita est, collocatur." Otto Fris. ii. 3.

§ "Anno Domini mclxxviii. iii. nonas Augusti Fridericus Primus Imperator coronatus post apud Arelatem." Vit. Alex. iii. ap. Muratori, tom. iii. p. 447.

‖ "Non sine quibusdam ex Italiâ baronibus." Otto Fris. ii. 1.

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an utter unreality for a German sovereign of the twelfth century to attempt to unite Italy under his sceptre, yet nobody fully understood that it was an unreality. The German king claimed only what his predecessors always had claimed; half Italy was ready to receive him with open arms; learned doctors of the civil law told him that his imperial rights were something all but eternal;—how were his eyes to be opened? Rome itself lived upon memories of the past, she fluctuated between memories of the Republic and memories of the Empire. Sometimes she set up a consul, a senator, a tribune; sometimes she welcomed the German invader as the true Augustus Cæsar. The whole atmosphere of the age seems saturated with this kind of unreality; it was not affected; people thoroughly believed in it, and therefore the unreality became real; at all events, it had most important practical results. We are half inclined to laugh when the German sovereign calls himself "Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus,"—when the German historian studiously adopts Roman language, talks about "Urbs" and "Orbis Romanus," and dates from the foundation of the city of Romulus. It is quite impossible to avoid laughing, even at the great Frederick, when he writes, or causes some eloquent bishop to write in his name, to tell the Saracen sultan that he is speedily coming to avenge the defeat of Crassus, and once more to restore his empire to its widest limits under Trajan.* It sounds strangest of all when the Romans themselves send, first to Conrad and then to Frederick, asking him to come and live among them, and reign over them as a constitutional emperor, the choice and the child of the Roman senate and people.† This last was too much; Frederick then did find out that if he was to reign at all, it could only be as a Teutonic conqueror. The successor of Charles and Otto was not prepared to be told that he was a stranger whom Rome had taken in; and when Rome asks five thousand pounds of gold as the price of her recognition, Rome learns, in the triumphant words of Bishop Otto, that the Franks do not buy empire with any metal but steel. All this was very absurd and very unreal; that is, we at this distance of time see that it was so. But it is not very wonderful that the men of the time were less clear-sighted, that old traditions and venerable names were too strong for them. The result is, that in reading the history of the times we can fully sympathise with both sides. Our first and most natural sympathy is with the heroes of Italian freedom, the defenders of Milan, the founders

* See Frederick's letter to Saladin, in Rog. Hoveden, p. 370; Rad. de Dic. col. 640. The copy in Rog. Wend. (vol. ii. p. 429, ed. Coxe) leaves out the flourishes about Crassus and Marcus Antonius.

† See the letter to Conrad, Otto Fris. i. 28; the embassy to Frederick, ii. 21.

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of Alessandria, the men who routed Frederick himself upon the glorious field of Legnano. But we should do very wrong if we looked upon Frederick as a cruel and unprovoked aggressor, or on his Italian partisans as traitors to their native land. Neither side has a monopoly of right or a monopoly of wrong. As no candid man can read our own history of the seventeenth century, and not enter alike into the feelings of the best supporters of the King and of the best supporters of the Parliament, so, if we look upon Frederick and his enemies with the eyes of the twelfth, and not with those of the nineteenth century, we shall find equal cause for admiration in the patriots of Lodi and in the patriots of Tortona, in the assertors of the venerable rights of the Roman Cæsar and in the assertors of the new-born freedom of the commonwealth of Lombardy.

Frederick, then, came into Italy as a claimant of strictly legal rights, but of rights which we can now see to have been inconsistent with the circumstances of the time. The imperial rights in Italy could only be exercised by fits and starts. Frederick came after one of the periods of intermission. During the reigns of Lothar and Conrad the royal authority in Italy had fallen very low; Frederick came to reassert it, to reclaim every power which had been exercised by Charles and Otto and Henry III. But he did not come in exactly the same character as any of those great emperors. They came at the prayer of Italy, as deliverers from utter anarchy, from the tyranny of cruel kings, or from the abominations of wicked and rival pontiffs. Frederick had no such advantage. During the practical interregnum which preceded his reign, a spirit had been at work, and a power had been growing up in Italy, against which preceding emperors had not had to struggle. The freedom of the cities had made wonderful advances; municipalities were fast growing into sovereign commonwealths. With this spirit a king, anxious to assert his royal rights to the full, especially after a time of partial disuse, could not fail to come into conflict. Otto and Henry III. came into Italy as champions of right against wrong; they had not sinned against a freedom which in their days did not exist; Frederick unhappily was driven to appear, as no preceding emperor had appeared, as the direct enemy of freedom. The rights of the crown, as he understood them, and the rights of the republics, as the republics understood them, must have clashed sooner or later. The immediate occasion of his warfare with Milan is of comparatively little moment, because whatever was the immediate occasion was not the real determining cause. In the narrative of Otto Morena the wrongs of Lodi occupy the first place; the holy and merciful king comes mainly to deliver Otto and

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his fellow-citizens from Milanese oppression.* The Milanese Raul seems hardly to think Lodi worth speaking of: the sagacious Frederick† wishes to subjugate Italy; Milan is at war with Pavia; his sagacity leads him to take the side of Pavia as the weaker city. Frederick's own laureate tells us how, through the neglect of former kings, the wicked had grown strong in Lombardy, and the proud city of St. Ambrose refused to pay tribute to Cæsar.‡ The Prince-Bishop of Freising shows a variety of motives as instigating his imperial nephew: the wrongs of Lodi are not forgotten, though they are less prominent in the pages of Bishop Otto than in those of his namesake the judge. The immediate occasion of the attack was almost accidental; the consuls of Milan wilfully led the king's army through a country where no provisions were to be had, and that at a time when the soldiers were generally out of humour at the bad weather.§ Anyhow, the war, which could not have been long put off, now began,—that great struggle which occupied thirty years out of the thirty-eight of the reign of Frederick.

We of course cannot pretend to give any thing like a narrative of this long warfare. All that we can do is to comment on a few points which illustrate the character of Frederick and his cause. Primarily the war was a purely political one; it was only by accident that it assumed any thing of a religious character. The struggle between Frederick and Alexander III. is not exactly analogous to the struggle between Henry IV. and Hildebrand, or to that between Frederick II. and a whole succession of pontiffs. Pope and Cæsar never could pull together, and Frederick, almost as a matter of course, had several matters of dispute with Pope Hadrian. One, indeed, concerned nothing less than the tenure of the imperial crown. To be sure, the controversy turned on a word. Hadrian spoke of the "beneficium" he had conferred upon Frederick by officiating at his Roman coronation.‖ Frederick, doubtless with a feudal lawyer at his elbow, asks if the word "beneficium" is meant to imply that the Emperor of Rome was a vassal of the Bishop of Rome. Hadrian disclaims any such intention; he considered that he had done the Emperor a "benefit," but he did not pretend to have invested him with a "benefice." It is not unlikely that, if Hadrian had lived, a struggle of the Henry and Hildebrand

* Otto Mor. ap. Muratori, tom. vi. col. 957 et seqq.

† "Rex Fedricus, homo indoctrinæ, sagacissimus, fortissimus." Ap. Mur. tom. vi. col. 1173.

‡ "De tributo Cæsaris nemo cogitabat,
Omnes erant Cæsares, nemo censum dabat;
Civitas Ambrosii velut Troja stabat,
Deos parum, homines minus formidabat."
Gedichte auf König Friedrich, p. 65.

§ Otto Fris. ii. 13.

‖ Rad. Fris. iii. 15 et seqq.

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type might have arisen between him and Frederick. As it was, the strife was of another kind. Henry and Frederick II. were open foes of the Church; Frederick II. was certainly more sinned against than sinning, as far as popes were concerned; still, he was condemned, deposed, excommunicated, by pontiffs and councils whose authority was not disputed. Henry IV., indeed, disputed the rights of Hildebrand and set up a pope of his own; but he did not do so till his crimes had brought down upon him the wrath of the hitherto undisputed pontiff. Indeed, Henry did not enthrone his anti-pope in Rome till Gregory had set up an anti-Cæsar in Germany. The case of Frederick Barbarossa was quite different; he was not the foe of the Church, but merely of that party in the Church which triumphed in the end. The Roman See was the subject of a disputed election: the accounts of that election are so utterly contradictory that it seems quite impossible to adopt either statement without imputing (what one is always loth to do) direct falsehood to the other party. Frederick had to choose between the rival pontiffs, and doubtless he chose the one whose disposition best suited his policy. Roland, alias Alexander III., had already shown himself a strong assertor of hierarchical claims; Octavian, alias Victor, was more disposed (at all events, while his party was the weaker) to yield to the successor of Constantine and Justinian that loyal submission which Constantine and Justinian* had most certainly exacted from his predecessors. The cause of Alexander naturally triumphed; a pope reigning under imperial protection was no pope at all; Frederick's very support of Victor would drive strict churchmen to the side of Alexander. Again, the mere fact of Alexander's long reign, allowing the papal power to be wielded for many successive years by the same hand, greatly contributed to his strength and dignity, as contrasted with the quick succession of the imperialist antipopes. Above all, Alexander, the spiritual enemy of Frederick, found it politic to coalesce with his temporal enemies; and the combined strength of the Church and the republics proved in the end too much for the arms of Cæsar. Frederick was driven at last to seek absolution from the Pope, and to recognise the liberties of the cities. Alexander being thus in the end triumphant, the Church has branded Victor, his successors and his adherents, with the charge of schism; and Frederick, in the invectives of churchmen in other lands, appears in the odious character of a persecutor. Still one might think that to choose the wrong pope in a warmly-disputed and very doubtful case was at worst a venial sin: it does not appear

* Pope Hadrian was unlucky in quoting Justinian as the type of imperial reverence for the papacy. Rad. Fris. iii. 15.

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that Frederick sinned against any recognised principle of the religion of his age; his warfare was not against the popedom, but against a particular pope, whom he denounced, and may well have sincerely regarded, as an usurper of the Holy See.

Our estimate of Frederick's personal character will be mainly determined by the estimate which we may form of his conduct during this long war. Assuming its justice from his own point of view, we can hardly fail to honour his untiring devotion to the cause which he had taken in hand. It is of course easy to say that that cause was simply his own exaltation. It would of course be easy to draw a touching picture of all the miseries of war,—of slaughter and plunder and devastation, of stately cities levelled with the ground, of men, women, and children driven from their native homes, merely that one man might enjoy the delight of exercising increased power, or might gratify the more childish desire for a useless bauble and an empty title. Nothing would be easier than to accumulate charges of cruelty, obstinacy, and disregard of human suffering, against a sovereign who spent nearly his whole reign in warring against his own subjects. Talk of this sort is extremely easy, but we believe it would give a very false view of the case. No one, we think, can go through the history of the time without clearly seeing that Frederick was not actuated by any low personal ambition, but that he felt himself to have a mission, to which he zealously and sincerely devoted himself. To him the rights of the Roman Empire were a sacred cause, in whose behalf he was ready to spend and to be spent. He was doubtless moved by as clear a sense of duty to assert his imperial claims as any Milanese patriot was to resist them. Of course, in fighting for the rights of the Empire, he was also fighting for his own greatness and glory. And what man is there who can quite separate himself from his cause? Heroes, patriots, martyrs at the stake, do and suffer for a cause which they hold to be righteous; but it is utterly impossible that they can wholly forget that the triumph of their cause brings success and power to themselves, and that, even in defeat and martyrdom, they win the fame and sympathy of mankind. Take the very purest of men, heroes whom no temptation of rank or wealth or power could ever corrupt for a moment,—Timoleon, Washington, or Garibaldi,—even they, we cannot but believe, must feel a greater excitement in the cause of duty from the thought that they are winning for themselves the present love and gratitude of their fellow-citizens, and everlasting glory in the pages of history. That Frederick, therefore, was fighting in the cause of his own greatness really proves nothing against him. His purpose was no petty, passionate, momentary ambition, such as has too often

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influenced the policy of rulers in all ages. We see in him a steady untiring devotion to a cause which, in his eyes, was the cause of right. That we do not sympathise with his cause proves nothing. Let us compare him with a prince in almost every thing his inferior, but in whom we see a similar unbending devotion to a cause conscientiously taken up. Whatever we think of Charles I. in his days of power,—his violations of law, his breaches of solemn contracts,—it is impossible not to respect the thorough conviction of right which bears him up through the more honourable days of his adversity. When he writes to Rupert, that to a soldier or statesman his cause must seem hopeless, but that, looking as a Christian, he knows that God will not suffer rebels to prosper, nor his cause to be overthrown, it is impossible not to feel that, despot as he was, he was something very different from the vulgar run of despots. And if we feel this respect for Charles, much more may we feel it for Frederick, whose character rises far above that of Charles in those points where Charles, even from a royalist point of view, decidedly fails. Charles, notwithstanding his real devotion to a cause, exhibits a strange mixture of irresolution and obstinacy. Frederick was rationally firm, unyielding as long as there was a reasonable hope of winning his ends, but his firmness never degenerated into blind obstinacy. Again, Charles was one whom no man could really trust; Frederick was, above all princes of the twelfth century, a man of his word.

We have claimed honour for Frederick, on the ground of zealous and unbending devotion to a cause honestly adopted as the cause of right. This, however, is clearly a doctrine which must not be pressed too far. It is impossible to doubt that Philip II. was zealously and conscientiously devoted to the cause of the Church and the monarchy. The question in all such cases is, By what means is the end sought for? We do not blame Philip merely for coercing those whom he looked upon as rebels and heretics; to expect him to do otherwise would be simply to expect him to be gifted with a discernment given in its fullness to no European of that age, save his Batavian rival. What we do blame him for is the baseness, perfidy, and wanton cruelty of the means by which he sought to compass his purpose. In Frederick Barbarossa we find nothing of the kind. According to the standard of his own age, Frederick certainly appears chargeable with neither cruelty nor perfidy. We must remember what that age was, though we really think that the twelfth century need not shrink from a comparison with many later ages. War was in the twelfth century undertaken on very light grounds, and carried on with very great cruelty. But it certainly was not undertaken on

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lighter grounds or carried on with more cruelty than it was in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeeth centuries. The horrors of Burgundian and Armagnac warfare, of the whole Italian wars of the age of the Renaissance, of the Spanish government in the Netherlands, of the Thirty-Years War, equal any thing in the very darkest times, and certainly far exceed any thing that can be laid to the charge of Frederick I. Frederick had no guilt upon his soul like the sack of Rome or the sack of Magdeburg; he never, like Charles the Bold,* rode with delight through a town heaped with corpses, congratulating himself on his "good butchers." He did not drown his captives like Philip Augustus, starve them to death like John of England, or flay them alive like his own accomplished grandson.† Charles the Great beheaded four thousand Saxons in cold blood; Richard Cœur de Lion massacred his Saracen prisoners wholesale; the Black Prince looked on unmoved from his sick litter while men, women, and children were murdered in the streets of Limoges. No such scenes marked the entry of the triumphant Cæsar into vanquished Milan or Tortona. Stern, even cruel, as he seems to us, when we compare Frederick with his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, we see that there is a meaning even in the "clementissimus" and "dulcissimus" of Otto Morena. As long as opposition lasted, Frederick did not shrink from carrying out to the utmost the cruel laws of war‡ of that stern age. He did not scruple to cut off the hands of those who tried to bring in provisions to a beleaguered town. He tied his hostages to his engines, that they might perish by the darts of their friends, or rather that the sight might move their friends to submission. When submission came, the injured majesty of Augustus required hard conditions of peace; but such as they were, they were always honourably kept, and they at least never involved injury to life or limb. It was a hard sentence for the inhabitants of a whole city to march forth with their lives alone, or with so much of their worldly goods as they could carry on their shoulders;§ but such a doom was mercy compared with the lot of those who fell into the jaws of Charles of Burgundy, of Alva, or of Tilly. Milan was levelled with the ground, doubtless as a high symbolic act of justice, a warring against all who should resist the might of the lord of Germany and of Rome. But the vengeance of Frederick was exercised wholly upon dead walls; it was another matter when rebuilt Milan fell, three centuries and a half later, into the

* Barante, Ducs de Bourgogne, vol. x. p. 6.

† "Quoscunque in castellis suis ex adversariis cepit, aut vivos excoriavit aut patibulo suspendit." Rog. Wend. iv. 209, ed. Coxe.

‡ "Utar ergo deinceps belli legibus." Rad. Fris. iv. 50.

§ Otto Fris. ii. 20; Rad. iv. 56; Otto Morena, col. 981.

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hands of the Cæsar of a more civilised, at all events of a more polished, time. No doubt the wars and sieges of Frederick caused much human misery; vast, and probably not very well disciplined, armies, living at free quarters,* must have been a constant scourge to the country; but all this is common to Frederick with countless other warlike princes; what is almost peculiar to him is his constant moderation in victory. This alone would show that his wars were not wars of passion or caprice, but were waged in a cause which to him seemed a high and holy one. And again, in an age, perhaps not so much of deliberate bad faith as of utter recklessness as to promises, an age when oaths were lightly taken and lightly broken, Frederick's all but invariable adherence to his word stands out conspicuously and honourably. Once, and only once, he failed. He stooped to attack Alessandria during a time of truce,† and was deservedly repulsed and obliged to raise the siege. This is a deep stain upon Frederick's otherwise straightforward and upright character. It is utterly unlike any other of his recorded actions. We may, therefore, at least believe that it was not a case of premeditated perfidy; we may trust that he concluded the truce in perfect good faith, but was afterwards tempted into a breach of faith by the sight of a favourable opportunity for attack before the days of truce were expired.

But, after all, the most truly honourable scene in the life of this great Emperor is that which followed his final defeat. After the battle of Legnano, in 1176, it was evident that he had no longer any hope of conquering the Lombard cities. He sought for peace; the negotiations were slow, but at last the peace of Constance was agreed upon, and became a law of the empire. By this document the imperial rights over the commonwealths were confined within certain moderate bounds. To Frederick's eternal honour, when he had given his people a constitution, he kept it. He did not act like German and Italian kings ten years ago. After the treaty was once concluded, Frederick honestly threw himself into the altered state of things. He did not even sullenly withdraw himself from Italy altogether. In that very Milan whose citizens had broken his power, the city whose very existence showed how vain had been the schemes of his life, the King of Italy came and dwelt as an honoured guest, and, with perhaps even too much regard for his new allies, allowed the banner of the empire to be displayed in local warfare against the enemies of Milan. Doubtless it was

* The panegyrist of Acerbus Morena (col. 1153) mentions it as his special and wonderful merit, that he abstained from plunder himself, and did all he could to hinder it in others.

† Vit. Alex. III. ap. Muratori, t. iii. p. 464.

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now Frederick's policy to preserve the peace of Italy, as his great object now was to obtain the Sicilian kingdom for his son.* Still there have been few monarchs who could have so thoroughly adapted themselves to their altered fate, or who would have so scrupulously adhered to their faith when once plighted. We know few things in history more touching, more honourable to all concerned, than the last years of the Italian reign of Frederick. At last, the hero went forth, in his later years, as he had done in his youth, on a yet higher errand than to maintain the rights of the Roman Empire. The temporal chief of Christendom, the highest and the worthiest of western kings, went forth once more to do battle for the sepulchre of Christ. Probably no man ever put the cross upon his shoulders with a higher and a purer heart. Well had it been if he had reached the goal of his pilgrimage, and had given the crusading host a worthy leader. But he died before he could again reach the Syrian border, bequeathing the destinies of Germany, Italy, and Sicily to the hands of his unworthy son, and leaving the championship of Christendom against the Moslem to the faithless Philip of Paris and the brutal Richard of Poitou.

The more private and personal character of Frederick comes to us only in the language of panegyric. We have his portrait as drawn both by a German and by an Italian admirer.† After making all due deductions, it is easy to recognise a high and pleasing type of the pure Teutonic character. He was a man of moderate stature, bright open countenance, fair skin, yellow hair,‡ and, as his nickname§ implies, reddish beard. He was a kind friend and a placable enemy; he loved war, but only as a means to peace; so at least the Canon of Freising assures us.‖ He was bountiful in almsgiving, and attentive to his religious duties. As to his domestic life, we know that his first wife, Adelaide, was divorced; the fact is recorded, but we are told little of the circumstances.¶ His second wife, Beatrice, is de-

* It must be remembered that the kingdom of Sicily and duchy of Apulia did not—*de facto*, at least—form any part of the kingdom of Italy, though the Emperors seem always, naturally enough, to have looked on the Norman kings as interlopers.

† Rad. Fris. iv. 80; Otto Morena, col. 1115.

‡ "Flava cæsaries, paullulum a vertice frontis crispata. Aures vix superjacentibus crinibus operiuntur; tonsore, *pro reverentia imperii*, pilos capitis et genarum assiduâ succisione curtante." Rad. loc. cit.

§ We have not come across the familiar name Barbarossa in the contemporary writers. Probably, like many other royal nicknames, it was in popular use during the owner's lifetime, but did not find its way into written history till later.

‖ "Bellorum amator, sed ut per ea pax acquiratur." Rad. loc. cit.

¶ Otto of St. Blaise (Mur. vi. 869) says it was "causâ fornicationis;" Otto of Freising says, "ob vincula consanguinitatis." In this Muratori (ad Otto Mor. c. 1033) sees a contradiction, which we do not. Adultery was no legal ground of divorce; but a husband's eyes could become very much more sharp-sighted to the

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scribed by his panegyrists as equally admirable with her husband.* The amount of his literary accomplishments seems doubtful. One passage in Radevic might almost imply that he could not read;† but it may merely mean that he was not an accomplished scholar, like his grandson. The same writer tells us of his study of the Scriptures and of ancient histories, which of course may merely mean that they were read to him, but it is more naturally understood of his reading them himself. Radevic speaks of him also as eloquent in his own tongue, and as having attained to the same measure of Latin learning as Charles the Great had of Greek. He understood it when spoken; he could not speak it fluently himself. Altogether, we do not recognise in Frederick Barbarossa one of those mighty original geniuses who change the world's destiny, like Alexander or Charles, or who vainly struggle against the age in which they are cast, like Hannibal or Frederick II. He is a man of his own age: he adopts the feelings and opinions of his own age without inquiry; he throws himself, without hesitation, into all the traditions and prejudices of his own position; in short, he never rises above the received policy and morality of his own day, but he carries out that policy and morality in its best and most honourable form. It is not needful to compare him with the superhuman virtue of St. Lewis, or with the superhuman wickedness of John Lackland; compare him with his great contemporary, our own Angevin master, Henry. Henry was evidently a man of far more original genius, of a far more creative mind, than Frederick; but he utterly lacks Frederick's honest good faith and steady adherence to what, in his eyes, was the path of duty. In Henry, too, there was an element of brutality, a trace of the demon line from which he was said to spring, of which we see nothing in Frederick in his sternest moods. A far closer resemblance, much as either party would have been amazed at it, may be seen between the Swabian Cæsar and the great contemporary English churchman. Frederick of Hohenstaufen and Thomas of Canterbury were alike men of high and noble character, devoting themselves to a cause which, in the judgment of their own time, was a righteous one. We can have no sympathy either with the exemption of the clergy from temporal jurisdiction, or with the subjugation of Italy by a German monarch. We can rejoice that both Frederick and

consanguinity of a faithless wife. Muratori also argues that a certain Dietho of Ravensburg, who married her, would not have married a divorced adulteress. Yet Henry II. of England did.

* Acerbus Morena, col. 1117.

† "Qui literas non nosset." Read Fris. iv. 6. By the way, Acerbus Morena (col. 1102) *dictated* his history. Could not a judge (curiæ imperialis judex, col. 1153) write?

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Thomas failed in the longrun, but we can honour the men themselves all the same. Frederick had the great advantage of finding himself in a position which allowed all his qualities their free, full, and natural development. The lot of Thomas constrained him to a course, sincere indeed, but still unnatural and artificial. Frederick would have made but a strange saint and martyr; but had Thomas been born of Frederick's princely ancestry, he might have shone on the imperial throne with a glory equal to that of Frederick himself.

How far the reign of Frederick worked in the longrun for the good or for the ill of Italy may well be doubted. A long and at last victorious struggle against such an adversary of course raised the spirit and confidence of the republics, and thus contributed to the freedom and glory of the great age of mediæval Italy. But the very same cause doubtless made Italian unity farther off than ever. To be a citizen of Milan, or Crema, or Tortona, was to bear so glorious a name that men cared not to sink it in the more general and less glorious name of Italians. The war with Frederick gave Italy, as Sismondi says, the opportunity, which she failed to grasp, of forming herself into a powerful and permanent federation. Achaia, Switzerland, Holland, and America, formed themselves, under similar circumstances, into great and lasting federal republics: the Lombard cities had no idea of any union closer than that of strict offensive and defensive alliance. Doubtless the constitutional theory, admitted by Guelf no less than Ghibeline, that the republics were but municipalities holding of the King of Italy, must have interfered with any closer union. The same cause may have prevented even Switzerland from assuming the perfect federal form till our own day. The kingdom died out, and the cities remained; not cantons of a strong Italian league, but sovereign states, weak against any powerful foreign invader. In the next century Italy had another chance of union in quite another form. The process which we see going on under our own eyes might have happened from the opposite quarter, and Italy might have formed a great and united monarchy under the sceptre of the Sicilian Manfred. Such a fate would have shorn Florence and Genoa and Venice of some brilliant centuries, but it would have saved Milan from the rule of the Visconti, and Rome from the rule of Borgia, and might have saved the whole Peninsula from the yoke of Spaniard, Austrian, and Frenchman.

To return, in conclusion, to the position from which we started; what conceivable analogy is there between a King of Italy and Emperor of the Romans, reigning by acknowledged legal right, in whose election Italian barons had at least a formal share, and who received the crown of Rome from Rome's own

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Pontiff, a king whose right no Italian denied, and in whose cause many Italians zealously fought,—and the lord of a strange disunited collection of kingdoms, who unhappily possesses a corner of Italian soil, and who till lately exercised an illegitimate influence over Italy in general? It is hard to see why the Archduke of Austria calls himself Emperor, without election or coronation; it is hard to see what is meant by an "Emperor of Austria" any more than by an Emperor of Reuss-Schleiz; it is hard to see how a prince, the greater part of whose dominions lie out of Germany, can give himself out as the representative of the old German kings; but it is harder still to see the resemblance between the foreign prince who does not even claim the Italian kingdom, who by mere brute violence holds an Italian province without a single Italian partisan, and the "dulcissimus Imperator" who commanded the loyal devotion of Pavia and Lodi and Cremona. One of the very strangest notions is that "Austria" is an ancient, venerable, conservative power. History pronounces it to be modern, upstart, and revolutionary,—a power which has risen to a guilty greatness by trampling on every historical right and every national memory. The so-called "Empire" of Austria—a lover of old German history almost shrinks from writing the hateful title—is a mere creation of yesterday, a mere collection of plunder from various quarters. Hungary and Bohemia were once elective kingdoms; Gallicia was rent from unhappy Poland by the basest of treachery and ingratitude; Venice and Ragusa were independent republics within the memory of man; the liberties of Cracow have been trampled to the earth before our own eyes. What has such a power as this in common with the old days of great and united Germany? What is its "imperial" master but a mere impostor, a bastard Cæsar, a profane mockery of the glories of Charles and Otto, and Henry and Frederick? German as well as Italian patriotism ought to shrink from the miserable sham. If the imperial title,—now become the prize of perjury and massacre,—has not sunk too low to be borne by the chief of a free people, the true Cæsar Augustus will be he whom we trust soon to see enthroned in the old capital of Italy and the world. And if the chosen King of liberated Italy can recover either the iron crown of Monza or the golden crown of Rome, not the least ennobling association of these venerable relics will be, that they have pressed the noble brow of King Frederick of Hohenstaufen.

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Art. III.—THE STATUTES AT LARGE.

First, Second, and Third Reports of Mr. Bellenden Ker to the Lord Chancellor on the Proceedings of the Board for the Revision of the Statute-Law. 1853, 1854.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Reports from Her Majesty's Commissioners for Consolidating the Statute-Law. 1855-9. (Parliamentary Blue-books.)

Revision of the Statutes, consolidation of the Statutes, codification of the Law, or some similar phrase, is now a common item in the programme of the social reformer; but though willing to believe that some of those who promise or advocate such operations attach a definite meaning to the words they use, we cannot refrain from adding that a vast deal has been said and written on the subject which has been a mere beating of the air, and has conveyed no information, nor suggested any intelligible plan whatever.

It may, therefore, be a not useless task to lay before our readers such general views of the nature of our common and statute law as may enable them to judge for themselves of the practical value of the various schemes which have been, or may be, brought before them under the popular titles above mentioned.

We will premise that it is not proposed to enter here into any examination of the proceedings of the Commission whose Reports are referred to at the head of this Article. Whether deservedly or not, it does not seem to have earned much popular favour, and it has now ceased to exist, without having effected any important results.* The Reports, however, contain much

* Its most useful published work is a "Register of the Public General Acts," showing what statutes are now in force, and how every act has been affected by subsequent legislation. This Register was completed from the present time up to the Union with Ireland under the direction of the late Commission, and, we believe, is being continued, under the direction of the Government, notwithstanding the dissolution of the Commission. So much as is finished has been printed for the use of Parliament, and may be purchased. Though some of the details of the plan are open to criticism, the execution of this work is excellent, and reflects the greatest credit on the learning and diligence of the gentlemen employed in it. A large number of bills for consolidating the law on different subjects have also, it would seem, been prepared by order of the Commission; but only a few of these have got so far as to be laid before Parliament, and none have been so fortunate as to be hatched into acts. Of these few, a set of bills to consolidate the criminal law have alone attracted any attention; they have been brought in, with more or less alteration, in 1856, 1857, 1859, and 1860, and narrowly escaped passing on the last occasion. The Minutes of the proceedings of the Commission have also been made public, some of them having been moved for and printed as Parliamentary Papers from time to time, and the remainder being annexed to the Reports.

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valuable and suggestive matter, and may be studied with advantage by all those who wish to take up in earnest the question of Statute-law Reform. We shall freely avail ourselves of their contents in the course of the following pages, whenever we find that the views of the Commissioners coincide with our own.

This phrase, "Statute-law Reform," is not a very definite one, and has widely different meanings in different mouths, besides having no meaning at all in a good many. Sometimes a codification of the whole law, statute and common, seems to be intended; sometimes consolidation of the statute-law only; sometimes nothing more than a convenient edition of the statutes, with or without notes and references; sometimes the idea of amendment of the substance of the law is included in it, sometimes not. Consolidation, again, seems sometimes to mean a fusion into one enactment of the effect of a number of given *enactments;* sometimes (a widely different process) the composition into one enactment of all the statutory law on a given *subject,* collected from the whole range of the statute-book. It is therefore necessary, before we proceed further, to ascertain with some exactness the limits of our field of inquiry.

In the first place, then, it must be understood that we are examining only into the possibility and expediency of effecting any change in the *form* and *arrangement* of the law. With changes in its *substance* we have at present nothing to do; and great confusion is caused by public speakers and writers who mix up the questions of codification or consolidation with that of amendment. Of course, wherever the law is defective or objectionable, it is advisable to alter it—that is a mere truism as an abstract proposition; and it is also true that, in many cases, a legislator, proposing to introduce improvements in any branch of the law, will find that he can accomplish his purpose most effectually by repealing the whole existing law on the subject, and reënacting it, with alterations, in a form which may be termed a code or consolidation. But it is obvious that any such process is merely a method of law-amendment, and has nothing to do with codification or consolidation as such. It has, indeed, been urged that the two processes can be made to go hand in hand; and so in one sense they may, as we hope to show further on; but not in the sense of those who conceive that a kind of school of journeymen legislators might be formed, who should go through the whole body of the law, consolidating and amending as they proceed. Not to mention objections which might be raised to such a process on constitutional grounds, this notion of hiring a body of men who are to be professional law-reformers during office-hours, at so much a year, is quite a mistake. No reforms worth any thing are to be expected from men set down

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to a given subject with instructions to see what amendments it wants. The reforms that *are* worth any thing are those which suggest themselves in a very different way,—those which persons *already masters of the subject* feel and see to be wanted, and press for with personal interest, and a sense of personal responsibility. Official reformers without power can do no real good, however intelligent and conscientious they may be; they must have instructions of some sort: and yet to speak of instructions how to reform sounds almost like an absurdity; they can at best only state difficulties, and the real work remains to be done by him who determines how they are to be solved. Reforms and poems cannot be made to order. At any rate, consolidation or codification is clearly separable from amendment in idea, and it is essential to distinct views on the subject that it should be so separated.

Codification in its fullest sense is an operation which (one would have thought) no one aware of the meaning of the words he was using would seriously advocate in this country. Nevertheless, as such an operation is seriously advocated by some persons, and as consolidation and revision of the statute-law are not unfrequently spoken of as steps towards a code, it appears advisable to explain what the word means, and to point out how a codification of the whole law (could we conceive such a work possible) would operate. A code, then, in its fullest sense would imply the abrogation of the whole law of England, and the substitution for it, by Act of Parliament, of a collection of general abstract propositions; and we hardly need add that the notion of doing any thing of the kind, merely for the sake of altering the form, not the substance, of the law, is as inconsistent with all just and reasonable views of the nature of law in general, and of the law of England in particular, as it is impossible in practice.

A nation which has no constitution or laws, or which wants to abolish those which it has and make new ones, *must* make a code, because it cannot get what it wants otherwise; but it is an error to suppose that a code is the highest form in which the laws of a nation can exist. It is, on the contrary, an imperfect form—a skeleton at best; and no code, however voluminous, can really satisfy the wants of a nation in any advanced stage of civilisation until it has been modified, explained, extended, and generally made complete—partly by the labours of commentators and jurists, and partly at the expense of the public, by the actual *delitigation* of all doubtful points.

It is useless to argue with rhapsodists who expect that a body of law really well adapted to the wants and necessities of a social state so complex as ours can be put into a form in which

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any body, by just turning to an index, can ascertain for himself all his rights, duties, and liabilities, in every combination of circumstances. Whatever the form in which they are to exist, it is a mere dream to suppose that the laws of England can ever be safely handled by one who has not made them his special study. All the declamation, therefore, about the hardship of expecting "plain men" to find out what the law is—the imaginary pictures of the perplexity of "intelligent strangers," and so forth—may be set aside as quite irrelevant. Code or no code, the plain man must consult his attorney, or run the risk of being tripped up by those who do.

Nobody will seriously deny that the law of England,* on the whole, is more complete, better adapted to meet every emergency, and more consistent with natural equity, than that of any other nation. This excellence we owe in a great measure to the fact that it has grown up on the principle of self-development; the only principle on which a really free constitution and really good laws can grow up. If we were to reduce that law to a code, however copious, we should, even if we could ever struggle out of the awful confusion into which we should be thrown by the attempted change,—a change (as will appear presently) going to the most fundamental principles,—we should (we say) at least have to begin again the work in which we have been engaged for the last eight or nine centuries, by building up on the code a superstructure of comments and decisions, so as to make it really complete and serviceable for daily use,—the process which nations that have lately had codes imposed on them are now painfully undergoing; so that with us, to make a code without any intention of altering the law, but only for the sake of altering the form of it, so far from being progress, would be at the very least a wilful demolition of three-fourths of all the good law we now possess, and absolutely for nothing, except to gratify the whim of a few *doctrinaires*, who now feel mortified at not being able to show "our code" to some German professor who may have been ignorant enough to inquire for it.†

The example of France and other continental nations is often pointed to; but they are no precedent for us. They made codes because they wanted new laws, and (as has been said) are now, and will be for many generations, engaged in bringing them, by a most laborious and costly process, to the stage in which our law *now is*. We are often told, indeed, that

* Including of course under this term such of our colonies, and of the United States of America, as have derived their laws from England.

† See some excellent observations by Mr. Coode in the appendix to Mr. Ker's First Report (1853), p. 17.

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the Code Napoléon may be bought for a few sous; and this is contrasted with the hundreds of volumes forming the library of an English lawyer. But in reality text-books and reports are already numerous, and form as much a part of the working law in France as in England; and the ancient royal and provincial laws and ordinances are still referred to, both to elucidate the Code and to meet cases not therein provided for. Any one who will reflect must see that a mere skeleton code can never contain the whole law of a country like France. The example of the state of New York and other states of the American Union, which have made what are called codes (and it is said successfully), seems to bear more closely on the present question; but these are not codes at all in the present sense, but consolidations or reproductions (more or less accurate) of the *statute-law only;* and therefore leave the "plain man" and the "intelligent stranger" quite as much at sea in the midst of text-books and reports as before; besides, these so-called codes effected in reality great *changes* in the law, even where they profess to be merely consolidations, and therefore their success or failure has no bearing on the question of codification as such; and, moreover, it may fairly be added that they have not yet stood the test of time, and it still remains to be seen whether they are well or ill done, and how much supplemental matter must be provided at the expense of the public to make them complete.

We do not say that these American codes or consolidations, or whatever they are to be called, have not been beneficial; but we say that if they have been beneficial, it is because they have been improvements of the matter of the law, not because they have been codifications or consolidations *as such:* and whether useful or not, they afford no example of such a code as is supposed to be demanded by the *doctrinaires.* Besides, it is rarely safe to conclude that political experiments which have succeeded in another country will be equally successful in our own; unless the social condition and character of the two nations are very similar, such inferences are of little weight. In some countries the judicial body look upon themselves as the servants or assistants of the executive, charged with the duty of helping to keep the people well governed and contented; and such judges would treat a code as a set of instructions for their guidance, of which they should carry out the spirit and supply the deficiencies as well as they could, with reference to the known wishes and intentions of the supreme authority. A code of abstract principles would have a much better chance of being workable among such a people than here, where the judges rather act as the protectors of the subject against the

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Executive, sometimes even against the Legislature itself. The judges of England could never give that sort of active assistance in revolutionising the law which would be necessary before any code could be brought into working order, without descending a great way from the position which they now hold in our constitution.

Again, have those who desire to abrogate the whole existing law, and put a code in its place, at all considered *how high up* they will begin? Do they really propose that the land should be absolutely without *any* law except what is laid down in their code? Is the code really to begin at the beginning: to say that men shall pay their debts, and not assault their neighbours; that polygamy is not allowed, and so forth? Nay (as it is not easy to draw the line between law and constitution), is it to begin by declaring that the supreme legislative authority is vested in a Parliament consisting of Queen, Lords, and Commons, with definitions of the functions of ministers of state, courts of law and equity, and so on, down to the parish beadle? Are we to have the puerilities of the Abbé Sièyes, and declarations of the rights of man, and that blest millennium "when France shall reign, and laws be all repealed"? And if not, what becomes of the "plain man," and his friend the "intelligent foreigner," who wish to be shown chapter and verse for every thing?

These last considerations, it may be said, though they show the impracticability of having a code absolutely complete in itself, are no argument against making an incomplete code, if it would be convenient. True; but the other objections to codifying any part of the common law go to the principle. To speak of a code of common law is, in truth, to utter a contradiction in terms. The function of a statute is to correct and supply the deficiencies of the common law, but not to replace it; and every statute becomes in the course of time the nucleus of a group of common-law precedents, by which it is construed and applied. The various clauses of the existing written or statute-law may be rewritten, with verbal corrections, and in any order of collocation that is thought convenient, without producing any essential change; but the common law would lose in codification every characteristic which gives it its peculiar value. The statute-law is a collection of positive precepts expressed in precise language, or at least in terms which are to be construed as if they were precise and full exponents of the sovereign will. If the provisions are incomplete, or inaccurately expressed, the judge has no power to expand or correct them. Such a law can never rise above the level of the capacity and powers of the individuals who frame it. The common

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law is a collection of precedents, from which the law is to be collected by inference. The precision which is essential in a statute is needless in the record of a precedent. The material facts of the case, the decision, and an indication of the grounds of the decision, stated with only so much accuracy as an ordinary reporter can command, are the sole elements of a complete precedent. From such a report we learn infallibly, and with scarcely any dependence on the accuracy of its language, the precise principle on which the decision proceeded, the principle for which it is an authority. A cluster of such precedents, associated by a community of subject, presents to us a rule, with its limits, qualifications, applications, and exceptions, ascertained after laborious and repeated discussions, during successive generations, by the finest legal intellects of the country, and expressed by a method which presents to us the mental processes by which the results were obtained, and not the mere results abstracted in fixed formulas; and when a precedent directly in point cannot be found, light may be drawn from others by means of inference and analogy. Practical lawyers know (what amateur reformers can scarcely be made to credit) that the method of induction from precedent is far more easy and certain than the interpretation of the most exact written law. It has been the fashion with a certain school of jurists to ridicule the praises which our forefathers have bestowed on the flexibility of the common law; but the praise is well deserved when rightly understood. When the common law is said to be flexible, the meaning is, not that it can be bent to the wishes of the executive, but that it is applicable to every new combination of circumstances, by reason of its proceeding on principles deduced, or deducible, like the laws of nature, from observation, and not limited by any text or formal enunciation; and thus the flexibility of the common law and its certainty are due to the same cause.

The province of the statute-law is from time to time to supply the omissions of the common law, to alter its rules when they are deemed impolitic, and to abrogate its precedents when they are found to be erroneous. But the attempt to reduce any part, however insignificant, of the common law to a text, without the design of altering it, is to incur, for no object, the certainty of unsettling the law, and a great risk of altering it in an unforeseen manner.*

Perhaps the main source of the error of those who speak of the superiority of a code of abstract propositions over our common law as it now exists lies in this, that they look at the law

* The whole of the foregoing explanation of the essential difference between common and statute law we have borrowed, with very trifling alteration, from some excellent articles in the *Jurist* newspaper for 1853 and 1854.

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from the point of view of those who have to study it, not of those who have to use it. Doubtless it is a great merit and a great advantage in a system of law that it should be so expressed as to be intelligible at the first glance, and so arranged as to be easy of acquisition. But that is not the most important matter; the most important matter is, that it should be found to be applicable to emergencies when they arise. Gulliver's tailor in Laputa "took his altitude with a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions of his whole body;" but the clothes were very ill made notwithstanding. The first requisite of a law as well as of a coat is, that it should fit; and whether it will fit or not cannot be determined on abstract principles; it must be tried on. Actual use is the test of excellence; and writers who consider difficulties in the way of learning the law to be of more weight than difficulties in the way of working the law, start on a false assumption which necessarily leads to a false conclusion.

We trust the reader is now satisfied that any legislative action for the purpose of altering the form or arrangement of the law must at any rate be limited to the statute law only. Let us, then, now proceed to consider whether any thing can usefully be done in that direction. But first we must clear the ground of a good many flowers of rhetoric which obstruct the view.

The argument generally put forward most prominently by orators who demand statute-law reform is the grand forty-volume argument: the statute-law of England (we are told) now consists of forty quarto volumes; and it is a disgrace to the Legislature that a man should have to buy and hunt through forty quarto volumes before he can ascertain the law on any subject. Now this is a grossly fallacious way of stating the case, based on an ambiguous use of the terms, "the statute-law," or "the statute-book," and on other misrepresentations which it is necessary to expose. The statute-book is sometimes spoken of as signifying a collection of all the statutes ever passed, whether now in force or not; sometimes as signifying exclusively the statutes now in force. The forty volumes to which allusion is made are a well-known edition (or rather collection) of statutes, published at intervals, and consequently comprising, together with the acts still in force, a vast quantity of acts which have long since expired or been repealed. But obviously it is only the statutes now in force that can be made the subject of any revision or consolidation; and it is quite untrue that the statute-book in this sense, that is, the existing statute-law of England, consists of forty quarto volumes, or thirty, or twenty, or ten.*

* We are speaking now (like every body else) of the acts commonly called Public General Acts only. By a sort of common consent, all proposals and dis-

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The question whether it is not desirable to publish a more convenient edition of the statutes, containing only those now in force, is a separate question, to which we shall advert presently; we are now only concerned in exposing the extreme unfairness of calling for an alteration in the form of the *existing* statutes on the ground of their bulk, and then counting as part of that bulk an immense quantity of matter which forms no part of them, merely because they happen to be bound up with it in a certain series of volumes called "The Statutes at Large."

It may not be out of place here to give a short account of the editions or collections in which the statutes are now accessible to the public. All public Acts have been printed on separate sheets by the King's printers immediately after their passing, from the time of Richard III.; but there is no complete and uniform collection in existence of all the statutes ever passed since the beginning of Parliaments. The Record Commission commenced the publication of a complete collection of all the Public Acts, but carried it no farther than the end of the reign of Anne. This work is in nine* huge folio volumes, more than two feet high, closely printed, and averaging about 840 pages each; it contains all the Public Acts to be found on the rolls of Parliament, or in other authentic records, at full length. After the reign of Anne, the series must be carried on by means of the volumes published after each session by the King's printers, which must by no means be confounded with the collection in quarto commonly called "The Statutes at Large." The Public Acts so published, from the beginning of the reign of George I. to the end of the session of 1860, fill 189 folio volumes, most of them very thick; these, however, include (down to the 25th of George II.) the acts which we should now term "Local or Personal Acts declared Public." Of the acts of the last-mentioned class there are, from the 38th George III. (when the present classification of Bills was adopted) down to 1860, 191 volumes; to which must be added 43 volumes of Acts of a similar nature, printed separately, from the 26th George II. to the 37th George III. As to the strictly Private Acts, it is impossible to

cussions on the subject of statute-law reform are limited to these, and in commenting on such proposals and discussions we must needs follow the same course; but it must not be forgotten that besides all the difficulties surrounding the Public General Acts, there is a vast body of statutes called "Local" and "Personal," which are part of the law of the land no less than the Public General Acts, and of which many, if not all, however obstinately law-reformers may refuse to look at them at present, must be dealt with in any general re-distribution of the contents of the statute-book. The distinction between these and Public General Acts is almost arbitrary, and often misleading, and (with respect to their construction) is unknown to the law, which only recognises a difference between public and private acts according to their subject-matter.

* It is commonly bound in ten volumes, vol. iv. being in two parts. There are also two additional volumes of Index.

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say what their bulk is: a vast number of the earlier ones do not exist in any accessible shape, many of them probably not at all; and even of those which have been printed a considerable proportion is very scarce, owing to the fact of their not having been printed by the King's printers;* but those which are known to exist in print would certainly occupy upwards of 200 folio volumes.

Many editions of the statutes, more or less copious, have from time to time been issued by different persons; of these, the best known is the quarto edition commonly called "The Statutes at Large." The volumes of this work from the Union with Ireland in 1801 down to the present time can, however, hardly be termed an edition, having been published in parts at the end of each session; the earlier volumes, from Magna Charta to the Union, may properly be termed an edition, having been published as a whole, in ten volumes, in 1811-14.† The volumes since the Union are twenty-four in number, thick quarto and closely printed; but, of course (as has already been pointed out), a large proportion of their contents, as well as of the ten previous volumes above mentioned, is not now law. Though termed "The Statutes at Large," they do not in fact contain the whole of the statutes of each session; scarcely any of the Local or Personal Acts are printed in them, and even some of the Public General Acts, such as the Mutiny Acts and Financial Acts, are omitted altogether, or materially abridged. There is also a well-known collection, in one hundred moderate octavo volumes, commonly called Pickering's, after the editor of the earlier part of it; this is similar, as regards the fulness with which the Acts are given, to the quarto edition. In addition to these, there are certain selections and abridgments suited to the wants of the different classes of the community, who for one purpose or another have occasion to consult the statutes. Of these, the most complete and valuable is "Chitty's Collection," forming (in the second edition) four very large octavo volumes, for the Acts down to 1853, and with supplemental volumes for the subsequent years. It should further be observed, that neither the quarto "Statutes at Large," nor any other edition, have (strictly speaking) any official character; that is, they are not issued under the authority of Parliament, nor is Parliament in any way responsible for them. The Acts omitted from the earlier volumes of "The Statutes at Large" as having been repealed, or as having expired, may be in force not-

* The Queen's printers now print all the Private Acts; but that has been the rule only since the beginning of the present reign, and they did not print any before the 55th George III.

† This is the most condensed quarto form of the Acts prior to the Union. Former editions or collections of those Acts exist, one in eighteen, another in fourteen quarto volumes.

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withstanding; the omission is only the editor's statement, which the lawyer may rely on or not as he pleases; and even the trustworthiness of the Acts themselves as printed depends on the same authority only. All that the Legislature does is to ensure, by a compact with the Queen's printers, that copies of all Acts shall, as soon as they are passed, be printed, published, and supplied to the public at a moderate rate; it does not guarantee the correctness of those copies, although, as regards modern Acts, absolute correctness is ensured by an arrangement which has been in force since 1849; for the Act of Parliament itself—the document which receives the royal assent and is enrolled among the Public Records—is now printed on vellum by the Queen's printer, and the copies for sale are struck off from the same types. We shall have some observations to make further on with reference to the question whether the Legislature ought not to do more than this; at present we merely desire to correct the somewhat prevalent but erroneous notion that the quarto "Statutes at Large" have any authority beyond that derived from the character of the editors and publishers. It should be added, however, that copies of Private Acts printed by the Queen's printers are, by virtue of clauses usually inserted in them, and also by force of the statute 8 and 9 Vict. c. 113, more available in evidence than others.

To return from this digression. Having shown the fallacy, or at least the enormous exaggeration, of the forty-volume objection, we need not say much as to the alleged hardship of requiring the "plain man" to hunt through so many volumes, whether forty or ten, before he can ascertain the law by which he is to be governed in any particular case. For is it reasonable to talk as if an inquirer into the law on any point really began at the first volume of "The Statutes at Large," and read on till he found what he wanted? It is a mere waste of time to provide against imaginary difficulties such as these. Nobody ever did, or ever will, set about finding out what the law is in such a way. We use text-books, indexes, works of reference; and provided the law itself is good, it does not signify much where it has been put by the Legislature; it will be put in the places where it is wanted fast enough by the legal writers and jurists of the country. This is the way, and always must be the way, in which the laws of a civilised people are made accessible: it is much the most convenient way for the public, and satisfies every body except those whom nothing will satisfy,—*doctrinaires* who want to have every thing done by the State, and assert their right to pretend not to see what is under their noses, unless it is put there by the "constituted authorities." Again, since it has (we hope) been demonstrated to the reader that any attempt to codify the common or non-statutory law is totally

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out of the question, no re-arrangement of the statute-law only, however admirable, would provide our "plain man" with all the information he requires; for (as every body knows) the statute-law is on many subjects only a collection of fragmentary alterations of or additions to the law, and on all is mixed up with, or affected more or less by, judicial decisions and other authorities of the non-statutory law; and it is of course just as necessary to know the common law as the statute-law in order to know *the law*.

Schemes, however, may be supported by exaggeration and yet contain much that is feasible and useful; we will therefore return to the inquiry to which our subject is now limited, namely, whether any improvement in the form and arrangement of the general statute-law now in force, either by way of consolidation or of revision, is possible, and if possible, desirable.

Consolidation of the whole existing statute-law is by some spoken of as if it were a work which could be accomplished, almost mechanically, with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot. It is merely (they say) to take the several enactments now in force, arrange them under suitable heads, declare such new arrangement to be the law, and repeal the whole of the present statutes bodily. It is a disgrace to the Legislature (we are told) that the law on any subject should be scattered over the statutes of many centuries, instead of being contained in a single statute; and promises are held out to the public that, by some process of consolidation, the whole law on every "subject" shall be put into a single statute, which shall contain that subject, and that subject only. This complaint and these promises show such an entire confusion of ideas as to the nature of the law of England that it is not easy to see where to begin commenting on them. What is meant by the law on any *subject?* The law on any subject is the whole law of England, just as the whole of a tree contributes more or less directly to the health of every leaf in it. This notion that the statute-law can be distributed into bundles, each complete in itself, and having no connection with any other, is really most preposterous. Then it is "scattered over many centuries." Of course it is! It is the very essence of the law of England that it has grown up in the course of centuries, partly by the process of self-development, partly by active interference with, or assistance to, that process by occasional acts of the supreme Legislature. It is a matter of history. What, then, is the meaning of a complaint that the events in a history occurred at different periods? Those who talk in this way do not feel the fundamental difference between a code, created at once full-grown, and a system of law like ours; but any body who will reflect on that difference will soon perceive

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that the one cannot be turned into the other, or into any thing which shall have the peculiar advantages of the other, by paste and scissors, or any such summary process. Every statute that has been passed was framed with reference to the law in existence at the time; and the enactments contained in almost all statutes (except those of very modern date) have been varied, or modified or affected in some way, by subsequent legislation, by subsequent decisions of the courts, or by the course of events and social changes. We are not now speaking of those cases in which the principal parts of a statute have been directly repealed or altered, but of the changes in collateral matters. Those who thus talk of the "consolidation" of the statute-law on a given "subject" as a kind of clerk's work, requiring only a little attention, can have no idea of the extent to which the whole law is interlaced,—how every part is connected with and dependent on every other part; but those who have tried to do it will tell a very different tale. They will confirm, what to the thoughtful will be apparent without trial, that to dissect out the existing statute-law on any subject (assuming a subject to have been ascertained or arbitrarily laid down), or even (a much simpler process) to consolidate into one a given group of *enactments*, and to reproduce the full effect, and nothing more than the full effect, of such statutory matter, in terms exactly adapted at all points to the general state of the law and all the other circumstances existing in the year 1861, so as neither to be inconsistent with, nor to affect incidentally, any other branch of the law, and so as to make it quite safe and proper to repeal all the matter "consolidated,"—is an operation which requires at any rate great skill, great delicacy, much thought, and a very wide range of knowledge. And if such a work were feasible at all, as applied to the whole statute-law, which (as will presently appear) it certainly is not,—it would at any rate be feasible only under conditions which no practical man could ever expect to see in existence; for the only chance of getting such a work any thing like right would be to take the law as a whole, distribute it into subjects according to fixed principles of arrangement, have the entire work done in concert by men, each of whom is fully cognisant of what is being done with every part of it, and then pass the whole into law *at once;* in short, to do as Napoleon's codifiers did, and which those who wish for must also wish for a Napoleon to carry it by an imperial decree; to which it may be added, that such a work, if completed, would be nothing at all like what is contemplated by those who talk of a "simple consolidation of the statutes," expecting merely an edition of what they are already familiar with, arranged conveniently for reference; but an entirely new work, which would send every body

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to school again—a kind of code, in fact. In truth, however, there are hundreds of Acts which every one must admit to be in force, but to which the process of consolidation is, for one reason or another, totally inapplicable. What will be thought (in the first place) of the proposal to repeal and reënact in altered language (for in consolidation language must be altered) such statutes as Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, the Acts for the Unions with Scotland and Ireland? Yet (setting political difficulties aside) it would be *possible* to repeal and reënact many of the provisions of these famous statutes. Not so, however, with that large number of statutes whose force and effect depends on their chronological position, and which could not be reënacted in the year 1861 without absurdity. Shall we abolish (for instance) the Star-Chamber and the Court of Wards and Liveries over again? It is useless to multiply examples; any one who will look over the statute-book for himself will see in a moment that there are (as we have said) hundreds of statutes to which no such process as repeal and re-enactment can be applied; the only proper course is to leave them alone. Then there are all the statutes which in process of time have been made the foundation or nucleus of decisions and judicial expositions, such as (to take familiar instances) the Statute of Uses, or the Statute of Frauds. How would our consolidator deal with these? If they are to be repealed, a large part, if not the whole, of the superstructure which has been erected on them must fall with them; for consolidate and re-enact as carefully as you may, it would be impossible to transfer entire to the new statute the parasitic growth of the old; and thus there would be a choice of evils: either to do almost irreparable injury to the working body of our law, by sweeping away at once a large section of it, and leaving a blank in its place; or to attempt a work which would be nothing like a consolidation of the statute-law, but a partial code of the common or non-statutory law, sure to be defective, and open to all the objections which we have already adduced against such a code. We know that a vague attempt is sometimes made to meet such objections as these by suggesting that some declaratory enactment might be passed, whereby we should at once be able to repeal the acts in question, and yet to consider them as not repealed, when more convenient; but the proposition reminds one of the comment made by a facetious conveyancer on one of Lord Brougham's real-property reforms;* it is like enacting that every man shall leave his umbrella at home, provided always nevertheless that if it should come on to rain, the said umbrella shall

* The Act 8 and 9 Vict. c. 112, to render the assignment of satisfied terms unnecessary; a useful measure, the joke notwithstanding.

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afford him the same protection as if he had it with him. On contemplating the question steadily, it must be perceived that unless the existing statutes are totally and entirely abrogated to all intents and purposes whatsoever, the grand argument for the consolidation of the entire statute-book falls to the ground;—we should not in reality have a new statute-book instead of the old, but we should have both new and old, with double expense, and more than double perplexity and uncertainty.

Again,—for really the objections to this most preposterous proposal for transferring every line and word of the existing statutes to a new statute crowd on one as he proceeds,—besides the cases to which consolidation is demonstrably inapplicable, there are hundreds more of our statutes to which it could not be applied for any useful purpose. Among these may be mentioned the enactments passed merely to modify or repeal some previous state of the law, and which are therefore mere fragments; exceptions without the rules, additions without the thing added to, and explanations without the thing explained. Enactments of this kind were passed to effect a practical purpose, and there is no fault to be found with them as they now stand; but of what use can it be to any body to repeal and re-enact them? They are merely subsidiary to that which must be sought for elsewhere, and the place they occupy in the statute-book is and must be immaterial; they have no connection with any thing there. Let us give a short illustration of our meaning. The Act of the 9th Geo. IV. c. 31, § 2, abolished the old distinction between petty treason* and other kinds of murder, by declaring that every offence which before the commencement of that Act would have amounted to petty treason should be deemed to be murder only. Now the only way in which this can be reproduced in a consolidation is, by enacting that "every offence which before the commencement of the Act of the 9th year of King George IV. chap. 31 would have amounted to petty treason, shall be deemed to be murder only;" and this is in the form in which it is, in fact, reproduced in the Criminal-Law Bills prepared under the direction of the Statute-Law Commission, to which we have already adverted.† But is it not almost ludicrous to propose such an enactment on the plea, not of any defect in the law itself, but of its unmethodical arrangement, and of the duty of presenting the "plain man" with a brief and clear statement of the law which he is

* Murder of a husband, or master, or an ecclesiastical superior, formerly punished with peculiar severity.

† The pains and learning bestowed on these Bills entitles them to the greatest respect; but the question whether it is expedient to pass them must depend on the general considerations which we have endeavoured to propound in these pages.

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required to obey? What were the offences which before the 9th of Geo. IV. c. 31 would have amounted to petty treason? He is not told. What is murder? He is not told. Where is he to find out? He is not told. Why is the enactment made in this strange form? He is not told; and of course the first thing he must do is, to turn to the very Act which the consolidation is expressly intended to supersede, to see whether it throws any light on the subject. Examples of this kind of enactment abound in the statute-book; and we do not see what earthly purpose can be served by disturbing them from their present position.

There are some further difficulties in the way of complete consolidation which no practical man ought to overlook. These lie in the fact that the laws of this country on many important, nay almost vital, subjects are in a state with which nobody is fully satisfied; and though they are acquiesced in for the present, either because other questions of greater immediate interest occupy the public attention, or because no party is willing to begin the attack, or for some other political reason, yet any attempt to reënact, and thus give them a new sanction, would inevitably be the signal for opening up the whole discussion, and lead to endless debate. We need only mention such subjects as the Established Church, in its relations to the State; the laws of real property; the constitution of the House of Commons; the punishment of death; partnership, bankruptcy, and insolvency.* It is idle to expect that consolidations of the law on these and many other subjects could be passed through Parliament unquestioned, on the plea that the form and arrangement only, and not the substance, of them would be altered. In the first place, alteration to some extent must inevitably accompany consolidation; and even if the plea were strictly true, still the opportunity for debate would certainly be seized by somebody.

Besides these bones of contention, there will also be found a considerable quantity of the statute-law which, though undeniably in force according to strict principles, has nevertheless by an indefinable process of general consent become obsolete, or been modified; and a quantity more which Parliament, if now legislating originally on the same subject, would assuredly not enact in the same form. Independently of the questions on which public opinion has undergone a direct change, a large part of the statutes consists of provisions inserted to conciliate prejudices which do not now exist; or inserted through sheer ignorance of the subject, or inserted to obviate supposed difficulties which have never arisen, or to supply machinery which

* See Mr. Ker's Third Report, p. 5.

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would not work, or which was not wanted, or is no longer wanted; and so forth. It may be said of these, as in the former case, that if consolidations only repeat the existing law, they will make no difference, and if these things are the law now, there can be no harm in reënacting them; but every one must feel that there is a great difference between a legislature leaving such matters alone, and deliberately reënacting them; and it is not to be expected that a free and practical legislature will deliberately reënact in this way what it considers objectionable or useless. It is giving a new sanction to it.

In addition to all these classes of enactments, which are thus for one reason or another unsuited for consolidation, there is another large section of the contents of the statute-book which must be rejected, for the reasons well pointed out by the Statute-Law Commissioners in their second Report: namely, that though called "Statutes" or "Laws," they form no part of what Blackstone terms "the rule of civil conduct," and are in fact essentially different from the statutes which do form that rule. Such are Private Estate Acts, and many Public Acts which are in reality only Estate Acts also; Divorce Acts; and the important class of Administrative Acts, such as Appropriation and Loan Acts, which owe their existence (as the Commissioners observe) to the circumstance "that many of our constitutional usages are directed against the possibility of the machine of government going on without a parliament; as a consequence of which jealousy, Parliament, in addition to the proper business of legislation, performs many acts which in most countries would be deemed executive only."

The reader may perhaps consider that we have taken too much pains to prove what must now appear so very incontrovertible a proposition, that it is out of the question to suppose that the *whole* of the statute-law now in force can be consolidated; but as the principal part of the declamation which we have met with on the subject is based on pictures of the advantage of abrogating altogether the old "Statutes at Large," and obtaining a bran-new phœnix from their ashes, and on assertions that it is the duty of the State to prepare the funeral pyre forthwith, we have thought it necessary to explain at some length the real nature of the matter to be dealt with; and if our comments have appeared somewhat desultory, it should be remembered that our task has not been to combat any one complete and definite proposal, but to refute miscellaneous fallacies, urged from different quarters, and having no common head or heart through which they might be put to death at once. It only remains, before quitting this branch of our subject, to answer a retort which may be made, and which certainly sounds

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rather formidable; to wit, that the operation which we are alleging to be impossible has been actually accomplished, and with full success, in the United States of America.

We presume the revised statutes of New York may be taken as the best specimen of the operations referred to; and so taking them, we reply, that a fair examination of them, and consideration of the circumstances under which they were framed and passed, will rather confirm than refute what we have said. For it will then be found that these so-called revised statutes effected in reality great *changes* in the law, and therefore (so far as they did so) present no object of comparison with the plan we are now discussing; that the principal number of the political difficulties to be expected from want of unanimity on important branches of the law did not arise there; that the legislature (being a mere state legislature, unencumbered with imperial and national politics) had leisure to devote, and actually did devote, two entire special sessions (in 1827 and 1828) to going through and carrying the work entire; and that, after all, it was not accompanied by an absolute repeal of the whole of the previously existing law, but that, on the contrary, a considerable number of Acts were expressly kept alive; and though there was a show of a general repeal of the residue, it was so expressed as to leave great doubts as to its effect, and to make it evident that for many purposes the previous statutes must still be referred to, at least according to the rules and practice of interpretation which prevail in our English Courts;* so that there is no real American phœnix yet; and lastly, that the feeling of the bench, the bar, and the public of New York in favour of this code (or whatever it is to be called) was so strong as to induce them to accept and make the best of a work which, though (as far as we are aware) well and cleverly done, would not (as we believe) hold water if exposed to the pressure of such severe criticism as would be

* Although the General Repealing Act of December 10th, 1828, which accompanied the promulgation of the Revised Statutes, is very sweeping in some of its expressions, especially the 3d and 4th sections, which declare that none of the statutes of England or of Great Britain, or of the late colony of New York, shall be considered as laws of the state; yet an examination of it will, we think, fully justify the above statement. It begins by specially mentioning 548 acts, most of which it repeals wholly, but several *in part* only, adding in many instances such vague expressions as the following, "*and all acts and parts of acts amending the same, or relating to the subject matter thereof;*" next there is a repeal of "all statutes and parts of statutes *consolidated and reënacted in the revised statutes, or repugnant to the provisions contained therein;*" then repeals, in equally general terms, of the Acts relating to the times of holding courts, to salaries of officers of the state, to times of meeting of boards of supervisors of counties, to the names of towns, and (under certain contingencies) to times and places of town meetings. Then comes the general declaration as to the laws of England or Great Britain, or of the colony of New York, already mentioned; and that is all, except some explanatory sections on a few points of detail.

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brought to bear on a similar work in this country.* We are aware that the legislature of New York is contemplating a further step, no less than a code of the whole law, statute and common, and has intrusted to three learned commissioners the task of composing it.† As to this, we can only say, that if it is to be any thing like what we have spoken of under the name of code in the earlier pages of this paper, it will be a measure which every wise citizen of the state must deeply deplore; it will be, not a step in advance, but a fatal stride backwards, and will go far to deprive the people, who have already stripped themselves of one of the main safeguards of their liberties, by making their judges subject to popular election and reëlection, of almost their only remaining protection against tyranny,—the sovereignty of precedent.

We have now shown that neither codification nor consolidation of the whole body of the statute-law is to be thought of, or to be wished for; but it by no means follows, nor do we contend that our existing statute-law is not open to much improvement. There are doubtless many groups of statutes to which a process, which the law-reformer may call consolidation if he likes the word, but which we should prefer to describe as rewriting them, may advantageously be applied; only it must be explained that such a process as we contemplate will be something greatly different from consolidation, as the word is now used in such speeches and writings on the subject as it has been our lot to hear and read. First and foremost, the idea of limiting the work to improvement in form and arrangement only, without alteration of matter, must be laid aside. We do not now refer to the inevitable alteration which must follow from the new language, the new context, and the new date, of any consolidation of several old and distinct enactments into one new one; nor, on the other hand, do we refer to alterations of the law as to which any difference of opinion exists; but owing to the circumstance of the existing law having been made piecemeal, by different persons, at different times, under the influence of different moods of public feeling, and often without proper consideration of the whole subject affected, there is, in every series of enactments, a want of harmony and completeness, a complication of machinery, a general unwieldiness, which become glaringly apparent when

* See Mr. Ker's Third Report, p. 5.

† The introductory part of the first report of these commissioners, dated February 27th, 1859, is printed as an appendix to the Fourth Report of the Statute-Law Commissioners. The act authorising the work was passed April 6th, 1857. Codes *of procedure*, civil and criminal, were passed some years ago, and are now in force in New York. We are not able to speak as to their merits or practical utility; we may observe, however, that such *partial* codifications are not necessarily open to the same objections as total codifications; and that procedure is a subject which stands by itself.

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they are brought together, and demand imperatively an entire re-writing of the whole matter, with considerable powers of retrenchment and simplification and (consequently) alteration. It is not easy to explain our meaning to those who have not tried their own hands at a consolidation, except by means of long and tedious examples; but any one who will make the trial will soon admit the truth of these statements; he will feel that although the law, in its present state. may be left alone without much reproach to any body, it is in the last degree unreasonable to ask that it should be reproduced with all its crudities and imperfections, instead of taking the opportunity of making it simpler and better. But if this be so, it will at once be seen that no such consolidation or re-writing as we are now speaking of can be intrusted to a corps of officials. We have already pointed out the error of supposing that the state can employ professional reformers to do its work for it; reforms must be projected and matured by public men who know and feel the necessity of them, understand how to conduct them, have their hearts in their success, and are willing to bear the responsibility of their consequences. Those are the only reforms on which any reliance can be placed; and the public will owe a debt of gratitude to any Member of Parliament, whether connected with the Government or not, who will devote himself to the careful consolidation, in this sense, of any group of statutes, large or small, with the working of which he has a practical acquaintance; and which is in such a condition as to require and justify the process. If he has a mind to combine with such a consolidation any substantial alterations of the law on disputed points, let him do so by all means, if he will; only he must of course take into calculation the increased difficulty of passing his Bill. The expediency of taking such an opportunity for bringing forward any question likely to provoke discussion, must depend on the particular circumstances of each case. Some persons, it is true, have professed themselves favourable to consolidation, on condition only that no alteration be made in the law; but, in fact, it is impossible (whatever pains may be taken) to frame any consolidated Act so carefully as to justify lawyers in assuming that it has left the law exactly as it was, and that they need not read or test it; and that being so, nothing is really gained, while much is lost, by self-imposed restrictions in the way of alteration. Rather let us say, that the process should be confined to groups of statutes, in which some considerable amendment is required; for as no small inconvenience must always follow on any change in the written law, a change is only justifiable where it brings with it amendments of sufficient value to counterbalance the inconvenience. If we are all to be sent to school again, our past

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studies and experience deprived of their value, our text-books, treatises, and works of reference turned into waste-paper, let us at least have the satisfaction of thinking that we have gained something of value in exchange, and have not made all these sacrifices merely to gratify the whim of a *doctrinaire*, or swell the triumph of a political charlatan. All the consolidations (so-called) that have been really successful and useful have been framed and carried in the method we have indicated; the improvements effected in the Criminal Law in 1827 and 1828 by the Acts commonly called Peel's Acts may be mentioned as familiar instances.

One practical piece of advice we would give to our intending reformer; it is this, to lay down as his task the consolidation of a given group of statutes (or sections) which he has reason to think can suitably be combined into one Act, not the consolidation of the statute-law, wherever found, on a given *subject*. The difference between these two operations (as we have already mentioned) is fundamental; and the neglect of it has led to much confusion of thought and language, and to much waste of time and labour. Classification according to "subjects" (except in a very rough and general way) is a process not adapted to our statute-law, the whole of which has been framed with reference to present convenience alone, not to any logical plan; almost every statute contains provisions which, in any orderly arrangement, ought to be placed in widely different divisions, while on the other hand a great number of the provisions in the existing statutes apply equally to a variety of subjects, and could not, with safety or propriety, be transferred entire and exclusively to any one of a set of new consolidations. After extracting so much of their force and effect as should be applicable to the "subject" in hand, it would still be found necessary to leave them on the statute-book unrepealed, for the purposes of the other branches of the law to which they might apply. A re-arrangement according to subjects would only be proper if the statutes, taken altogether, contained the whole of the law, which they do not; and if the substitution of an entire new code for the old law could be effected at one moment of time, which is impracticable.

The necessity of combining some improvement of the law with consolidation has forced itself so strongly on some of those who nevertheless advocate the systematic consolidation of the statutes, that they have proposed that the consolidated Bills, when framed, should not be passed into law, but merely submitted to the Legislature to give them an idea of what the law is, and as a foundation for improvements. To this proposal it may be sufficient to answer, that it is not to defend consolidation, but to

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abandon it. Bills which are not intended or fit to pass are no Bills; and the project resolves itself into this, that it is expedient that the State should employ a body of men to draw up summaries of the existing law for the use of honourable members on the look-out for something to meddle with. If, however, it is thought expedient to provide any assistance of the kind for ambitious but lazy reformers, consolidations of the statute-law only are evidently imperfect guides; treatises on the whole law, common as well as statute, are what would be required. Besides, a Consolidation Bill is not the form in which the existing statute-law can be most properly presented for such a purpose; for the draughtsman who is directed to produce a something in the shape of a Bill must solve for himself as he best can the difficulties which present themselves in the course of his task; and consequently those difficulties will not be brought into prominent notice but concealed by such a process, and most concealed when the work is best done.

Leaving here the subject of consolidation, we proceed to consider the proposals that have been made for the revision of the statutes. Under this term are generally comprehended two processes: expurgation, otherwise called "clearing the statute-book of unnecessary matter," and the publication of an "authorised edition" of the Acts now in force. Expurgation, in a certain sense, is (as we shall presently explain) a work which may be usefully undertaken; but in this, as in other cases, the whole matter has been almost removed from the ken of practical mortals by the loose way in which it has been discussed. When an Act has been expressly repealed by the Legislature, or has expired in consequence of the arrival of a period originally fixed for its termination, the statute-book *is* cleared of it, and it is not easy to imagine what the Legislature can do more. The demand for expurgation in this sense is only a branch of the great "forty-volume" fallacy. If by the "statute-book" you mean those particular large volumes on that shelf, there the repealed or expired Act certainly is, and we do not see how any act of the Legislature can clear *that* statute-book of it—the gods themselves, says the old Greek poet, cannot make that which has been, not have been; but if by the statute-book you mean the statute-law now in force, it is entirely cleared of it already. We are speaking now, be it remembered, of the necessity for any legislative action for the purpose of effecting this clearance of the statute-book; the question of convenient editions of the statutes—authorised or not—is quite a separate question. We are aware that it has been urged that a general act enumerating all the acts which have been repealed or have expired, and declaring that they *are* re-

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pealed and *have* expired, would be convenient to future editors of the statutes; and so it would, but not more so than a correct list of the same acts would be; and it seems contrary to all reasonable practice, as well as to all principle, that the Legislature should waste its time in thus reslaying the slain.* We are speaking now of Acts which have been expressly repealed, or have clearly expired. Besides these, however, there is a vast number of Acts which are not now in force, either as having been superseded by subsequent legislation, or as being left by the march of events without any subject to which they are applicable; and not only has the Legislature omitted to repeal expressly the Acts of this class, but it has frequently expressed itself so imperfectly, as to leave it doubtful, even to the most learned, whether certain Acts are in force or not.† These are imperfections in the statute-book which the public may fairly call upon the Legislature to remove; and the State might very properly employ a few competent persons to prepare a general repealing Act of those enactments which, though superseded, or otherwise become unnecessary, have not yet been repealed in express and unequivocal terms. It may, indeed, be objected that by such a plan a judicial authority to settle doubtful points would be conferred on the persons employed; but practically there would not be any risk of the power being abused; indeed, it would rather be expedient to give instructions that the task should be conducted with some boldness; for timidity or overcaution would more materially affect the utility of the work than even a few oversights in the contrary direction, which (should they occur) might easily be remedied by a short Act.

Supposing this operation performed, it might be, and has been, considered that the whole residue of the statutes then remaining unrepealed and unexpired, forming the whole body of the living statute-law, might easily be published in a new edition, to which parliamentary sanction might be given, whereby the great desideratum of an authorised statute-book would be attained. But the matter is not so simple as at first sight it appears. Such a new edition might, indeed, be compiled, but it would by no means be a useful one. There is a vast number of Acts which are in a certain sense in force, although they form no part of the present "rule of civil conduct;" such, for instance, as those Acts which are the foundation of existing rights and titles, and many others which will readily present themselves on turning over the pages of the statutes, which it is useless to republish, but which nevertheless cannot properly

* See some further remarks on this proposal in Mr. Ker's Second Report, p. 7.

† For recent instances of such difficulties, see the Queen *v.* Whitely, 3 H. & N. 143; and Michell *v.* Brown, 5 Jurist, N.S. 707.

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be repealed in terms; the Legislature should let them alone.* There are also very many Acts (even among the Public General Acts, to which our observations are now confined) which are unquestionably in force, but which nevertheless are so rarely applied in practice, or affect so limited a number of persons, that to insert them in an edition of the statutes, would be to add greatly to the bulk of the work without any adequate advantage to the purchaser. Now those who demand an "authorised" edition of the statutes must bear in mind that there can be only one method of conferring authority: an edition must be published, and then an Act of Parliament must be passed, declaring that the statutes in that edition, *and no others*, are the statute-law of the land. There is no other method; without the authority of an Act of Parliament, the correctness and completeness of an edition must rest, as it does now, merely on the character of the editor; and unless the Act declares negatively as well as positively, the whole question whether the Acts not included in the edition are in force or not must remain open as at present, and the new statute-book entirely superseding the old will not be attained. This difficulty cannot be got over, for it belongs to the very nature of our laws. A complete collection must be so voluminous as to be inconvenient, and beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers; cheap and portable ones must be selections or abridgments, made according to the discretion of unofficial editors.

Add to these objections, that, according to all experience, Government work in this country has a decided tendency to become a Government job, and that we have always found it better to leave as much as possible to private enterprise; and that explanatory notes and references, like those which add so much to the utility of Chitty's Collection of Statutes, could not well be made part of an "authorised" edition: the State might as well employ an author to write a history of England as to compile such notes and references; the work is one essentially for individual, not official, execution. An Index to the Statutes is another matter; and a very full index to the most important part of them,—those from the Union with Ireland to the year 1852,—exists already, having been prepared for the House of Lords' library, and may be purchased by the public.

Complaints are made sometimes that our statutes are a heterogeneous collection, without order or arrangement; but not with much reason. A Legislature must of course enrol and publish its acts in the order in which they are passed; it cannot be seriously contended that Parliament is to refrain from passing a money-bill because, according to some analytical arrangement

* See Mr. Ker's Second Report, p. 7.

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of the subjects of law, a bill concerning something else (which happens not to be ready) ought to come next on the list; and we deny altogether that either principle or practical convenience require that a Legislature should be the arranger or editor of its own decrees; when it has made good laws, and taken care that they should be published in an accessible form as fast as made, it has discharged its duties, and should leave it to the public to study, select, arrange, abridge, and discuss them, according to their varied wants and circumstances. This is the natural and convenient course. As we have already said, it matters little where an act is put by the Legislature; it will be put where it is wanted by the legal writers and jurists of the country. In fact, for the use of the public, the law must be put in several places:—one person wants a complete edition of the statutes; another, a general sketch of the whole law of England, like *Blackstone's Commentaries;* a third wants a treatise on one division of it, like *Burn's Justice* or *Abbott on Shipping;* a fourth, a compendium, like *Bacon's Abridgment;* a fifth, a monograph on a particular statute. And if it would (consequently) matter little where a law was originally placed by the Legislature, even if the whole law were statute-law, it evidently matters still less where, as in the case of the law of England, the statute-law is merely ancillary to the common law, and where nobody thinks of looking to the statutes only for information as to the law.* It is not at all probable that any wants which this natural supply (as we will venture to call it) does not satisfy, will be satisfied by any formal rearrangement of the statutes. What hardship is it that the law is to be searched for in a great number of scattered statutes, if, in fact, you have got all the enactments brought together to your hand in a treatise? Besides, if the statute-law were all re-arranged, you would want the treatise just as much to give you the common law, and the decisions of the courts, and the opinions of those learned in the matter. We must add, that the difficulties arising from having to examine a series of statutes, even supposing the student to examine the statutes themselves, are enormously exaggerated by those who declaim on the subject; there are few such difficulties of any consequence except those which no scientific rearrangement would remedy, namely, the cases where the law itself requires *amendment.* As to the "plain man" not knowing where to look, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of him. It is out of the question (we say again) to suppose that,

* We are of course speaking here of the main body of the law; there are doubtless some special groups of statutes, such as the Poor Laws and the Stamp Acts, which (with the decisions upon them, an important supplement) contain nearly the whole law on those subjects.

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under any conceivable arrangement, the laws of England can be put in such a form that they can be known with any certainty to any body except one who makes them his regular study; and the "plain man" must take them on credit from the writings or advice of the experts.

But whatever may be the objections to attempts at altering the form and style of the existing statutes, nothing but good can result from attention to such matters in future, and we are glad to find in the Second Report of the Statute-Law Commission some valuable observations on the possible improvement of current legislation, concluding with a recommendation of "the appointment of an officer or Board, with a sufficient staff of assistants, whose duty it should be to advise on the legal effect of every Bill which either House of Parliament should think fit to refer to them, and, in particular, on the existing state of the law affected by the proposed Bill, its language and structure, and its operation on the existing law; and also to point out what statutes it repeals, alters, or modifies, and whether any statutes or clauses of statutes on the same subject-matter are left unrepealed or conflicting; so that the House may have at its command the materials which will enable it to deal properly with the Bill." The Commissioners add, that though some may prefer a Board, in their opinion a single responsible person, with adequate assistance, would be preferable; an opinion in which we decidedly concur.

Whilst agreeing with the Commissioners, however, that it would be well worth while to try the experiment of appointing such an officer, we cannot altogether agree with them as to his functions. It appears to us that they expect too much; and as this is a form of error which the public are generally but too ready to share, it will be well to consider and ascertain in what way and to what extent an officer could really be of use, and thus prevent the disappointment and consequent reaction by which mistaken or exaggerated views on the subject would certainly be followed.

It is (we presume) admitted that no officer or servant of the legislative body can be expected to deal effectively with the *matter* of Bills, or the propriety of the changes in the law which they are intended to effect. These are questions which obviously belong to the legislator alone; and, of course, the Commissioners do not propose that their officer should criticise Bills in a political sense; but we think they go too far even in supposing that it will be practicable that he should make a report to the House, showing the present state of the law on the subject in question, what Acts the Bill will repeal, or supersede, or otherwise affect, and so forth; so as to give the House "the means of dealing

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properly with it." In the first place, no person, however able and well informed, and however well supported, can reasonably be expected to perform such a duty with reference to matters so varied and so numerous as those which come before the British Parliament in the course of a session. There can be but a small proportion of those matters on which the opinion of any one man can be really valuable; and even if the staff were made so numerous that there should be an expert ready to report on every subject, we should still hold the project to be objectionable, and for this reason, that to expect information respecting a Bill sufficiently comprehensive to guide the House in considering it, from a report made on the Bill itself by an examiner not concerned in its preparation, is like requiring a description of the works of a clock from a view of its dial. Something, no doubt, may be explained or suggested by such a plan; but it is evident that the proper person to give such information is the framer of the measure. He knows, or ought to know, what is the evil he wants to remedy, the present state of the law on the subject, and the special reasons which make it necessary or expedient to frame the Bill in the form which it bears. On this last and most important point, at least, if not on the others, no officer can be nearly so well informed as the framer of the measure; and it is just for want of information on this point that the comments of critics who are not behind the scenes are of such little practical value. It is true that sometimes the motives are such as the promoter of the Bill would not choose to avow; but in those cases how could the officer, himself ignorant of them, make a report that could be of any service? He might, indeed, report against or for the Bill, and state his surmises, but only as a member of the House might oppose or support it.

But it may, again, be said, though of course members ought not to bring in measures without fully considering their general bearing and effect on the whole law, and putting the House in possession of all the information necessary towards forming a correct judgment, yet in point of fact Bills are prepared, brought in, and passed, without such sufficient consideration, and without due reference to their ulterior and collateral effects. True: and what is so likely to encourage and confirm that reprehensible practice as the existence of an officer whose supposed business it is to remedy the bad effects of ignorance, want of care, or narrowness of view, on the part of the person who is, or ought to be, responsible?

We apprehend, therefore, that such assistance as to the matter and substance of Bills as is anticipated from the proposed reports on them cannot be efficiently obtained by such means; and that the creation of an officer to make such reports would

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operate prejudicially, by fostering the hasty and inconsiderate way of drawing Bills already too prevalent. Although the framer of a Bill may not always be very well qualified to supply the House with the information which it requires, it is obvious that in most cases he is far better qualified to do so than any one else; indeed, we are disposed to think favourably of a proposal made by Mr. Ker, in his Second Report, that every bill should be accompanied by a printed statement in elucidation of it, for the use of the House, for which the members having charge of the Bill should be responsible. Even if advantage were to be taken of such a plan to write pamphlets on the subject, such pamphlets would diminish the necessity of speeches in defence of the measure, and on the whole the plan would seem to be both feasible and convenient. It would also (as Mr. Ker observes) put an end to the practice of inserting recitals in the preamble, not for the purpose of making the Act intelligible, but for the purpose of assigning reasons to the Legislature why it should pass the Bill; which, however important during the debate, are quite out of place in the Act after it has been passed.

Too much stress is laid on the actual mistakes sometimes made in Acts of Parliament; such, for instance, as the blanks left in the County-Courts Act of 1856 for the salaries of two of the judges. No doubt such occurrences are to be regretted, and somebody is in most cases to blame for them; but considering the vast extent and multiplicity of the business annually transacted in Parliament, and the inevitable haste and confusion which attend some of its proceedings (and which must continue to attend them so long as our constitution remains what it is), we do not think that any fault can fairly be found with the Legislature on this ground,—we mean, that the mistakes which do occur do not exceed, indeed fall under, the amount which, considering all the circumstances, might reasonably be allowed to human imperfection. Both Houses are well served by their present staff of officers as regards activity as well as intelligence; and it is not to be expected that under any change of system the number of accidental oversights would be found to diminish.

But if we confine our expectations to the mere improvement of the form and style of Acts of Parliament, we believe that very much good may be effected by a competent officer; partly by direct means, such as the framing and circulating of general instructions, partly by the force of good example, and occasionally by criticisms on delinquent Bills. In respect of brevity and conciseness of language, the prospects of improvement are already encouraging. A new school of parliamentary draughtsmen has arisen, whose faults are not prolixity and verbiage; and most of the Government Bills of recent years notably those prepared

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by the late Mr. Coulson (whose unexpected death we notice with sincere regret) and by Mr. Thring, are couched in plain and rational language. The old school, however, has still its followers in some of the Government departments, and also in many private and amateur legislators; and there is also a tendency among a section of the new school to certain pedantries and affectations—such as the abuse of "interpretations" and "short titles," enactment of cabalistic formulas, and other matters, which requires to be checked: for there is no occasion to invent a special parliamentary jargon; plain and pure English is quite good enough. There is, therefore, still plenty for a judicious and well-informed public officer to do. Some people may be disappointed to hear that there is no more summary process to be recommended than setting a good example and publishing suggestions; as though in the matter of statute-law reform there were some problem to be solved, some secret to be discovered, or royal road invented. But in reality all the faults in the old statutes, as to form and style, are only literary faults; and though it is true that these may be traced to some definite causes besides mere bad taste and stupidity, yet it is not the less true that a literary reform is the only one applicable to them.*

Owing to causes closely connected with our constitutional history and national character, into which this is not the place to enter, and more immediately owing to the great severity of the old criminal law, a practice long ago sprang up, and has since been maintained, of construing Acts of Parliament on narrow and technical principles, which would certainly not be tolerated with reference to any other documents. It is still a favourite intellectual exercise to prove that there is a possibility that very ignorant, stupid, or uncandid persons might misunderstand, or pretend to misunderstand, or assert that they have a right to pretend to misunderstand, the language of an Act, though the objectors themselves would probably confess that they have no doubt about it. This style of criticism acted on the framers of bills, who exhausted their ingenuity in attempts to obviate such objections; but unfortunately these attempts, far from being successful, had the effect of keeping the bad practice in force; for Acts evidently drawn on the assumption that they may lawfully be evaded by a quibble, if a quibble can be found, are properly construed upon the same assumption; and thus the jealousy and alternate ingenuity of lawyers and judges on one side, and legislators on the other, has kept up a state of things of which both parties now feel the inconvenience. If this is to be remedied, it is clear that the Legislature must take the first step; the judges, as interpreters of the statutes, cannot take upon them-

* See the Appendix to Mr. Ker's Third Report, p. 232.

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selves to reverse principles or practices of construction, which they find to be part and parcel of the system of law that they are appointed to administer; the Legislature, therefore, must tell the public, that henceforth Acts of Parliament are to be construed more liberally and more simply. How is this to be done? A direct declaratory enactment to that effect seems out of the question; instructions or hints from the executive to the judicial body, such as might be given in some other countries, are equally out of the question here; in short, the only feasible plan is for Parliament boldly to persevere in passing Acts in better language, and to trust that the judges and the public will feel it to be their duty (as no doubt they will) to alter their principles and habits of construction, when they see that it is the intention of the Legislature that they should do so. It may reasonably be expected that the pressure of minute, severe, almost hostile criticism, applied to Acts of Parliament framed on the old method, will be gradually withdrawn, when the style which seems to challenge such criticism has been abandoned. No elaborate plans or immutable rules are required to effect this object; all that is wanted is, that the persons who draw Acts of Parliament should be firmly resolved to use plain and concise English, to choose with care the proper words to express their meaning, and never to use a word that is not wanted, and, above all, to assume that they are writing for persons of ordinary candour and intelligence. To attempt to provide in terms against every foolish and unworthy quibble that unfair or unreasonable persons may possibly suggest, is to require of language more than language can perform; and until such attempts are entirely abandoned, no material improvement as to brevity and perspicuity can be hoped for.

Supposing, then, the proposed officer to be appointed, and supposing too that he enjoys the confidence and good-will of all those concerned in preparing or passing Bills,—for without such confidence and good-will he could effect nothing,—his duties, according to our view, should be, in the first place, to draw up and circulate amongst the members of both Houses, parliamentary counsel, agents, and the other classes connected with the practical work of legislation, a plain statement, with examples, of the style in which he would propose that Acts should be drawn, and to invite all those who would wish for his advice and assistance in framing Bills to communicate with him. It is important to bear in mind, that after Bills have been completed and brought into Parliament, it is almost too late to amend them as to style; the proper time for forming that must be while the Bill is in progress of construction. Reports, therefore, on the style of Bills which have been brought in could be put to little use comparatively, except as warnings against errors

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to be avoided by others; the principal utility of the proposed officer would arise from his general instructions, his personal assistance and advice, to be given freely and confidentially to all who wish for it, and also from the examples which he would furnish in such Bills as the Government should think fit to intrust to him. It is unnecessary to attempt to lay down all the other contributions which such an officer could make towards the improvement of our legislation; but it is not to be doubted that he might "make himself generally useful" in a variety of ways.

We have now passed in review all the principal projects for accomplishing what is called statute-law reform, and may thus sum up the effect of our comments: the notion of putting the whole law, or the whole statute-law, of England into a form in which it can be carried in a plain man's pocket is mere rodomontade; codification of the common law is most objectionable, consolidation of the whole statute-law out of the question; some groups of statutes may be consolidated, but the process will be of little use unless amendments accompany it; such consolidation with amendment cannot be intrusted to any Board or officer, but must be the work of public men, whether in office or not; a repeal of those acts which are not now in force, but have never been expressly repealed, is desirable; no other expurgation of the statute-book is practicable; no authorised edition of the statutes can be promulgated by Parliament; an officer to advise on the style and form of Bills would be a useful assistant to the members of both Houses.

Art. IV.—DEMOSTHENES.

The Olynthiacs of Demosthenes. Edited by the Rev. Henry Musgrave Wilkins, M.A. London: J. W. Parker, West Strand.

The appearance of Mr. Wilkins's neat and serviceable little volume affords us a good opportunity for saying a few words upon the public policy of the great Athenian statesman, whose three most celebrated speeches upon foreign affairs are here presented to us. It may be fanciful to suppose that any real analogy exists between the relations of Macedon with Greece, and those of any great European power with its weaker neighbours. But even supposing that no practical lesson can be drawn from the various phases of the struggle which terminated with the battle of Chæronea and the destruction of Grecian independence, still to those who survey history from the posi-

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tion of the student or the philosopher, it is one of the most interesting spots in the entire prospect.

It has sometimes been said that the conflict of the Jewish nation with the Persian and Babylonian monarchies has this one supreme element of interest, that there and there alone the veil is withdrawn from the operations of the divine Providence, and God's mode of dealing with nations made clear to us by the subjection of war, diplomacy, and legislation to his personal interference. We would not depreciate those feelings of awe which such a spectacle is calculated to inspire, or the salutary effects which they may occasionally exercise on the mind. But for men accustomed to the working of free institutions, and profoundly interested in their future prosperity, a history like the Greek, in which the divine guidance is more indissolubly blended with the free agency of man, is naturally far more instructive.

But there is also this additional reason why the history of the Jews should be unsatisfactory to the student of politics; namely, that it is deficient in information concerning the real constitution of the Jewish government. We have, for instance, very little insight into the machinery of the Hebrew monarchy; and very little acquaintance with the play of that popular element which, from occasional glimpses that occur to us, we should judge it to have possessed. This defect, however, is one shared in common with the large majority of nations whose history has been written at all. But even of those by whom it is not shared, there is none of which the rise, progress, and decline is illustrated by such complete records as the history of Athens. Her internal development is as well known to us, in all its stages, as that of Rome. Her external history, while more varied and more instructive than that of even the mistress of the world, has all the advantage of being far more accurately described. The foreign policy of Rome, in the shape in which it has come down to us, is one of simple conquest. Her diplomacy and her embassies we know only by their results. There is a plain and uniform grandeur about the character of her career which powerfully affects the imagination; but it is deficient in the materials which constitute the very text-book of statesmanship. In Athens, on the contrary, we are admitted as it were behind the scenes. We see her matched against equals and against superiors; we listen to the public debates by which her policy was regulated; and observe the strings by which her fleets and armies were set in motion. In the contest with Macedon more especially are we enabled to inspect with minuteness both the administrative system of a free state, and the wars and negotiations of a brave and ingenious people.

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We are permitted to watch, in the attitude of unconcerned spectators, the various fluctuations of a contest which has often been repeated in the world's history, but has never been conducted by abler or more accomplished competitors. The absorption of a weaker by a stronger power has not yet become sufficiently uncommon among nations to make the gradual steps by which such designs are consummated a matter of indifference to the world. It may be that no two cases are sufficiently alike to warrant us in employing for the one the precautions that we now see would have been effectual for the other. Yet if, as we have already said, there is little to instruct us in the history of this particular period, there is certainly a great deal to interest us; or, if it does not admit of practical application to the present time, it may at least supply us with much food for reflection, and many truths to be incorporated with our general political experience.

There is what must be admitted to be at least a singular coincidence between the situation of England to-day and that of Athens in the period of Demosthenes. A free and proud people reposing complacently on their past renown, their naval ascendency, and their rich commerce, confronted by a crafty and ambitious despot, intent upon the extension of his frontiers and the creation of a powerful marine, is the salient point of either picture. There, perhaps, the resemblance ends; and certainly the Volunteer movement of the last twelvemonth has been as much unlike the sluggishness of which Demosthenes complains as any thing that could well be conceived. But the coincidence is a striking one, though it be deemed too superficial for a warning. It may be true enough that the Emperor Napoleon has very little chance, even supposing him to have the wish, of imitating the career of Philip. England at the present moment may have nothing to fear from his designs. But neither, on the other hand, had Greece any thing to fear from Philip when he first commenced his operations. It seems probable that Athens by herself, to say nothing of a Grecian confederacy, could have arrested his progress southwards, had she only bestirred herself in time: and that she could at least have prevented the final disaster which overtook her, had she never relaxed in the activity which a transient sense of her real situation had subsequently excited. These considerations are sufficient to redeem our parallel from the charge of whimsicality. It shows us what another great people as self-confident, as brave, and relatively as rich and powerful as ourselves, once suffered because they slept upon their post in the presence of a dangerous enemy. It shows us the perils of domestic faction; and, above all, it warns us of the injury which the best-intentioned citizens may

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inflict upon their country through a mistaken devotion to peace, commerce, and economy.

The three famous orations which Mr. Wilkins has been editing plunge us into the very middle of that exciting period when the issue of the Macedonian struggle was as yet doubtful. He who can read no other speeches of Demosthenes, should at least read these, making himself previously acquainted with the circumstances which led to their delivery. There is finer eloquence in the *De Coronâ*, and some of his other speeches throw a greater light upon the general condition of Athens. But in the Olynthiacs and the Philippics Demosthenes is at once the orator, the statesman, and the patriot. None of his other great orations give one an equally good idea of the combination of these three characters, which was really to be found in him. The chaste and vigorous style, the earnest purpose, and the deep sagacity, which distinguished him seem all to have been stimulated together by the critical situation of his country. There is in these striking compositions nothing either impassioned or elaborate. They are simple to the verge of crudity, but they are impressive to the verge of solemnity. Every sentence rings like an alarm-bell; clear and sonorous, but with no attempt at artificial melody or long-balanced cadences. Whether or no this artlessness was itself the result of art, we shall, perhaps, have to consider hereafter. But at present we are anticipating, and must return for a time to Mr. Wilkins.

When the classical scholar, be he of whatever grade he may, contemplates the class of works published for the rising generation of schoolboys, and then looks back upon those in use during his own boyhood, he may well wonder for the moment how he ever learned Greek at all. But the *nil sine magno* of Horace is the true explanation of the marvel. When a boy had to make the Greek explain itself, his progress of course was slower, but he made every step good, and left no unbeaten ground behind him. We do not attribute the alleged decline of accurate scholarship to the many royal roads to learning which have recently been opened. They are rather the effect than the cause. They spring, as we have before observed in this Review, from the necessity of curtailing the amount of time and labour which were formerly bestowed upon the Classics. It was found that a large proportion of the rising generation would either learn Greek and Latin less thoroughly than their fathers, or not learn it at all. We do not mean to say that such works as the *Bibliotheca Classica* are due to this discovery alone; though it may have had a good deal to do with the form in which its volumes have appeared. But we believe that a large majority of those thoroughly equipped class-books which

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for some time past have lain in piles upon the counters of the publishers, are almost wholly due to the changed condition of classical education in England. We must not judge of their utility by the improvements we may be able to discern in classical scholarship. For it is not their purpose to improve it, but to facilitate its acquisition under pressure of the counter-claims of science and modern languages. Of their success in this object schoolmasters must be the best judges. In other respects, they rather remind us of the inexperienced angler, who, going out equipped with the most scientific apparatus of the day, is beaten hollow by a village urchin with no better implements than a hazel-switch, a few yards of twine, and a crooked pin.

Mr. Wilkins, we are sure, will acquit us of any intentional disrespect towards himself. Of its kind, this little book is as good as good can be. An historical preface and a chronological table make the reader acquainted with every thing that he ought to know to understand the subject-matter of the speeches. A critical preface prepares him to discover beauties, which he would perhaps have neglected for himself, in the style and diction of the speaker. Grammatical notes unravel for him the complexities of a difficult language. And a concise Appendix will enable him to decide for himself on the proper order of the Olynthian orations. With these auxiliaries, a speech of Demosthenes may be read through in a railway-carriage, or digested, with our breakfast, in a cloud of matutinal smoke. We have nothing in the world to say why Greek should not be made easy. On the contrary, we have the strongest inducement for desiring such a consummation. But the question is, whether it is really Greek, or only Greek books, which are made easy by the process now before us. Whichever it be, indeed, it is by no means unwelcome to ourselves. Age has its privileges. But if it is only the latter of the two which is effected by the reigning method, then, we say, that what is kindness to us is mistaken indulgence to the learner,—mistaken, that is, as far as it is intended to aid him in the mastery of a language. In so far as it only designs to help him in exploring a literature, it is of course not mistaken, but, on the contrary, highly to be commended.

Demosthenes was born at Athens, about the year 383 B.C. His father was a gentleman. But about his mother greater obscurity prevails; some said that she was of servile origin, and that not very remote; nor has any satisfactory contradiction of the report yet been given to the world. The young Demosthenes lost both parents at an early age, and appears to have been very badly treated by the guardians who supplied their

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place. They robbed him of his fortune and neglected his education; though the world has no reason to regret the former, if it drove him to rhetoric as a profession, or induced him to prefer Isæus as a tutor to the fashionable and expensive Isocrates. It is said, however, that he learned some of the artifices of Isocrates through his companions, who we may presume attended that professor's lectures, and brought away notes of their contents. He also, we are told, frequented Plato, who seems, at all events, to have exercised very little influence either on his style or on his mind. It was in the year 354 B.C. that he made his first speech upon public affairs in the Ecclesia. The subject of it was the Symmoriæ, or classes into which all taxable citizens were divided, for the purpose of assessing what we should now call a navy-rate. The principle of this division was so bad, that the Athenian navy had fallen to a very low ebb; but the opposition which reform encountered was for the time too strong, and Demosthenes withdrew his measure, the chief features of which we shall endeavour to explain hereafter.

Once launched into political life, the young orator assumed a leading part. Of the popular speakers whom he then found in possession of the Bema (platform), two only seem ever to have been regarded as his rivals. These were Phocion and Demades, of whom, according to all that has come down to us, the one was a genuine patriot, and the other a genuine scoundrel. Demades, it is said, was more than a match for Demosthenes in what we should now call debating power. The latter feared to meet him without preparation, or to expose himself to his prompt replies. Demades, however, was a paid philippiser, and a man of so little worth that Antipater is reported to have said of him, when he grew old, that, like the sacred victims, there was nothing left of him but the tongue and the belly. But as Demades prevailed by his oratory in spite of his character, Phocion, on the other hand, seems to have prevailed by his character in spite of his oratory. The first was lofty, austere, and incorruptible; but the second was homely, unadorned, and brief. Demosthenes, indeed, called him the cleaver of his own arguments (*κοπὶς τῶν ἐμῶν λόγων*). But this expression, Plutarch thinks, might have had reference to the moral weight attaching to all Phocion's words, rather than to his oratorical power. For Demosthenes, he adds, knew well enough that a word or a nod from a man known to be trustworthy was more effective than many long periods.* Phocion, in this respect, seems to have resembled the Duke of Wellington, whom he also resembled in his double capacity of soldier and statesman, being the last of the old race of Athe-

* *πολλῶν πάνυ καὶ μακρῶν περιόδων ἓν ῥῆμα καὶ νεῦμα πίστιν ἔχοντος ἀνθρώπου κυριώτερον ἡγούμενος.*

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nian ministers who united the two characters in their own persons, and were ready at any time to uphold by the sword the counsels they had enforced with the tongue.

It was high time that some new spirit should be breathed into the affairs of Athens. That brief revival, the Indian summer of Athenian glory, which succeeded the death of Epaminondas, had been terminated by the Social War robbing her of the important possessions of Chios, Rhodes, Cos, and Byzantium, and the rich tribute she had drawn from them. Her predominant statesmen were all advocates of peace, and in consequence friends of Macedonia. Of her three last generals who deserved the epithet of great, Chabrias and Timotheus were dead, and Iphicrates in final disgrace. Chares and Phocion survived, of whom the one was a brave but reckless mercenary, and the other disqualified for action by his political sympathies. Philip was in possession of Amphipolis, which he had acquired partly by his own knavery, but still more by the unaccountable remissness of the Athenians themselves; and he was even now far advanced in that course of intrigue and aggression which finally left him master of the whole Chalcidic peninsula. In Greece itself a new war had broken out, in which the Phocians on the one side, and the Thebans on the other, were the principal combatants; but which threatened to involve all Greece within its meshes, and was already exhausting, in a species of civil warfare, the resources that should have been devoted to the repulsion of the stranger. It is at this epoch that Demosthenes steps upon the scene. His attention, as was only natural, seems to have been primarily directed to those defects of military administration which we may presume to have made themselves conspicuous in the disasters of the Social War. Hence the speech De Symmoriis, replete with practical cleverness and great administrative talents. From his native city his eye would next wander over the affairs of Hellas in general, and would be at once arrested by a proposition then under debate for permitting Lacedæmon to recover the lost territory of Messene, and with it the position in Peloponnesus which she had occupied before the battle of Leuctra. It is a rare proof of political discernment in Demosthenes, that here too he espoused what on the whole was the anti-popular side, and protested with all his might against the reconstitution of Spartan ascendency. The Athenian people, giving way to their old jealousy of Thebes, which had risen upon the fall of Lacedæmon, and forgetting how necessary she had now become to the balance of power throughout Greece; excited, moreover, by the prospect of recovering Oropus, a town on the Bœotian border, whose loss they had long lamented; were in favour of

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the Lacedæmonian claim, and refused their protection to the Messenians. Demosthenes strenuously supported them, though, as it appears, without effect; and in so doing gave the first proof of those enlarged and statesman-like views which would have saved his country, if mortal wisdom could have saved her. Even so late, however, as 353 B.C., the year in which the *Oratio pro Megalopolitanis* was delivered, it seems doubtful if the eyes of Demosthenes had become fully opened to the dangers which threatened Greece from without. In this speech, at least, he does not even mention Philip's name.

"All the arguments urged turn upon Hellenic and Athenian interest, without reference to the likelihood of hostilities from without. In fact, Demosthenes lays down as a position not to be disputed by any one, that, for the interest of Athens, both Sparta and Thebes ought to be weak; neither of them in condition to disturb her security; a position unfortunately but too well recognised among all the leading Grecian states in their reciprocal dealings with each other, rendering the Pan-Hellenic aggregate comparatively defenceless against Philip, or any skilful aggressor from without."*

Mr. Grote, however, acknowledges that, on the then theory of Demosthenes, his advice is perfectly judicious. We shall see how rapidly, when he had occasion to change his theory, he changed his advice also, and became as eager for a Grecian confederacy as he had before been for Grecian disunion. The occasion was not long in coming. The proceedings of Philip very speedily attracted the attention of the real statesman, and drew his glance away from mere Hellenic relations to the wider circle of affairs which embraced both Hellas and Macedon.

In the course of the years 353, 52 B.C., Philip had practically made himself master of Thessaly, and had only been prevented by an unusual effort of the Athenians from penetrating the pass of Thermopylæ, and carrying hostilities into the heart of Southern Greece. The singular excellence of his military force, both in discipline and material, had been abundantly proved in a great battle with the Phocians, in which twenty-five thousand men had been engaged on each side. His navy had increased to such a degree as to become insulting and annoying to the Athenians, who, though they had far more ships in their dockyards, had fewer perhaps actually in commission. While the Athenians were still smarting under the pain of wounds, which they were still too slothful to make the necessary exertions for retaliating, news was brought to Athens that Philip had suddenly shown himself in Thrace (Nov. 352). He was reported to be besieging a town named Ἡραῖον Τεῖχος, which lay close to the Athenian possessions in the Chersonesus. And now at length,

* Grote, xi. 406.

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for the moment, the Athenians became thoroughly alarmed. A large force was voted for an expedition to Chersonesus. It was to be manned by Athenian citizens, and the cost was to be defrayed by "a direct property-tax."* But, alas, for the Eye of Greece! The very event which other nations, or which she herself in other times, would have turned to the best account became to her an occasion of falling. A second messenger arrived some months after the first, with the intelligence that Philip was sick. *Ibi omnis effusus labor.* Instead of redoubling their exertions, and regarding his illness as a diversion created in their own favour by the gods, the Athenians abandoned their preparations, and gave themselves up to all their former security. It was not true, certainly, that Philip was dead, as had at one time been reported; but he was probably severely shaken, and would never be the same man again. At all events, by the time he recovered, fresh interests would be demanding his presence elsewhere; and there could be no use in spending their money till they knew if it would actually be wanted. Thus, no doubt, argued the populace. Thus unfortunately argued the grave and experienced statesmen to whom the populace looked up. But thus did not argue Demosthenes, and he stated his "reasons why," in the speech known as the first Philippic.† We shall not recapitulate to our readers all the leading topics of that famous and noble composition. Suffice it to say that the orator rebuked the past apathy of his countrymen with the vigour and boldness of youth, and devised a remedy for the future with the prudence and sagacity of age. We shall have occasion to revert to some of the propositions contained in this speech when we review his policy as a whole. But vigorous and impressive as it is, it failed before the popular opposition of Phocion and his party, who cried peace where there was no peace, and prevented either of the two politic proposals of Demosthenes from being sanctioned by the people.

His next three speeches were the three Olynthiacs, in which he merely makes a fresh application of the principles already laid down in the Philippic. The Olynthians, originally bribed by Philip in the year 356, with the possession of two towns which he had captured from Athens, had begun, even before the siege of Ἡραῖον Τεῖχος to tremble at the possible results of his ambition. Owing to this feeling, in the year 352 they made peace with Athens, provoking thereby the hostility of their powerful and suspicious neighbour. Nothing, however,

* Grote.

† There is no occasion to weary our readers with the controversy respecting the date of this oration. Sufficiently good authorities place it in the present year, 351.

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was done for nearly two years, during which time two half-brothers of Philip, then at feud with him, had sought refuge at Olynthus, and supplied a good pretext for complaint. Thoroughly alarmed, the Olynthians now prepared to form a close alliance with Athens, and implored her assistance, B.C. 350. On this occasion what is usually called the second Olynthiac was delivered. The advice of Demosthenes, however, was not attended to, and Philip was allowed to continue his designs against the Chalcidic confederacy, of which Olynthus was the metropolis, without interruption. In a short time a still more pressing embassy was despatched by that city to Athens, when Demosthenes delivered what is commonly known as the first Olynthiac. The effect of this speech was, that the Athenians *did* send out a small body of mercenaries under Chares, which obtained some apparently considerable advantages over Philip, and retarded the conclusion of the war to 347 B.C. The Athenians were so immoderately elated by these successes that they thought Philip as good as destroyed; and it was to combat this extravagant and delusive joy that the third Olynthiac was delivered, towards the end of the year 349 B.C. In the following year, however, in spite of all her exertions, Olynthus and the whole Chalcidic peninsula fell into the hands of Philip. The next two years were occupied in negotiations for peace between Athens and Macedon, and Demosthenes and Æschines were both members of two embassies sent by the Athenians to Philip. Peace was indeed concluded; but, owing to the treachery (as cannot be doubted) of Æschines and others, a few months after the oaths had been taken by that monarch, he penetrated the pass of Thermopylæ, destroyed the Phocians, and established for good his ascendency in Greece.

With the peace of 346 B.C. occurs a sort of "landing-place" in the public career of Demosthenes. One stage of his political labours was now concluded, and some years were to elapse before he again found himself confronted with the object of his recent denunciations. The result of his exertions during the past ten years, and more especially during the Olynthian war, must have been deeply discouraging. He had found that to make any permanent impression upon the existing generation of his countrymen was an almost hopeless task. He must have gazed on the lengthening shadow of Macedonian power which fell across his native soil with daily and sickening apprehension. But he stood manfully to his colours; in the six years which intervened between the peace and the resumption of hostilities, he laboured diligently in his country's service. He undertook, and this time accomplished, that reform of her

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naval administration which had failed in 354. He restored in this way the ancient efficiency of the Athenian navy, by means of which Philip's aggressions in the Chersonesus were checked, and the sieges of Perinthus and Byzantium raised. And he too it was who undertook a personal interview with the Greeks of the Chersonesus, and succeeded in uniting them with Athens against the common enemy. But what is more important than all, as evincing at once his diplomatic ability and the power of his eloquence, was the reconciliation which he effected between Thebes and Athens, after Philip, who had been invited to punish the Locrians of Amphissa, had marched down to Phocis, and commenced the fortification of Elateia. How the reconciliation was managed he tells us himself in the *De Coronâ*. But it was doomed to be unsuccessful, and the hopes of the statesman and the independence of his country were finally frustrated for ever by the battle of Chæronea, the Austerlitz of Athens, fought on the 2d of August, B.C. 338.

The feelings of Demosthenes, indeed, after the battle of Chæronea must have exceeded in bitterness those of our own great Minister when he bade the map of Europe to be shut. For it was not only Greece in general, but Athens in particular, which bade fair to be erased from the roll of nations. The terrible fate of the thirty-two Chalcidic cities which had dared to withstand the conqueror was yet fresh in men's minds, and must have excited the most acute alarm. But independently of these considerations, the statesman beheld the labours of a lifetime shattered to the dust by one blow. He had at length succeeded in the accomplishment of his darling object. The Athenians had come forward bravely to man their own ships and to serve in their own armies. The rich had submitted to the hateful property-tax. The poor had acquiesced in the suspension of the Theoric Fund. The good results of these measures had been speedily made manifest by the successes of Athens in the Hellespont, and the renewed confidence which she inspired in her insular allies. Demosthenes had measured himself in the Theban assembly against the whole Macedonian party, and had found his own eloquence more potent than the gold of Philip. He had organised a powerful confederacy and a fine army; he had restored the ruined state of Phocis, and refortified her dismantled towns. He had done more; he had engaged in two actions with the formidable pikemen of Philip, and had not had the worst of the engagement. Every thing seemed to indicate that the hour was at length come when Greece was to avenge her wrongs, and push back the aggressor to the barrenness of his native hills. All this, indeed, might have happened, though we do not say it would, had a competent commander

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existed in the Grecian army. A skilful tactician might possibly have out-manœuvred his antagonist, and, by throwing his chief weight upon a single point, have borne down the invincible phalanx by sheer numbers. But this was work for the hand of a master; and with all his glorious qualities, Demosthenes was not a general. The two armies met hand to hand, and the battle, like Waterloo, was one, it seems, of "sheer pounding." A battle of this kind can only be decided, where the numbers and the courage are tolerably equal, by superior condition and dexterity in the use of arms. In these points, of course, the newly-levied soldiers of the allied army were inferior to the trained veterans opposed to them. They fought till their strength gave way, and then many of them fell where they stood. The Theban Brigade, composed of picked recruits, perished to a man. Athens had a thousand killed and two thousand taken prisoners, who belonged to the flower of her citizens. The other contingents no doubt suffered in proportion. The rout, in fact, was complete, and carried despair and terror into the heart of every allied state.

What must have been the sensations of Demosthenes when he fled from that fatal field, leaving behind him all the high hopes and aspirations of the last two years quenched in the blood of his countrymen! The whole policy of the war, moreover, was identified with himself; and to him he would feel that the present calamity must be imputed. Yet our admiration for the man is but increased tenfold, when we observe the calm strength of mind with which he prepared himself to avert, as far as might be, the consequences of this dire calamity. Neither he nor his countrymen entertained any thoughts of yielding. They vigorously set themselves to work to collect their movables into the city or outlying forts, and to place the fortifications of Athens in a defensible condition. It is a testimony to the worth of Demosthenes, which no after calumnies can shake, that at this desperate crisis he still retained his full hold upon the confidence of the Athenians. They evidently believed that his policy had been wise and politic; and they would not allow a single reverse, however terrible, to destroy their faith in his genius. In this disposition of the citizens Demosthenes must have found the best salve for the defeat of his hopes, and the ruin of his native land. Nor was he, perhaps, without a further consolation. For he might probably consider that his own presence within the walls of Athens, and the determined spirit which his words would be expected to inspire, had influenced Philip in the moderate terms which he proposed, and given Athens a new lease of freedom, while Thebes was reduced to slavery.

But with the peace which followed the battle of Chæronea

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came the ascendency in Athens of the Macedonian party, and with that, of course, the ascendency of the enemies of Demosthenes. So convinced, however, were the people of the debt of gratitude which they owed to Demosthenes, notwithstanding the failure of his efforts, that the machinations of his enemies were fruitless. Æschines endeavoured to undermine his reputation by opposing the motion of Ctesiphon for giving him a golden crown in return for his great services after the battle. But the temper of the people was such, that he prudently desisted from the attempt, and waited for a more favourable opportunity. Eight years afterwards, the unsuccessful efforts of Demosthenes to induce the people to join in the revolt of Agis may perhaps have invested him with a little temporary unpopularity, which deluded Æschines into the belief that he might now revive his accusation with a better prospect of success. Hence the speech *Contra Ctesiphontem*, and the famous reply, *De Coronâ*, of which all our readers know the end. Æschines was exiled; and Demosthenes lived on five years longer at Athens, prosperous, as we may suppose, and honoured. Then, as old age approached, misfortunes began to thicken round him. He was accused of taking money from Harpalus, one of the satraps of Alexander, who had fled to Athens to escape the consequences of his flagrant misgovernment, and embezzlement of the revenues of his province. The probability of this offence we shall not discuss now; but there seems to have been a popular suspicion that with the advance of years Demosthenes had not wholly escaped that particular vice to which the aged are prone. Harpalus is said to have tempted him in the first instance with a choice cup, and to have judged from the sparkle of his eye that he was not impervious to such arguments. He appeared for his defence with his throat muffled up; on which a wag remarked, that it was not the quinsey he was suffering from, but the silver quinsey, *οὐχ ὑπὸ συναγχῆς, ἀλλ' ἀργυραγχῆς*. At all events, he was found guilty; whether justly, like Lord Bacon, or unjustly, like Lord Dundonald, we shall never know, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The orator, however, contrived to escape from the city by the assistance of his friends, and probably with the connivance of his enemies, and passed the next two years in exile. Experiencing now for the first time the fickleness of popular favour, he is said to have exclaimed, as he hurried out of the city-gates, "Why, O Minerva, do you love the three most abominable things in nature, the owl, the serpent, and the mob?"

Demosthenes spent a great portion of the next two years between Trœzen and Ægina. The treatment which he had experienced had stung him severely, as we may judge from the

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circumstance that he always dissuaded the young men with whom he conversed from entering upon public life, alleging that had he his own time to come over again, he would certainly avoid it like a pestilence. This, however, is only the natural bitterness which we can freely pardon in one who had worked so hard for the public good, and done so little; who had deserved so well of his country, and been treated so ill. But there was one last triumph in store for him, ere that indomitable spirit was quenched, and that victorious tongue silenced. At the death of Alexander, Greece started convulsively from her torpor, and again shook her chains uneasily. The Athenians fancied that a fresh opportunity might have occurred to regain their lost freedom. The first result of this awakened sentiment was the unanimous recall of Demosthenes, the remission of his sentence, and the payment of his fine by the State. His return, we are told, was like a triumph; and it may well have compensated the orator for all the humiliation he had suffered. But the end was near at hand. Antipater encamped within two days' march of Athens. Demades, his creature, proposed and carried sentence of death against the two orators, Demosthenes and Hyperides. The latter was dragged from his sanctuary and executed, at the instance of Antipater. Demosthenes, to avoid the like fate, poisoned himself in the temple of Neptune, three hundred and twenty-two years before the birth of Christ.

The claims of Demosthenes to the character of a great statesman rest mainly upon the following points: the magnitude of the abuses which he strove to amend; the nature of the opposition which he had to encounter; and the resources of the powerful enemy against whom his policy was directed. Perhaps, of the chief measures which Demosthenes carried, or of the chief improvements which he effected, there is only one that would come under the modern denomination of the reform of an abuse; and that was the reform of the Symmoriæ. But the secularisation, so to speak, of the Theoric Fund, and the hardly-won consent of the Athenians to substitute native soldiers for mercenaries, were practically much the same thing, and may all be considered under one head. Scholars are not agreed upon the exact nature of the naval expenses of Athens previous to the year 358 B.C. But we may inform our readers that it was only partially defrayed out of what we should now call the ordinary revenues of the State. These were devoted to purely civil and domestic expenses; the maintenance of an army and navy in time of peace forming but a very small part of an Athenian's idea of public duty. The State, however, found the

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hulls of the ships and the pay and provisions of the sailors. The rigging, general equipment, and the labour of enlisting the crews, was provided for by the direct taxation of the upper and middle classes. These were divided into bodies of sixty members each, called "Symmoriæ," in which no citizen was liable to be enrolled whose real estate was less than three talents, that is, by a rude calculation, about 60*l.* a year of our money. When triremes were wanted, each of these symmoriæ was called upon to supply its quota; and then the members of each usually formed themselves into small subdivisions, according to the numbers wanted. If five were demanded of each symmory, it would divide itself into twelve subdivisions; if twelve were wanted, into five; each of these subdivisions supplying one trireme. Now in the working of this system were two flagrant abuses. The proportions in which the cost of each vessel was shared among the contributors was equal, and not regulated by the amount of their respective fortunes. The man of five talents paid as much as the man of forty. The second was, that the head, or trierarch, of each minor section (called a Syntelia) was able to evade his own obligations, by a practice that was infinitely injurious to the state. "Give me so much," he would say to his syntelia, "and I will do the job for you." But it seems to have been notorious that the money so raised was not honestly expended upon the equipment of the trireme. Either the trierarch kept it for a time in his own hands,—a practice not unknown to our own administrations in former days,—and put the interest into his pocket; or he would sell the job to some contractor, who, of course, made his own profit out of it, by furnishing bad goods and untrustworthy sailors. In either case the service suffered. Fleets did not put to sea till the time for operations had passed, sailors deserted, and ropes and masts were rotten. Such at least seem to be the general characters of the abuses indicated by Demosthenes, and explained, sometimes *ignotum per ignotius*, by his commentators. But it is enough for us to give our readers a general idea of what they were; and so far, we believe, the above remarks are to be trusted.

Two measures of reform, at two different times, were introduced by Demosthenes, of which the first was rejected; only, however, to make way for a much more stringent one, fourteen years later; a lesson worth remembering by all classes of obstructives. The first, indeed, was so moderate as to leave an impression that Demosthenes was only feeling his way, and meant it rather as the thin end of the wedge than a final settlement of the question. It did not touch the first abuse at all. It removed some of the facilities for practising the second, yet could hardly have rendered it impossible. Accepting the existing classification of

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citizens, he made the subdivision of symmoriæ into syntelia a regular part of it, and fixed the number of the latter at five, consisting of twelve members each. Three hundred triremes were to be kept permanently afloat. Each symmoria, of which there were twenty, was to undertake the maintenance of fifteen ships; and each syntelia, consequently, of three. The twelve members of the latter were all to contribute their share; and the sum to be devoted to each trireme was fixed at a talent. This system might have been so worked as to put a stop to any thing like bargaining between a trierarch and his fellow-syntelians, or it might not. But as it was violently opposed by the wealthier classes, we may presume they saw in it a means of controlling their own mal-practices for the future. By their exertions it was thrown out. But a much more grievous interference with their vested rights was in store for them. We have seen that the bill of '54 contained no provision for graduating the payments of the contributors according to the scale of their incomes. But the next measure which Demosthenes introduced and carried abolished the old system at a blow. He divided all persons liable to contribute into five classes. If a man's ratable property (at Athens, only one-fifth of the whole amount) was ten talents, he had to furnish the cost of one trireme; if twenty talents, of two triremes; if thirty talents, of three. If above thirty, he had to furnish a service-boat in addition. Those who had above three talents, but under ten, were grouped together in proper proportion for the purpose. This was a great step in advance; and we have already mentioned the good effects by which, coupled with the secularisation of the Theorica, it was immediately followed. But not even could all the eloquence of Demosthenes have effected the reform, had not Athens for once been fairly frightened out of her torpor. And there seems reason to believe that after the battle of Chæronea, when the citizens had relapsed into their former apathy, this admirable measure was annulled.

We have said that the history of the Symmoriæ is obscure. About the nature of the Theoric Fund, on the contrary, there is no mystery whatever. This was simply so much of the revenue of the year set aside for purposes, to which the name of religion lent a sacredness, but which were, in fact, little more than shows for the amusement of the people. It is true that the fund had to wait for its annual contribution till the other branches of the public expenditure had been satisfied. Nor is it asserted by Demosthenes that in peaceable times the fund had any mischievous effect. The revenue was large enough for the ordinary requirements of peace, without trespassing on the sums devoted to the public festivals. Yet the question will

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naturally arise, When *were* the Athenians at peace? Certainly, from the conclusion of the Peloponnesian war to the battle of Chæronea, a period of sixty-four years, we should say that at least fifty years were years of war. Moreover, the prominence of the King of Macedon upon the theatre of Grecian politics had greatly changed the conditions of Grecian warfare. That sovereign maintained a large standing army, in a high state of discipline and efficiency, ready to take the field at a moment's notice. This was a practice to which the Greeks were wholly unaccustomed. But it is pointed out by Demosthenes in his first great speech upon the subject, that if Athens were to resist Philip at all, she must fight him with his own weapons. In a word, an Athenian standing army had become a necessity of the times, and carried with it as an inevitable consequence the elevation of the regular peace expenditure to a very much higher level. But the only means by which this could be done without appropriating the Theorica, was a property-tax. Now of course it is very easy to say, that to rob the poor man of his processions, and his music, and all his humanising pleasures, to save the pockets of the rich, is a very odious proceeding;* yet it strikes us that this is not quite a fair way of stating the case. The rich already contributed in their due proportion, if not more, to the burdens of the State. Indirect taxation at Athens was so small† that the poorest classes, whose incomes fell below the minimum which brought a man within the pale of the liturgies, were practically almost untaxed. Yet they it was who benefited most by the Theorica. Not more than a fifth part of the entire revenue was derived from sources to which the poorer classes contributed. The customs and excise, the fines levied in courts of justice, what we might now perhaps call stamp-duties, with other imposts of this nature, were of course shared by the rich and poor alike. Besides these, there was the tribute derived from the subject allies of Athens, which in turn benefited both equally. But then came the two institutions of the liturgies and the property-tax. A liturgy was the discharge of certain public expenses, undertaken in rotation, by citizens of a certain degree of property. By these means, of course, particular expenses were lifted, not partially, but entirely, from the shoulders of those whose incomes fell below the standard. They did not contribute to them either by direct or indirect taxation. Now the fortune which a man was required to possess in order to be placed upon a liturgy was not less than three talents.‡ And in the year 323 B.C., of the whole number of Athenian

* Grote. † See Boeckh.

‡ About 730*l.*, which at the Athenian rate of interest (12 per cent) would be 60*l.* a year.

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citizens, only 9000 could be found who possessed more than twenty minæ, or about the third part of a talent. Yet Athens in 323 could scarcely have been less flourishing, in a pecuniary sense, than she was in the days of Philip. She had enjoyed peace for nearly fifteen years, and during the whole of that time her finances had been under the direction of a statesman who, in the course of his administration, had increased the national revenue by two-thirds. This was Lycurgus, the ablest financier, according to general agreement, who had ever been known at Athens. The property-tax, moreover, which extended to a lower grade in the community than the liturgies, stopped short of fortunes so low as only twenty minæ. But if there were only 9000 citizens whose property exceeded twenty minæ, how many were there likely to be whose property amounted to one hundred and eighty, the standard required for the liturgies, or even to twenty-five minæ, the standard required by the property-tax? It is easy to see, therefore, on what a very small section of the population these two burdens must have rested. Yet they defrayed no small proportion of the entire expenditure of the state. We cannot go into the details of this subject here. Scholars don't require it, and others must take us at our word. In the second place, when a body of native soldiers was levied, a considerable portion usually belonged to the upper classes, and supplied their own arms and accoutrements. It was clear, then, that there must be a limit somewhere to this exemption of one favoured class from the obligations of supporting their common country; more especially when all alike had votes in the Ecclesia, and it was in the power of the poor to turn the scale in favour of war, for which the rich had only the privilege of paying. If only, therefore, as a guarantee against rash and passionate proceedings, it was expedient that some part of the sacrifices which a war entailed on the community should be shared by every class of citizens. Moreover, it must not be forgotten, that the suspension of the Theoric Fund, though most grievously felt by those classes who had no private means of obtaining amusement, would be felt to some extent by all classes, as all took a lively interest in the religious ceremonials and splendid pageants on which the money was expended. It is to be observed, also, as far as Demosthenes is concerned, that he never hints at the appropriation of the Theoric Fund without at the same time asserting the necessity of a property-tax. His opponents, as far as they are known to us, resisted both. But who those were, who, according to Mr. Grote, strove to use the Theoric money as a substitute for a property-tax, we have yet to learn. It seems an unfair charge to bring against the upper classes at Athens, that they sought to relieve themselves from

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an unwelcome impost, by throwing the burden upon what was emphatically the people's purse. That some among them should have been found to act in this manner is only probable. But there seems to be little or no evidence of any such policy on the part of the aristocracy at large. We write, however, subject to correction. We only assert that, unless better reason can be shown than we are at present acquainted with, to impute such motives as these to the whole body of Athenian gentlemen has in it more of prejudice than philosophy.

That the proposed diversion of the Theorica to war-purposes could not have been a bribe tendered by Demosthenes to the wealthier classes, in order to bring them over to his own side, by showing them that war might be carried on without any fresh inroads upon their pockets, is sufficiently proved by the fact already stated, that he always coupled the appropriation of the Theorica with the imposition of a property-tax. But Mr. Grote, with that tendency to clothe the ideas of antiquity in forms appreciable by the modern world, which is one great charm of his history, sees, or fancies that he sees, in the Theorica what he is pleased to call "a church-fund;" and he says that the suspension of the fund "was the same in principle, as if the proprietors in France or Belgium claimed to exempt themselves from direct taxation for the cost of a war, by first taking all or half of the annual sum voted out of the budget for the maintenance of religion."* Now this is scarcely a just analogy. The services of the different temples were not defrayed out of the Theorica. The essentials of religion were in no wise dependent on this tribute. Demosthenes, we should imagine, would never have ventured to speak of it as he does if such had been the case. He speaks of it as something unnecessary, ἃ μὴ δεῖ,† as something which the governing classes employed to tame and lull the populace.‡ He compares it to the food which physicians give to the sick, which just keeps them alive without imparting any fresh vigour.§ Does not this description remind us rather of the gorgeous ceremonials of the Romish church, whereby she diverts the minds of her members from inquiry and reflection, than of the cost of her regular establishments? To us it seems that if the Theoric fund were a religious fund at all, it was so in the former sense alone. But a fund of this nature is not one which the practical statesman is likely to respect very deeply. When the state is in danger for want of fleets and armies, who would not grudge the funds which are squandered on such purposes as these?

The Theorica, we must remember, was not property; nor yet

* Vol. xi. 497. † Ol. iii. ‡ Ib. § Ib.

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an equivalent for property unjustly confiscated, like the salaries of the Belgian clergy. It was merely the surplus revenue of every year handed over to the commissioners of festivals, when all other public wants had been satisfied. But when soldiers and sailors, ships, horses, and arms were not forthcoming for the public service, how could it be said that the public wants *had* been satisfied? Considering, therefore, that there was nothing abstractedly objectionable in the appropriation of the Theorica to secular uses; considering the vast benefit which it would have conferred on the Athenian public if resorted to earlier; and considering the powerful array of prejudice and interest which the orator finally overcame;—we think that this measure alone would have been sufficient in modern times to stamp him with the character of a statesman.

The employment of mercenaries in place of the citizen-soldiers of former times was but one symptom of the deep-rooted change which had come over the Athenian character. And here we cannot do better than quote the exact words of Mr. Grote:

"The Demosthenic Athenian of 360 B.C. had, as it were, grown old. Pugnacity, Pan-Hellenic championship, and the love of enterprise had died within him. He was a quiet, home-keeping, refined citizen, attached to the democratic constitution, and executing with cheerful pride his ordinary city duties under it; but immersed in industrial or professional pursuits, in domestic comforts, with impressive manifestation of the public religion in the atmosphere of discussion and thought, intellectual as well as political. To renounce all this for foreign and continued military service he considered as a hardship not to be endured, except under the pressure of dangers near and immediate. Precautionary exigencies against distant perils, however real, could not be brought home to his feelings; even to pay others for serving in his place was a duty which he could scarcely be induced to perform. . . . . This decline of the citizen militia, and growing aversion to personal exercises, or military exercises, together with the contemporaneous increase of the professional soldiery, unmoved by civic obligations, is one of the capital facts of the Demosthenic age. It was a fatal severance of the active force of society from political freedom and intelligence, breaking up that many-sided combination of cultivated thought with vigorous deed which formed the Hellenic ideal."

As indifference is almost worse than active hostility, so was the apathy and languor into which the Athenian Eupatridæ had now sunk a worse enemy to the statesmanlike views of Demosthenes than even the abuses of the symmoriæ, or the wasteful expenditure of the festivals. Nevertheless, even over those he achieved a partial triumph. But the misfortune was, that the acknowledgment of his wisdom invariably came too

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late. The Olynthian war alone cost Athens 1500 talents; and she despatched to the Chalcidic peninsula at different times no fewer than 14,000 soldiers and fifty triremes. A fifth of this expenditure would have saved Amphipolis; a third of it laid out in time would have saved Olynthus: but it was squandered in useless driblets, or committed to the charge of generals who had to make war, maintain war, and to go, not where the exigencies of the State required, but where pay could be obtained for their soldiers. It was not merely that armies composed of mercenaries were less reliable in the hour of danger, or more prone to desert their colours. They seem, on the whole, to have fought well when they did fight, as, curiously enough, mercenaries almost always do; and instances of desertion, when they had no arrears of pay to make up, were comparatively rare. But it was the gradual desuetude, the moral and physical softening amongst the Athenians themselves by such a practice, which was perhaps its most mischievous result. Hence we see that when they did go out in person, but little came of it. They were always anxious to come home, and shunned the hardships of a winter campaign; and finally, in the great trial which decided the fate of their country, it was their want of training and stamina which turned the scale against them, and loosened their knees before the iron veterans of Macedon.

With regard to the opposition which Demosthenes had to encounter, we may at first wonder that men so inferior to himself should have thwarted his efforts so effectually. But the wonder will cease upon reflection. The old anti-Periclean feeling had never died out at Athens; and we may be sure that with the reverses she had undergone it would revive in force. The oration of Isocrates *De Pace* conveys an excellent impression of the views which this sentiment engendered. The orator was born in the year 436 B.C.; he had doubtless talked with men who remembered the old free Empire of Athens and the view of politicians like Aristides and Cimon; he had seen the full vigour of the later Athenian autocracy, and had probably shared in the calamities produced by her efforts to preserve it. He was in the prime of life when the fleet of Lysander rode triumphant in the Athenian waters; and the humiliation of that moment could never have been effaced from his memory. He had witnessed, in short, the complete failure of the Periclean experiment. After that he had seen Athens again rise from the ground, and by observing as far as was possible a policy of strict neutrality, become once more, at the date of Philip's accession, the most powerful community in Greece; while the Spartans, on the other hand, succeeding to the Athenian supremacy, had brought down upon themselves at the hands of

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Epaminondas the very same punishment which they had previously inflicted on their rivals. It was natural, nay inevitable, that such a man should look with alarm and suspicion on the efforts of the young Demosthenes to revive the old warlike and restless spirit, which had been, in his opinion, the cause of such numerous calamities. "Whatever authority," he would say, "ye can acquire by the exercise of justice, moderation, and generosity is a worthy and lasting distinction. One hundred years ago united Greece invested you with the Hegemony, on account of your superior righteousness; but she wrested it from your grasp when you had converted it into an instrument of oppression and insolence. The same fate befell the Lacedæmonians, who never experienced any signal reverses from the time of Lycurgus till they obtained the supreme authority in Greece." These arguments, combined with others of a more practical kind, —such as, that if Athens could not make the war policy pay in the height of her power, much less could she do so now,—must have had immense weight with the elder and more influential portion of the Athenian public. They would naturally confound Demosthenes with the demagogue party, as Isocrates calls Pericles "the greatest of the demagogues;" they would think of Alcibiades, of his eloquent language and magnificent schemes, and in what they ended; nor is it likely they would apprehend much danger from the Macedonians, whom they had been accustomed to regard as a nation of robbers and barbarians. It was this union of ancient prejudice and present blindness in men of the highest integrity, authority, and experience, which Demosthenes had to combat, and no wonder it proved too strong for him. Their traditions capped him, so to speak, at every point. If he appealed to Pericles, they appealed to Aristides. If he spoke of the dangers of inaction, they dwelt upon the calamities of war; and it was not till Philip was at their gates that their eyes could be opened to the different circumstances of 440 and 340 B.C. But powerful as these arguments must have been, we must be permitted to doubt whether these alone could have so long averted the popular mind from a policy so congenial to its nature as that recommended by Demosthenes, had it not been for the additional authority they acquired from another source. No one, indeed, could deny that there was much excellent sense in the views of Isocrates; but so there had been in those of Nicias. Experience, it is true, lent additional weight to the arguments of the former; but the Athenians were not prone to be guided by experience. Granting that they had, as Demosthenes complains, grown lazy and indifferent, we still have to inquire what made them so. It was not physical degeneracy, for the Athenian brigade fought as

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bravely at Chæronea as its ancestors had done at Marathon. Shall we, then, be erring very widely if we suspect that "young Athens" must have lain spell-bound by an influence far more potent than the simple common sense of Isocrates, Phocion, and Eubulus? Plato, indeed, was no advocate, as things were, of a stationary or retrogressive policy. He soared far above the ordinary conservatism of the hour. But he had too great a contempt for all that smacked of democracies and demagogues to pay much attention to the warnings of Demosthenes, while he would probably be to some extent attracted by the primitive simplicity and austerity of Phocion. In the mean time, he would be leading away his countrymen from all habits of practical thought; fascinating them by the glory of his visions and the splendour of his language, and rendering every-day politics insipid to them; or, what was worse, by continually dwelling on the degeneracy of the age, and the confusion into which the gold and silver races had fallen, deterring them from patriotic exertion, by instilling contempt for any thing which it could hope to gain. It is true we hear little or nothing of him in connection with Athenian politics, but it is incredible that he should have been without an extensive following among the most intellectual youth of the age. And some of our readers may perhaps be able to remember the effect of that dreamy but fascinating eloquence, when transmuted into the lectures of one of the most persuasive but least practical of modern Oxford tutors. Against such influences as these, it is not so wonderful that Demosthenes did so little, as that he was able to do any thing at all.

It is curious, if nothing else, to observe the similarity of tone which prevailed at Athens about the chances of a war with Philip, and those which we used to hear in England about the chances of a French invasion. Demosthenes used almost the identical words of the Duke of Wellington, in pointing out to the Athenians that if they did not fight Philip abroad, they would have to fight him at home. "It now," says he, "lies with you to decide whether you are to carry war into his neighbourhood, or he into yours. If the Olynthians resist him, you will be able to fight him in that country, and do mischief to his own territory, while you enjoy this your native soil in security. But if Philip conquer those regions, what is to prevent him from carrying his arms hither?" To this it was replied, as so many of us have argued about the present French Emperor, "ἀλλ' ὦ τᾶν, οὐχὶ βουλήσεται — but, my good fellow, he has not the slightest wish to invade us." "Well, then," says Demosthenes, "he must be a much greater fool than I take him for, provided we continue to pave the way for

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him." He then reverts to his tone of warning. "The loss inflicted," says he, "by a camp established in Attica for only thirty days, which should take its daily supplies from the country round about, would exceed the whole expenses of the last war; and this, if there were no enemy in the country. Judge, then, what would be the cost if there were; in addition to which would be the outrages we should have to undergo, and the disgrace stamped upon our affairs, which to wise and good men is as bad as pecuniary losses." Our readers should compare with this the celebrated passage in Wellington's despatch from Spain, enforcing upon the government of the day the policy of continuing the war. Both in words and sentiment it will be found an almost exact coincidence.

And now what chance was there that Athens, if she had listened to these vigorous counsels, could have really kept her foe at arm's length, or have imprisoned him behind the ridges of Mount Æta? This is a speculation which, although one of the most interesting in ancient history, has been very sparingly pursued; principally, no doubt, from the want of materials to form a judgment. Of the material resources of Attica, though we know a good deal in the way of scattered particulars, we have no digested information. For even Boeckh pretends to little more than conjecture on many most important points; while of Macedonia we are of course in entire ignorance. Still it is possible to form some rough calculation of Athenian resources which may help us to a conclusion, at all events approximating to the truth. There seems little doubt that a very much larger revenue, exclusive of liturgies and the property-tax, could have been raised by the Athenian government, in good times, without reducing the poorer classes below the level which they now occupy in most European countries. Very great obscurity confessedly prevails on the subject. But we are, perhaps, justified in assuming that the taxes paid, including fines, confiscations, &c., which formed a regular item in the public exchequer, did not exceed one-thirtieth of the entire wealth of the country. There is no doubt that, although Demosthenes recommended so warmly the imposition of a property-tax and the appropriation of the Theoric Fund at special emergencies, he nevertheless saw his way to a considerable augmentation of military force, without having recourse to these contrivances. In the first Philippic, he proposes to the Athenians the establishment of a small but permanent force, which would cost the state annually ninety-two talents, a sum amounting to about a third of the regular revenue at the time.* In the

* These points, however, are exceedingly uncertain.

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course of his speech he read out a statement of the ways and means by which this money was to be raised; and it need not be said that the loss of this statement is an irreparable calamity to the historical student; for it would have given him an insight into the financial condition of Athens, which no extant documents can now supply.

However, it does not appear that he on this occasion reckoned the Theoric Fund among the sources to be relied on; for of course that would have amounted to a perpetual confiscation of it, whereas public opinion was not yet ripe for even its temporary suspension. Nor, on the other hand, could it have been a simple property-tax by which he proposed to effect his object; for that, as Mr. Grote says, could have been announced in a single sentence. He could not have proposed to lay heavier imposts on the subject allies; for their fidelity was doubtful even then, and any such proposal would have converted them into open enemies. It must have been, therefore, by some scheme of indirect taxation that he proposed to raise the sum required. And probably, if it had been so raised, it might in process of time have been doubled. Ninety-two talents would have provided for ten triremes, 2000 heavy-armed infantry, and 200 cavalry. This money, however, only provides for the sustenance of the troops engaged; their pay they were to acquire by plunder. In addition to this standing army, a fleet of fifty triremes, with troops on board, was to be fitted out for this particular campaign, and to be held in readiness to meet Philip's expeditions in whatever direction he undertook them. The smaller force, we should have stated, was intended to harass Philip in his own dominions, blockade his coasts, and clear the sea from his cruisers.

The speech containing these proposals was spoken in the spring of the year 351 B.C. But more than a year before, Philip had taken so large a stride in his career of conquest, that we doubt if the adoption of such measures as those here proposed by Demosthenes would not have come too late. By the beginning of the year 352, he had become virtually master of Thessaly. He had pushed his southern frontiers to the river Sperchius, and held the sea-coast as low down as the Pagasæan Gulf. Nothing but a large army of observation posted along the side of the mountains from east to west, from the Ambracian to the Malian Gulf, could have availed to stay his progress. This Athens herself was confessedly incompetent to furnish, even had the jealousy of her immediate neighbours permitted her to do so. Yet so little hope was there of a confederacy among the northern Greeks, that Demosthenes expressly says, in the first Olynthiac, that the Thebans would

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probably be only too glad to invade Attica with Philip. Seeing, therefore, the very moderate proposals which Demosthenes made in 351, we can only suppose that his boast, three years before, of Athens being able to turn out as many hoplites as she chose, was a rhetorical flourish. He now at all events admits that she cannot cope with Philip by land. The revenue of Athens at this time, including the tributes of the subject States, did not exceed at the outside 500 talents. Demosthenes considered, both then and afterwards, that Athens was not safe with a smaller fleet than 300 triremes. Of these, the building and equipping might be defrayed from the liturgies, property-tax, and Theorica. But the pay and provisions for eight months out of the twelve, alone amounted to 1500 talents, or more than double the regular revenue of the State. Ten thousand hoplites,—and fewer would have done no good,—would have cost 250 talents; and 1000 cavalry, who were paid rather higher, about thirty-two talents. Thus the whole expense would have amounted to 1782 talents, or very nearly three times the sum-total of the revenue. Yet if Athens was to fight Philip single-handed after his conquest of Thessaly, we scarcely see how any smaller force could have been sufficient; and though we believe that the revenue of Athens must have been capable of expansion, we cannot imagine that it could have borne such a constant drain as this.

The fact is, that every measure of resistance which the Athenians adopted came too late. The force asked for by Demosthenes in 351 would have been ample in 358. The measures at length resorted to in 340 would have been effective in 351. In 358 it was open to Athens to have regained possession of Amphipolis, an event that would not only have hampered Philip very greatly, but would probably have exercised a good moral effect over the adjacent islands; and, as far as we can judge at this distance of time, might have prevented the revolt of the confederates, and saved the renascent empire of the Athenians from being nipped in the bud. But less than fifty triremes and 2000 hoplites would have secured the possession of Amphipolis. Later again, while Philip was gradually either openly subduing or secretly corrupting the seaports of Northern Greece, a prompt exhibition of force, not superior to that mentioned, might probably have compelled him to desist. But after his subjugation of Thessaly, he seems to us to have gone beyond the point at which any single State of Greece could have arrested his career. Even then, however, the same confederacy which was formed before the battle of Chæronea might have succeeded in defeating him. But that in turn was put off, till a dozen years later it became as ineffective as the schemes of

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Demosthenes seem likely to have been twelve years earlier. Still we must remember that was all that Demosthenes could do; and that, perhaps, had he been successful, he had intended to use his success as a stepping-stone to greater things.

On the other hand, though we know comparatively little of the resources of Macedon, it is clear that they sufficed to maintain on foot a large native army in a far higher state of efficiency than had hitherto been dreamed of in the world. In every thing that fits an army to take the field, and to keep up a protracted campaign without inconvenience, the Macedonians were far ahead of their opponents. The population of his hereditary dominions afforded Philip an excellent supply of soldiers, as fond of campaigning as mercenaries, with all the fidelity of natives. The shepherds and herdsmen of the Macedonian hills, when disciplined on the Theban system, which Philip had learned from Epaminondas, must have been equal to our own Highlanders, after the drill of a regular army had been grafted on their native hardihood. These were the materials which composed the celebrated phalanx. To these, after his conquest of Thessaly, Philip was enabled to add the most efficient cavalry in Greece, besides a large accession of trained soldiers of all arms, who had served under the tyrants of Pheræ, and the numerous petty chieftains who acknowledged their supremacy. Besides his land forces, he had now in hand an active and well-paid fleet, which, if less powerful and less numerous than that of Athens, was able nevertheless to inflict great injury upon her commerce, and to annoy even unto disaffection her insular allies. He was also, we are told, drawing no less than 1000 talents per annum from the gold mines of Pangæa, a region north of Macedonia, to which he had first obtained access by the acquisition of Amphipolis.

Against this formidable array of power, what had Athens to oppose? A citizen militia, which could never hope to equal more than a third of the force which Philip would bring against it, composed of men unused to service, and physically unfitted for it by their ordinary mode of life; mercenaries, who owned small allegiance to an impoverished exchequer; and a prestige, which served the double purpose of blinding Athens to her own danger and exciting the jealousy of the other Greeks against her overweening pretensions. There was indeed one kind of armament in which Athens still maintained her traditional supremacy. Even during the worst days of corruption, she had probably a fleet which no Macedonian force would have ventured to encounter. But in a contest with Macedon, her fleet was comparatively useless. After the battle of Chæronea, she had a splendid fleet of 300 triremes in the Ægean, under the com-

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mand of Phocion. But it was absolutely powerless. Events proceeded as if it had not been in existence. No doubt, if by means of her fleet she could have prevented the war, or effected the recapture of her maritime dependencies in the north, it would have told greatly in her favour. Yet it may well be doubted whether the command of the seas could have really availed a people, the heart of whose dominions was within two days' march of a superior military power, which they could not confront in the field, and could only hope to check by occupying a mountain pass ere their vigilant assailant could reach it. Philip, in a word, could inflict far more injury upon Athens by land than Athens could on him by sea. She could only touch his extremities; he could lay his hand upon her vitals. No doubt the acquisition of the important towns which lined the Thermaic and Strymonic gulfs greatly facilitated his subsequent conquests, if only by the accession of revenue which he derived through their customs. What Athens might have done, had she put her shoulders to the wheel before the loss of Amphipolis, we will not undertake to say. We believe, however, that she could have stayed his progress for a while. But the contest between them was of that nature which, unless accidents intervene, has usually but one ending. Philip had a large area of territory, and little commerce; Athens had a large commerce, and a small area. There is, after all, a limit to the physical resources of a small state. It cannot bring into the field more men than it can breed. Money, indeed, will buy them mercenaries to any extent; but mercenaries have never yet proved any thing but a very dear defence of nations. We must also take into account the effect which wealth and refinement often, though not, we trust, inevitably, produce upon a people every class of which is subject to their influence. A species of apathetic cosmopolitanism seems a natural growth of minds devoted only to art, literature, and luxury. If these are the great ends of life, what does it signify whether a nation be independent or in servitude? There never was a ruler yet who would not gladly purchase the tranquillity of a conquered province by a lavish encouragement of æsthetics:

"Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum."

The excessive refinement, the over-ripe civilisation which disposes a people, unconsciously to themselves perhaps, to acquiesce in this compromise had, we can hardly doubt, made great progress at Athens. An energetic resistance to Philip scarcely seemed worth the cost to the lounging philosophers and critics of that highly intellectual race. They had speculated and criticised and split straws, till they had almost reasoned away all solid and

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conscientious principles. An appeal to their ancient glories was certain to produce applause, perhaps even a vigorous resolution. But it lost the name of action almost before the assembly had dispersed. The immediate prospect of invasion would do more. It would make them don their armour, and positively go through a campaign. If there was fighting to be done, they showed no lack of courage; but if not, they came home again. They could endure the chance of being killed, but not the certainty of being bored. Now when a people is sufficiently numerous to insure that only a certain number of them at any one time shall be under the influence of this moral narcotic, no great harm may be produced. Indeed the drug itself is prevented from exercising its full effect by the excitement of emulation and competition between the higher and the lower classes. But at Athens this was not the case. There all were equal, and those all were very few. Consequently the evil in question was without any antidote to its poison. And if we superadd this to the military disadvantages under which the Athenians laboured, we shall see good cause to doubt whether any thing could finally have saved them which depended on their solitary exertions.

This, however, does not in the slightest degree detract from the greatness of Demosthenes. Plunged in the heat and bustle of the conflict, his clear duty was to do the best of which circumstances admitted. And no doubt it is a moot point whether, if his advice had been followed from the very first, the Athenians would not have been successful. But at all events he is entitled to the credit of having been the first among his countrymen to detect the real state of affairs. The events which terminated with the peace of 346 seem to have shaken his confidence in the power of Athens single-handed; and thenceforward we may presume that he began to turn his attention to the formation of a confederacy to embrace all the Greek States which lay between Thessaly and the Isthmus. This was clearly the last chance left. Unhappily for Greece, it failed. But it failed through no want of foresight or wisdom in Demosthenes, who had long recommended to his countrymen those very practices for default of which they fell before the troops of Philip.

What we proposed to ourselves to delineate in writing this article, was the character of Demosthenes as a statesman. His merits as an orator have been so frequently and so fully discussed, that little more remains to be said. Perhaps, however, if there be a point in which the general opinion has at all erred, it is in the comparison which is so often drawn between Demosthenes and Cicero. Plutarch in his enumeration of their salient points, does indeed mention that to which we are now

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alluding; but he does not seem to have thought that there was any necessity for dwelling on it; we mean the circumstance that Cicero, in addition to his oratorical and political abilities, was a great lawyer, and an accomplished man of letters into the bargain. Demosthenes laid out his whole strength upon his speeches; Cicero had a large fund in reserve. And though this would not alter the fact that Demosthenes was the greater orator, it materially affects our judgment in determining their claims to genius. Another point also which Plutarch cites in favour of Demosthenes will be given, we should think, by most modern critics in favour of Cicero. The Athenian had little or no humour; the Roman brimmed over with it. Cicero, indeed, seems on the whole to have had a more complex mind and wider sympathies; but Demosthenes had a simple strength, which we see alike in his speeches and in his actions, unknown to his famous rival. The distinction of his eloquence is its concentrated energy and unswerving relation to the main point. The bearing of every remark upon what is to follow is as clear as in the pages of Macaulay. He was not exactly impassioned; he was too much in earnest. Nothing, he was well aware, could be more forcible than the plain truth about Philip, if the plain truth could be set before the people in a good light. To this end he devoted all his labours; and the result is marvellous. The chiselling of the Philippics and Olynthiacs is perfection. They are terse and luminous at the same time in a measure that has never to our knowledge been equalled. Here it is that Demosthenes stands unrivalled, and a model for the orator of all ages. But Cicero, we think, was his superior in the power of exciting the passions.

As a man, Demosthenes was free from the vanity and ostentation of Cicero, just as Cicero in turn was free from even the suspicion of corruption. What truth there may have been in the story of Harpalus we cannot tell. Plutarch would appear to believe it; but modern scholars have no confidence in Plutarch. The Athenians no doubt believed it; but they must have considered it venial, to judge from their subsequent behaviour. Yet this is the only spot upon the orator's trying career. The story of his cowardice at Chæronea in reality amounts to nothing. He ran when others ran, instead of waiting to be speared. That is all which modern investigation has been able to discover in the story. We may, then, dismiss from our minds pretty nearly every thing to his disadvantage which has come down to us from antiquity, and remember him only as the patriotic and sagacious statesman, the failure of whose efforts was not less honourable to him than interesting and suggestive to ourselves.

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Art. V.—TESTS FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Report of Select Committee on Civil Service Appointments, with Minutes of Evidence. Parliamentary Papers, 1860.

Annual Reports of Civil Service Commissioners. Parliamentary Papers, 1856-1860.

The duty of real Liberals and Reformers has altered strangely within the last five-and-twenty years. Formerly, we had to flog the horses: now, we have to put on the drag. It used to be our task to obtain political power for the *people*: it is our task now to prevent political power from being centred in the *populace*. Formerly, we had to secure the vast educated middle-class intelligence of the country from being overborne by an oligarchy: now, we have to protect it against being swamped by a democracy. Formerly, we had to strive against undue restriction of the franchise: now, we have to guard against its undue extension. In 1830, again, retrenchment was our duty: in 1860, it is our danger. *Then*, we had to strive against reckless extravagance: *now*, we have to strive against reckless parsimony. Then, we had to do battle with villanous and wasteful jobbery: now, we have to do battle with silly and wasteful stinginess. Then, too, we had to argue that war was a folly and a crime: now, we have to remind ourselves that it may sometimes be a solemn and a paramount obligation. Then, we had to denounce a spirit of vicious and busy intermeddling which had so long infested our foreign policy: now, we have to denounce a doctrine of isolation almost as insane, and incomparably more selfish. Finally, and to come to the matter more immediately before us, in 1830 we had to make head against a system of patronage which appointed young men to the Civil Service without any test of character or capacity whatever: in 1860, we have to make head against a scheme which would apply a test at once irrelevant, excessive, and inadequate. Then, we had to reform a plan which filled the junior posts in the Administration with incompetent and gentlemanly dawdlers: now, we have to defeat a scheme which would fill them with unsuitable and discontented prigs. Our work, as friends of freedom, progress, and good government, varies with the varying danger and the growing hour; and our variations become the measure of our true consistency. The tack we go on is different, precisely because the port we steer for is the same. The real steady navigator is not he who keeps his canvas always full, and scuds merrily before the gale, but he who trims his sails and turns his helm according to the shifting

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currents and the veering breeze—who uses the wind as his servant, instead of bending before it as his master.

We are about to say a few words on the subject of "Competitive Examinations" and Civil-Service Appointments; but our readers need not be afraid: we are not going to drag them through the wearisome iterations, irrelevant details, and promiscuous declamation with which discussions on this matter have been usually encumbered. We purpose merely to brush aside all verbose generalities and silly stories which have no pertinence to the question in hand, but are employed to bury it out of sight; and to bring once more into clear light what that question really is, in its simplicity, its integrity, and its magnitude—so that the public may not come to a decision on a false issue, which at present there seems great danger of their doing. We may *use* Blue-Books, but we shall not *quote* them; we shall strive to be as distinct as possible, and we can promise to be almost disappointingly brief. In truth, the question, though grave and momentous, and more extensive in its bearings than at first appears, is not complicated, nor exactly difficult. We do not mean to say that the reasons to be given will be overpowering, or the decision obvious and irresistible, or that competent and single-minded judges may not entertain different opinions; but at least, as soon as the real issue is made plain, those who diverge will know precisely the grounds of their divergence, and will diverge only because their *objects* are distinct, and their principles and temperaments inherently antagonistic—like those of Tories and Democrats, or High-Church and Nonconformists.

We put aside, in the first place and at once, all the loose censure thrown upon the Civil Service Commissioners and Examiners by those who are hostile, as we are, to the Competitive Scheme of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. The stories current of their having rejected candidates because they could not work sums which would never in actual life be needed; or because they could not answer questions which no one but a pedant would have asked; or because they spelt words wrong the right spelling of which is still *sub iudice*,—never were worthy of credit, and have been by their recent reports conclusively disposed of. They may occasionally have set tasks which were rather hard, and expected knowledge which was rather recondite, and been more surprised than men of the world need have been at the ignorance they encountered; but we must remember that the qualifications to be required in the candidates were settled with the assistance and concurrence, in every instance, of the Heads of the several Public Departments; that the examinations have been well adapted to test

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these qualifications; and that in no instance, we believe, has a candidate been rejected whose examination-papers did not contain errors or deficiencies in *the common branches* of learning which made it impossible for a conscientious examiner to pass him. Our testimony, after some years of pretty extensive, and not over friendly, observation, is, that the Civil Service Commissioners have done their work in first-rate style, and with a completeness and care that any public department might envy; that we have never caught them tripping; and that they have always been ready with a triumphant refutation of every charge. That they have rejected candidates who would have made, or had made, or did make, excellent public servants is possible enough; indeed, it is indisputable. But it was because the requirements established after long consultation left them no choice in the matter; because the test applied was inherently faulty and inconclusive; or because these candidates never ought, in our judgment, to have been subjected to that test at all. The Commissioners and Examiners have done their duty admirably; we only wish all civil servants did it as well.

We put aside, again, with little ceremony the first memorial of Sir Charles Trevelyan which opened up the question; because its statements were shown by the most experienced chiefs of the several departments to be enormously exaggerated, and because, even where not exaggerated, they had no real bearing on the present issue. We put aside, too, the Report of the Commons Committee of last year; because the constitution of that Committee was partial, because the Report was in the teeth of the evidence, and because the statements it contained were open to the same objection of irrelevancy. We put aside for similar reasons all the anecdotes (some of them piquant enough, it must be confessed) of the shameful or the ludicrous incapacity of many of the clerks appointed under the old *régime;* the ignorance and idleness of some, the filthiness, the idiocy, the valetudinarianism, and the dishonesty of others,—because these things avowedly apply to a state of affairs long gone by, a state which no one defends, to which no one wishes to recur, and which has already been put an end to by a reform which was introduced almost by acclamation. We put them aside, further, because their reproduction in the present controversy has, to our taste, an ugly flavour of dishonesty. Abuses of that nature, cogent and conclusive arguments as they were in favour of the improved system which has swept them away for ever, are utterly impertinent and beside the question, when the discussion is whether this improved system shall itself be superseded by an altogether different and very questionable one. Valid enough against unchecked patronage, they are worthless

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against nominations, which are cancelled unless the nominee can prove his competence. Relevant enough and wholly unanswerable when urged on behalf of a "pass-examination," they are utterly irrelevant and out of place when adduced as pleas for "open competition." To bring them forward *here*, is somewhat impudently to throw dust in public eyes which it is thought possible to blind. None of these reasoners pretend to assert that *since* the Civil Service examinations were instituted in 1855 any incapable clerk, landing-waiter, or exciseman has been appointed;—where, then, is the logic or the fairness of contending for an entire change in the plan and object of those examinations on the ground of scandalously unfit appointments, many of them as ancient as 1835?*

We put aside also, on the other hand, all the wild and loose talk, so common in certain circles and in a *sotto-voce* tone, of the necessity of unlimited power of patronage in a Parliamentary system like ours, for keeping parties together and enabling Ministers to carry on the Government. Arguments of this sort, whatever unacknowledged weight they may have with inconsiderate minds, had better at all events keep silence. They might pass muster once, but they will not bear daylight now. Those who urge them in the present discussion would be ashamed of them, if they ever stated them in clear broad language even to themselves. For if they mean any thing, as applied against an examination test, they mean this: that for the sake of government by party, Ministers must be permitted to appoint civil servants who are incapable of service, to foist upon the public purse men who are not worth their pay, in a word, to rob and injure the country by nominating men to places which they are not competent to fill, and which yet incompetence cannot fill with impunity. They must mean, that is, that the end is to be sacrificed to the means. But, in truth, the argument has not even the miserable validity which, at first sight, might be attributed to it; for under the actual system the right of appointment is vested in the Minister as unreservedly as heretofore, and he can oblige his parliamentary supporters by appointing their friends: if these friends prove incapable of taking up their

* We may also notice how irrelevant is the remedy proposed for incapacity in high places by a severe standard for low places. *The Quarterly Review* well observes: "During the Crimean war every heart burnt with indignation at the incompetence of some of the principal officers [officials?]. Two or three bad appointments brought Lord Palmerston's last Ministry to the ground. But is this the patronage which competitive examinations are to purge? Not a bit of it. They fly at much lower game. The hawks are annoying them, so they shoot the sparrows. The public cry out that their interests are jeopardised, because important posts are filled by men whose parliamentary interest is their solitary claim; and forthwith our *doctrinaires* declare the necessity of reforming, at any cost and at any risk, the appointment of the junior clerks."

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appointment, neither Member nor Minister can be found fault with. Both have patronised their supporters; the one has requested and the other has bestowed a government appointment; it is only THE FATES at Dean's Yard that have stepped in to frustrate their benevolent design.

Finally, we put aside as futile the representations of those who contend that there should be no examination for nominees to government employment, on the ground that such examination cannot test *all* the qualifications needed, and can only test those it does select imperfectly and fallibly. The Civil Service, it said, demands *qualities* as well as acquirements. The candidates should possess integrity, firmness, steadiness of habits, moral courage, sound discretion, gentlemanly feeling, and in many instances presence of mind and bodily activity, as well as reading and writing, arithmetic, and some acquaintance with geography and history, and such industry and intelligence as the existence of these attainments may be considered to presume; yet the possession of the former class of requirements no Civil Service examination can even pretend to ascertain. This is perfectly true; and the objection hits precisely the incurable inadequacy, and therefore to a certain extent the deceptiveness, of the examination test, where exclusively relied upon. But no one will for a moment venture to argue that an inadequate test is not better than no test at all; that an investigation which secures the existence in those appointed of at least several necessary endowments is not preferable to a system which dispensed with investigation altogether; or that we ought to abandon a contrivance which ascertains the intellectual qualifications of the candidate because it does not ascertain his moral qualifications likewise. It was notorious that in the case of the junior appointments, to which alone the examination now applies, neither the Member of Parliament who solicited the nomination nor the Minister who bestowed it, ever, except in the rarest instances, troubled himself about either the character or the capacity of the recipient; now, at least, the Civil Service Commissioners learn something of the one and a good deal about the other; and reject all who are either distinctly improper or obviously incapable. The present system is, therefore, with all its imperfections, an indisputable improvement on that which it superseded; and it is idle and mischievous to pretend the contrary. It may not give us a very superior class of civil servants, but it will at least eliminate the dunces and will do something to eliminate the bad. It will exclude all the utterly incompetent, though it may probably exclude some who might have become most valuable also. It may not raise the average of talent, but it will enormously improve the minimum.

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We doubt whether the Permanent Service of the Crown will henceforth have better men than formerly, but we are sure it will have none as bad.

The practical question, however, now before the country is not, whether this system, which on the whole works well, and might be modified so as to work still better, shall be retained and improved, but whether it shall be superseded by a wholly different one, quite as imperfect and far more objectionable. The proposal of the English *doctrinaires*, who have in a manner made the subject their own, is to replace "*pass-examinations*" by "*open competition*,"—to put up all the junior appointments, at least, in the Civil Service of the Crown, to a sort of educational auction (and how long they would confine their demands to these *junior* appointments their arguments and incidental expressions leave us in considerable doubt,)—in a word, to invite all comers to a general concurrence, or competitive examination, and to hand over the vacant offices, as a matter of right, to those candidates who have the greatest number of marks. Not *detur digno*, but *detur digniori*, is their maxim: "let the prize" (they say) "be assigned to the youth who can surpass his rivals in the contest and pass the most difficult examination, or who can pass it in the most brilliant manner. He has shown the greatest intellectual qualifications, and these qualifications are what the Administration ought to attract and to command." Now this argument we maintain to be fundamentally erroneous, and this recommendation to be fraught with mischief of the gravest sort. The plan proposed would constantly give us the wrong men, would constantly exclude the right men, and would react injuriously on the education and the independent spirit of the country. The means suggested are by no means adapted to the end desired; and those who urge them must either altogether misconceive the end, or greatly miscalculate the means. We are of opinion that they do both.

In the first place, it is a great mistake to fancy that you wish to attract into the Civil Service the cleverest and ablest young men. You don't want them; you can't utilise them; and you won't remunerate them. As a rule, they would be both wasted and out of place as clerks or subordinate *employés* in any of the public offices. They are not needed there, and they *are* needed elsewhere. As a rule, under the present organisation of our administrative departments, they would be an embarrassment, and not a treasure;—and it is not easy to see how or why this organisation should be changed. Nine-tenths of the work to be performed is the easiest and simplest routine. This routine has to be mastered and to be submitted to: the

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fresh comers enter of necessity at the bottom of their class; get gradually broken into the system; and rise by drearily slow degrees to the highest posts for which, in after years, they prove themselves competent. The first five years of their official life are probably spent in copying letters and arranging documents and calculating plain arithmetical accounts;—all of them occupations requiring obedient steadiness, plodding patience, and unfastidious industry; none of them requiring ability or knowledge, or any intellectual qualifications beyond the simplest and most ordinary. The next five years are spent in work of a rather higher order, in writing the ordinary letters which formerly they copied; perhaps in analysing ordinary papers, in collating regular accounts; usually in getting through routine tasks, in routine order, and under routine surveillance. Even for these functions the most moderate amount of talent suffices; independent judgment is scarcely ever wanted, and would often be in the way; accuracy, steadiness, and fair intelligence are the qualities specially in demand. After twelve or fifteen years of official experience, as the higher positions are approached, and the trained civilian has a prospect of rising to the headship of one of the many branches into which his office is divided, such talent and knowledge as may have survived the benumbing ice-house of his preliminary service come into play and help him forward in the department; and if he be a man of really distinguished ability, he may aspire to the highest posts attainable through regular promotion. But even at this period of his career, solid judgment, quiet sagacity, and reliable and searching diligence, are more important to the service and will more contribute to his advancement than large acquirements, brilliant scholarship, or clever originality. And the posts we speak of are so few in number, compared with the *employés* in the department, that only a very small proportion of those who enter can aspire to reach them, and those who do,—even if they are tolerably fortunate,—reach them only after twenty or five-and-twenty years' weary grinding in subordinate toil. In truth —and this is the undeniable fact which lies at the root of the whole matter—that especial quickness and cleverness, and those superior abilities and acquirements, which it is the especial object and function of a competitive examination to test and to bring out, can find no place for action and no opportunity for display in the Civil Service, except in those higher posts which are reached by few, and which are reached by none till the lapse of a quarter of a century has tired them out or worn them down. In the subordinate grades, these finer qualities are rather embarrassing than serviceable; in those grades ordinary capacity is really more valuable than brilliant powers. We want *some* men of

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eminent attainments and of first-rate talents, and these the chances of the service are sure to afford in sufficient abundance:—for the remainder it is far more important to have men who are *on a level* with their work, which a pass-examination will secure, than men who are *above* it, whom open competition would be certain to force in.

In the second place, not only do we not want, not only can we not beneficially employ, "the ablest and most ambitious youth in the country," whom Sir C. Trevelyan thinks we ought to attract into the Civil Service of the Crown, but we could not remunerate them were they to come. Were the proposed system substituted for the existing one, and carried out in all its fullness, we should be worse served than at present, and we should have to pay incalculably higher for that worse service. The young men who now enter the public offices begin with salaries varying from 70*l.* to 100*l.* per annum, and rising (on the assumption of good conduct) at the rate of 5*l.* or 10*l.* a year. This sum, in addition to the social status at present implied or conferred, is ample pay for the work performed: it is sufficient to attract the class of men wanted, and it is sufficient to secure the qualities required. The country need not, and ought not, and will not choose to be called upon to pay more. Plenty of young men, of quiet temper, steady habits, and moderate capacities, are perfectly willing to give six or eight hours of faithful routine service a day, demanding no great exertion and offering no interest at all, for a salary, which, beginning at 70*l.* or 100*l.* will perhaps reach 200*l.* or 250*l.* in fifteen years, and which the more sanguine and aspiring hope may fructify by the time they are fifty into a possible 500*l.* for some of them. But will "the ablest and most ambitious youth of the country" be content with that? Ought they either to seek for such work, or to be satisfied with such a pittance? The able and ambitious are much more wanted elsewhere, and will do much better elsewhere. Those who would carry off the palm at the "open competition" proposed, would obtain emoluments four or five fold those of the Civil Service at the bar, in solicitors' offices, by their pen, and, above all, in commerce. They would rise and flourish rapidly in other professions: they will only mope, wither, and blaspheme in the Public Departments. Plodding mediocrity is nowhere so well paid as in the Civil Service; aspiring genius is nowhere so ill paid. The "able and ambitious" had better embrace any other profession; they will bear more fruit; they will do better service; they will reap richer recompense. Hundreds of families will confirm experiences like the following:—The eldest son is a youth of studious habits and very promising abilities; his father is satisfied, and

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with some reason, that he is qualified to rise high in administrative service; he sends him to college, spares no expense in his education, and having facilities therefore, obtains for him a government appointment in one of the most desirable of the public offices. The young man passes a most creditable examination, enters his post, and does his work conscientiously and well. The second son, steady also and capable, but not brilliant, is articled to a solicitor, obtains after his term of service, first a salary, and ultimately a junior partnership. The third son, without much talent of the literary sort, is sharp, active, and sagacious; a less complete and less expensive education will suffice for him; he goes into a merchant's office, and his father ultimately buys for him either a partnership with some established house, or an opening in some manufacturing concern, for about the same sum that his eldest son cost him at the University. At the age of thirty, the two younger and less clever brothers are comfortably married and making, the one one thousand and the other two thousand a year;—the eldest and ablest has reached three hundred pounds a year, or four hundred pounds, if he has been singularly lucky; has the honour of serving Her Majesty; but, notwithstanding, feels himself wasted and left behind, is a bachelor still, is discontented and depressed, and has good reason to be so. We could specify such cases without number.

The higher the qualifications aimed at and the more severe the competitive examinations, the more, it is obvious, shall we introduce of unsuitable and discontented men. That, the examination system now in operation, with the modified degree of competition engrafted upon it, has already brought into the service numbers who, competent and clever enough, are necessarily above their work, and, as necessarily, despise and dislike it,—the evidence printed by the Committee of the House of Commons brings very plainly to light. The testimony of the practical officers in the different departments is unusually consentaneous on this head. The youths appointed under the new system are "certainly better educated than formerly, but not of as good business habits;"—"as capable as the old ones, but not more so;"—"often presumptuous and self-sufficient, inclined to insubordination, and fond of argumentative displays;"—"manifest an inconvenient inclination for literature in business;"—"think that education is all that is required, and look on their duties as beneath their abilities;"—"are fond of discussion, and private writing and reading during office-hours," &c. Yet many of these, who have proved rather "defective in intelligence, energy, and quickness, passed a highly satisfactory competitive examination, having gained 920 marks out of 1100."

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But we have a still heavier objection to urge against the system of "open competition." It would not only bring in the wrong men, but it would keep out the right men. Competence in the ordinary branches of education being assumed in all cases, —and this is secured by a mere pass-examination,—the most important and valuable qualities required in a civil servant are not shining talents or extensive acquirements, but, preëminently and especially, steadiness, good sense, and sound judgment—in fact, moral rather than mental endowments. Now, in the first place, these endowments do not usually exist in extremely young men, and (what is more to our present purpose) do not usually show themselves early, even when they do exist; yet the age fixed for admission to the junior appointments is from sixteen to twenty-two years. The door is closed to most clerkships and other posts at the age of twenty,—to all at the age of twenty-five. In the second place, not only are these quiet but most essential qualities not brought out by a competitive examination, but they are certain to be thrown into the shade and obscured, if not rendered invisible by it. The youth of slow judgment in such a strife has no chance against the youth of quick parts. He is sure to be beaten, and therefore sure to be excluded. The competitive examination tests facility of acquisition, retentiveness of memory, promptitude of work, and, to a considerable extent, power of steady application; but it does not test sound sense and natural sagacity in the least. This sobriety of mental poise is usually in inverse proportion to the power of early productiveness or facile acquisition; not only will competition not elicit it—it will ensure its being hidden. The gift of all others you most want may be there in rich abundance, but it is there in embryo; and you propose to adopt and universalise a system which will not only prevent your ascertaining whether it *is* there, but will compel you to ignore it even when you suspect its existence. The sober-minded man, the man of sound and instinctive *judgment*, is the man of all others whom you most need and whom you should seek to detect by every device of rhabdomancy; yet the plan you urge would invariably give the victory to his rival. You particularly require qualities which either do not exist, or do not display themselves till thirty,—and you refuse any above twenty-five. The limit of age, combined with competitive examinations, *will effectually exclude all slowly-developing minds and characters.* Yet these are the men, preëminently valuable every where, who would be especially valuable in the service of the Administration, and especially adapted for it. We do not say that occasionally the clever qualities and the solid qualities may not unite in the same individual; but this combination will be the exception, not

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the rule. Under the old system, of no examination, the slow men of judgment often got in, because their chance of arbitrary nomination was as good as that of others. Under the present system of pass-examination, they will get in also, because they can prove *competence*, though not superiority, and there is nothing actually to exclude them. But under the system of open competition, those who ripen slowly and ripen late, and who are so valuable precisely because they do so, will be excluded precisely because they do so. That which makes it desirable to get them will make it impossible to get them. Henceforth the Crown must depend for its supply of sober and sagacious judgment—which is *wisdom*—among its permanent civil servants on those rare accidents and exceptions to the usual facts of nature, where precocious cleverness has been combined with solid strength.

Again: what is the class of men who under a system of open competition are most likely to present themselves and to succeed? For the Indian appointments, for the Education Office, and possibly sometimes for the Treasury, they will be University men who have distinguished themselves and have taken honours. These youths, having already gone through a severe training, and coming up fresh from the sharp tests of the Oxford and Cambridge schools, will usually distance all competitors and will pass brilliant examinations. Of the intellectual competence of such men there can be no question; and as Lord Macaulay well argued, for the Government of India you need the highest intellectual qualifications you can obtain. But you require many other qualifications besides intellectual ones—qualifications as to which the most honourable examination affords no presumption whatever—qualifications, even, which may not improbably have been sacrificed in the struggle after those attainments which command success in competitive examinations. You need, in the first rank and in paramount degree, moral courage, quick-witted sagacity, insight into men and capacity to deal with them far more than familiarity with books—bodily vigour, and indomitable firmness. You need, in a word, all those qualities which our Indian civilians displayed in such a magnificent degree during the mutiny. You need men of resource, men who can fight, who can command, who can turn their hands to any thing, who can pass days and nights in the saddle. Where would our Indian Empire have been now, if our political residents and our civil officers had consisted exclusively or mainly of attenuated scholars, or shy and sedentary students? The competitive system for India has been in operation too short a time to warrant us in pronouncing a decided judgment on it from experience; but already we have heard complaints that

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the new men it sends out are of a different calibre from the old ones,—better educated, but less available, fonder of the desk than of the jungle or the road, and less inclined for hard riding and incessant toil.

In the great majority of the public offices at home, the examination for which is less highly pitched though still various and exacting, the men who are likely to be victorious will, we apprehend, be of a somewhat different stamp. Those who know what our training-schools are, and how clever and *forcing* is the system of teaching which now prevails in the best of the schools under the inspection of the Privy Council, see great reason to believe that "pupil-teachers" will be about the most successful, as they will probably be among the most anxious and aspiring, candidates. A perusal of the Examination Papers in use alarmingly confirms this anticipation. These youths have been brought up on that high-pressure plan which is so peculiarly fitted to enable them to pass brilliant examinations, and to do little else. They can answer questions that no one but an examiner would dream of asking; they can work sums which in real life they will never come across; they are almost preternaturally quick-witted; their information is all at their fingers'-end, and is wonderfully various and minute. Solid, able, sensible youths, educated on a different plan, would have little chance against them in open competition. They would carry off the appointments nearly as a matter of course, and they would seek for them eagerly; for the pay, even to begin with, would be about the same as they could have hoped for as schoolmasters, and the social status and the prospects of advancement would be much higher. They would be appointed because they would have *earned* their appointments; and no one would be responsible for them if they turned out ill. Ordinary certificates of character they would of course produce; but we all know how easily these can be obtained, and how little they mean. No Member of Parliament would be responsible for them, for no one solicited their nomination. The Minister would not be responsible for them, for he did not appoint them, he merely signed the appointment they had won.

Now, are these the youths with whom we desire, as a rule and in preponderating numbers, to fill our Government offices? They will be drawn almost exclusively from the better portion of the working classes and the lower portion of the middle classes; and they will engross the clerkships now bestowed almost exclusively among the upper classes and the higher portion of the middle classes. The change, to say the least, will be a grave one. We would speak of these "pupil-teachers" and brilliant pupils of inspected schools, as of the ranks of the

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community from which they spring, with tenderness and appreciation. These young men will usually be most respectable, and will belong to respectable parents; the extent to which they have qualified themselves is much in their favour; and they may be even more steady and well-conducted than those above them in the social scale. But shall we able to place the same reliance on their discretion? Much tacit reliance is necessarily placed upon the secrecy and discretion even of copying clerks. An opportune whisper, a premature disclosure, a shrewd brain coupled with a babbling tongue, might make a fortune, or upset a ministry, or embarrass a negotiation: we have seen something of this of late. Foreign diplomatists, unscrupulous merchants, grasping stockjobbers, are always ready to pay high for information which *employés* could, if dishonourable, often sell. How free our Civil Service has hitherto been from all shadow of suspicion of this sort we all know: shall we feel equally secure when that service is filled with clerks whose social position has been different, who owe their appointment to no friend or patron, who have *bought* their places, simply and fairly, by superior proficiency in specified branches of knowledge?

"In many public offices" (writes Sir G. C. Lewis) "papers containing information respecting pending questions of great importance, and of deep interest to private individuals, to companies, to associations, to the public at large, and to the whole civilised world, necessarily pass through the hands of clerks in their successive stages of preparation. The honourable secrecy which has distinguished the clerks of our superior offices, and their abstinence from communicating information to interested parties or to public journals, cannot be too highly commended. But this discreet reserve depends on qualities which cannot be made the subject of examination by a central board, or be expressed by marks upon a paper of written answers."

We should be inclined to dwell at some length on this head, which we regard as one of special moment, but our space is limited, and we have promised to disappoint our readers by our brevity. So we must pass on to two other grave objections to which "open competition" is obnoxious.

The advocates of competitive examination for junior government appointments urge it on the ground that it would react on and improve the general education of the country: we object to it on the ground that it would react on and *deteriorate* this education. They hold that it would influence our schools for good: we are confident that it would influence them for evil. Dr. Jeune argues thus—(it is very remarkable, by the way, that in this controversy all the men of experience are on one side, and all the men of theory are on the other; for Sir

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Charles Trevelyan, the only apparent exception, is so incurably and morbidly a theorist, that official experience has not told on him at all),—Dr. Jeune writes:

"Supposing your project carried out, you will, in point of fact, have established an imperial university, *which will mould every school and college in the land.* . . . . . The effect will not be limited to the higher schools. From the nature of the employment to be bestowed, the national schools must supply many candidates, and thus you will contribute to the improvement of every village in the country."

Very true (except the word "improvement"), and very alarming also. We can scarcely conceive a deeper injury inflicted on the primary and secondary education of the country, than that it should be moulded and directed with the direct purpose of enabling its pupils to pass competitive examinations for government appointments. As it is, the system of prizes, of pressure, of *show*, of shining, ostensible results, is producing an effect that is worse than questionable. The master is more bent upon cramming the memory than cultivating the mind of his pupils,—upon filling the soil, rather than preparing it,—upon working his boys so as to make a creditable appearance on a show-day, rather than in laying that solid foundation which will make them sensible and successful men in after life,—upon forcing those promising scholars who will do him honour, rather than upon aiding those more numerous slow ones to whom he owes especial duty. Every one conversant with primary schools in particular, knows how great is this danger. Inspectors look for *specimens;* parents look for positive obvious attainments. Real mental improvement and strengthening is too commonly unsought for and unperceived by both. The peril and the mischief of our present improved popular education is in its tendency and temptation to prepare scholars for examinations, instead of preparing them for life;—and our Reformers, in their headlong course, propose to augment this temptation and this tendency tenfold, by dangling before the eyes of schoolmasters and scholars throughout the land the glittering bait of a government appointment!

But the dangling of this same bait will bring about another, if not a still graver and more demoralising, mischief. It will infect us with that mean continental malady from which hitherto we have been almost wholly free. It will turn our people into a nation of place-hunters. The sixteen thousand places in the Civil Service will create one hundred and sixty thousand aspirants, and one hundred and forty-four thousand disappointed competitors. At present it is so well known that nominations to these places can only be obtained through aristocratic or

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parliamentary influence,—they are so notoriously and obviously out of the reach of nearly all,—that few dream of them, or seek for them, or change their course, or plan their education with a view to them. They do not enter, or scarcely so, into the calculated chances of life. But once adopt the system of "open competition," once turn these sixteen thousand places (as a Contemporary well expresses it) "into so many exhibitions for poor scholars,"—and the effect will be obvious in half a lustrum. Every labouring man who can keep his boy at school a year or two longer than usual, every shopkeeper whose son displays keen "parts," will see their respective offspring in imagination endowed with the dignity of a member of the Civil Service; will hold out to them this object of ambition, till they despise all humbler and more fitting callings, and in qualifying them for a position which only one in ten, or one in twenty, can possibly attain, will encounter serious risk of mentally or morally disqualifying them for others far more natural, more lucrative, and more attainable.*

It is worth while, in the last place, to give one thought to the possible consequence of establishing, virtually for the first time in England, an organised Bureaucracy,—a body of civilians, that is, intrusted with the entire business of the regular and permanent administration; independent of any Minister for their appointment; independent of any Minister as to their removal, so long as their work is average and their conduct good; most of them drawn from the same classes; all of them having entered through the same door; nearly all having passed through the same training, having been moulded by the same influences, and flattened, squared, elongated, compressed by the same educational machine. Such a body of men would soon become terribly like the Prussian functionaries, formidable in power because uniform in action and independent in origin, stereotyped in mind, hating innovation, unwieldy and unimpressible. The only security against the injurious and dangerous tendencies of such a Bureaucracy would be precisely that which it would be most difficult to apply,—viz. the introduction into its middle and higher grades of new men,—men from without,

* Mr. Merivale and Mr. Romilly hinted at something of this sort in their remarks on the proposal for open competition when it first appeared. "The ultimate result of open competition will be a democratic Civil Service side by side with an aristocratic Legislature. The comparatively moderate prizes of the Civil Service rise in value as you descend in the scale of society. Two or three hundred a year is a much larger fortune to the son of a tradesman or a farmer than it is to the son of a nobleman or a squire; and therefore the great majority of the appointments will fall to the lot of those who are in the lower social position. And the more the Civil Service is recruited from the lower classes, the less will it be sought by the higher, until at last the aristocracy will be entirely dissociated from the permanent Civil Service of the country."

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men from whom fresh ideas, original ability, and modifying action might proceed. But who that has had experience of the formidable, and in some respects perfectly just, outcry which any such infusion, *ab extra*, invariably arouses even now, will be sanguine as to the possibility of effecting it under a system which, while needing it far more, will assuredly endure it immeasurably less?

We think we may now fairly claim to have made good every count of our indictment against the menaced scheme for disposing of government offices by open competition. We have shown that it would bring in a class of men who are not wanted at all; —that it would keep out a class of men who are wanted most especially;—that it is not needed, that it would do no good, and might do much harm;—that it would most likely fill the public offices from a wholly different social rank from that at present in possession, and thus expose us to possibilities from which we are now almost entirely free;—that it would give us *cleverer* men, but not *fitter* men;—that its reaction on the education of the people, and on the independent and enterprising spirit of the nation, would probably be great, and would assuredly be noxious;—and finally, that it would create an inflexible body of functionaries whose harmonious working, in conjunction with a Parliamentary Government and an impatient people, is, to say the least, a very doubtful contingency. If the Ministry adopt the scheme, or even if they go much further in that modified introduction of it which has been recently effected, they will do so in opposition to the conclusions of dispassionate reflection and the warnings of nearly all experienced observers. The original plan of test-examinations works very well, and might readily be amended in some particulars. In passing candidates for the lower appointments in the Excise and Customs' Departments, corporeal qualifications should be much more regarded, and intellectual acquirements less than at present; if not, the number of inefficient officers will be increased instead of being diminished, though the inefficiency may spring from a different cause. For the post of "Principal Coast Officer," either the attainments demanded must be reduced, or the emoluments must be increased; for of late the rejections have been more numerous than the certificates. The difficult question as to how far the standard of requirements for a junior clerk should be fixed with reference to the functions he will have originally to perform, or with reference to those to which he may ultimately rise, is one which demands very careful consideration, but on which we have no space to enter here.

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Art. VI.—EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

Eugénie de Guérin, Reliquiæ. Publié par Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly et G. S. Trebutien. Caen. Ce volume ne se vend pas.

The "Remains of Eugénie de Guérin" consist of a short Memoir written by a friend, her own Journal, and some of her Letters. The book has not been published, and the papers were never intended to see the light. Mdlle. de Guérin herself was in noways remarkable by her position; she was merely a lady of good family, who lived and died in almost total seclusion from the world. That she numbered one or two men of letters among her friends was due to their connection with her brother, a poet, with some resemblance to Keats in the style of his talent and in his early death. Eugénie de Guérin appears to have shared her brother's artistic temperament; her perceptions of nature were keen, her literary taste good, and her style, commonly of an intense simplicity, is at times relieved by a playful conversational grace. But in all mere intellectual qualities she has been excelled by a dozen women whose names are in every mouth. The matchless charm of her writings lies in the fact that they are the record of a life, written without affectation but also without disguise, intended only for the eyes of a brother and of a friend from whom no thought was a secret; even the father whom she loved passionately was not suffered to see them, lest their melancholy should distress him. Complete up to a certain point, they are also guarded by a feminine reserve from all sentimentalism; they contain much that could never have been said in public, but nothing that might not have been said aloud. The need of a southern and artistic nature to express a portion of what it feels in words has never been suffered to degenerate into chronic garrulity; it was only from time to time that half a dozen sentences, the expression of many days' experiences, were written down; and the few pages that were thus filled are rather the index of a life than an autobiography.

Eugénie was the eldest daughter of a gentleman whose estate had been reduced by the Revolution to the single chateau of Cayla in Languedoc. The little country-house, with its terrace and garden, in the style of Louis Quinze, lay hidden among mountains and woods; the neighbours consisted of a few cousins and the clergy. When only fourteen, Eugénie, who slept in the same room with her mother, woke up to find her dying. Placed by this bereavement virtually at the head of the family, the young girl, who had been lively and fond of

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laughter, became thoughtful and collected; her life changed all at once; "it was like a flower thrown upon a coffin." To deep religious impressions she now joined an unusual solidity of character. Partly, perhaps, from a wish to share the studies of her brother Maurice, whom she loved passionately, partly that she might better understand the services of her Church, she insisted on learning Latin. Shut out as she was from books and society, she seems to have felt, what Luther so powerfully expressed, that the human heart is like mill-stones, which, in default of other grist, will grind themselves. As her brother grew up, he of course left home to go into the world. His sisters were too well-born to marry into the *bourgeoisie*, and too poor to be sought in marriage by men of their own rank. Except for the occasion of her brother's wedding, and once after his death, Eugénie never seems to have stayed in Paris; and in her father's house, where a stranger was an event to be recorded and talked over, she was thrown completely upon her own resources. Fortunately the routine of her days has been described by her sister.

"She rose, except when she was unwell, at six o'clock. After dressing she prayed aloud or in thought; and when she was in a town, she never missed going to hear Mass at the nearest altar. At Cayla, after her prayers, she went into her father's room, either to attend to him or to give him his breakfast, during which she read to him. At nine o'clock she came back into her own room, and repeated the prayers of the Mass. If her father was well and did not want her attendance, she employed herself in writing or reading, or in working, of which she was very fond, having the same fairy-like quickness of finger as of mind; or perhaps she looked over household matters, which she managed with great taste and good sense. At noon she went back to her room, and repeated the *Angelus;* then came dinner-time. After dinner, if the weather allowed, she took a walk to amuse her father, or sometimes that she might visit the neighbouring village, if there was a sick person to see or any one in sorrow to comfort. If, on coming back, about two o'clock, she resumed her reading, she always took her work and knitted as she read, not liking even the shadow of an idle hour. At three o'clock she went back to her room, where she commonly read the 'Visit to the Holy Sacrament,' by St. Alphonso Liguori, or perhaps the life of the saint of the day. After that she wrote till five o'clock, if her father did not send for her. At five she recited the Rosary, and meditated till supper-time. At seven she joined the family circle, but never stopped working. After supper she went to the kitchen, to pray with the servants, or often, during the vintage, to teach some little ignorant boy his catechism. The rest of the evening was spent in needlework; and at ten o'clock she was in bed, having first read over the subject on which she meant to meditate next day, in order that she might fall asleep with this good thought. Lastly, it is right to add, that every month she prepared

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herself for death, and chose one of the saints whom she was most drawn to as a model for imitation."

A few details as to the books she read may be gleaned from her Journal. Her favourites are mostly such as a devout woman of strong sense might be expected to choose—"the marvellous thinker Pascal, Bossuet, and St. Theresa, whose passionate mysticism was so wonderfully tempered by shrewd common sense and by the habit of government." Among more profane authors, Molière and Xavier de Maistre seem to have been the best approved; the latter, a friend of her brother, has evidently influenced her style. Modern literature, perhaps fortunately, was a little rare at Cayla; the *Mémoires d'Andryane*, after some censures, are dismissed with high praise; and De Custine receives more qualified commendation as amusing. Once Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* was sent for from a neighbouring town. It had been a question whether she ought to read it; but she was now in mature life, and decided that she might "meet the devil without making him a friend." The book was never procured: but we find her soon afterwards sending back *Delphine* unfinished and in disgust. "Mme. de Staël," she observes, "is always preaching right and acting wrong. I detest those women who mount the pulpit and lay their passions bare." Scott, and up to a certain point Lamartine, were the only novelists whom she cordially admired. Her reading was evidently intensive rather than wide. But the passages which she quotes are without exception of high merit. The few lines of poetry that occur make us regret that the editor has not indicated the sources. Once she quotes from Shakespeare with a characteristic comment: "'There are beings who are taken from the world for little faults; it is in love and to save them from fresh falls.' If one did not know that this thought was Shakespeare's, one would think it Fénelon's. Oh, I know to whom I apply it."

The application in her own mind was no doubt to her brother Maurice. What the little frailties were which his sister felt so deeply we need scarcely ask. Shortly after his marriage he sickened, and in a few months died. "The affection which covered all others, the heart of her heart," was taken from her. The death was not unexpected, for his health had always been weak; even when she danced at his wedding, Eugénie's presaging affection had tormented her with a second-sight of coffins placed round the room; but the blow was not the less terrible; "If the heavens were to fall," she said, "it would add nothing to my distress." Henceforward only two wishes kept her alive,—the desire to cherish her father's old age, and the hope of publishing her brother's works. Slight as this last wish may appear, it, for some unknown reason, has never yet been

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accomplished; and Maurice de Guérin is only remembered by the single fragment which George Sand edited, the "Centaur." Mdlle. de Guérin lived on through ten years of monotonous suffering, only consoled by the devoted friendship of her own and her brother's friends. For one of these last the latter part of her Journal was kept; to another the few letters that have been printed were addressed. It is curious to find the same gentleman the correspondent of George Sand and of Mdlle. de Guérin. Probably, to quote an expression of her own, she had placed the cross between her friend and herself to sustain both. At last, in 1848, the end arrived. "I believe," says her sister, "she saw the approach of death, but she never spoke of it; she would have feared to pain us." One of her last directions was, that her papers should be burned.

The private journals and letters from which our extracts have been made were saved from destruction, probably, because they were not in the hands of the family. They have been printed for circulation among a few friends. As time removes the reasons for privacy, it is to be hoped that they will be given to the world. Generally, there is a certain indecorum in publishing private experiences or feelings of any kind. But the life of a woman like Mdlle. de Guérin is at once so transparent and so deep, that it may bear any scrutiny, and will never be penetrated except by the subtle insight of sympathy. Memoirs of this kind are so scarce that, to the few who value them at all, they are inestimable. But on other and higher grounds their publication is desirable. The large public of honest men and pure women in France are little aware how much their national character is depreciated by the nameless baseness and badness of their novel-literature. It is no inveterate prejudice that leads Englishmen to ascribe the morals of stock-jobbers and of lorettes to a great people whom we sincerely wish to respect; most of us are constrained to take our information secondhand, and to trust to the pictures of French society which native novelists draw; and France suffers for the faults of a class who base their ideal of life on the breach of every commandment except the fifth; just as English society on the Continent is too often judged from the noisy and underbred among our countrymen. Nothing is more likely to remove such misconceptions than the knowledge of such a family interior as the memoirs of Mdlle. de Guérin show us, in which delicacy, purity, and the practice of little household charities seem as native to the daily life as they could be in the most blameless English home. With a little change of names and local colouring, the Journal might have been kept, and the life lived, by hundreds of English ladies. It is wonderful to see how slightly even the chief difference, that of faith, affects

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the writer's character. Probably many English Protestants will be startled to hear of a Catholic lady who was eminently devout, and who yet felt no attractions to conventual life, and disliked confessing to a priest who was not a friend. Only perhaps in one point is there a marked difference. A sensible Englishwoman would regard cheerfulness as a duty in itself, and would shrink from expressing any disgust with life. The ascetic element in Catholicism inspires a different tone; and Mdlle. de Guérin never hesitates to confess to herself that life has no attractions, and that she will be glad to lay it down. "At the bottom of all we find emptiness and nothing," the phrase she quotes from Bossuet, is the key-note to her confessions.

We proceed to quote at some length one or two passages from the Journal. The first that occurs opens cheerfully; it was written before her great loss.

"En lisant un livre de géologie, j'ai rencontré un éléphant fossile découvert dans la Laponie, et une pirogue déterrée dans l'Ile des Cygnes en creusant les fondations du Pont des Invalides. Me voilà sur l'éléphant, me voilà dans la pirogue faisant le tour des mers du Nord et de l'Ile des Cygnes. Voyant ces lieux du temps de ces choses: la Laponie chaude, verdoyante et peuplée, non de nains, mais d'hommes beaux et grands, de femmes s'en allant en promenade sur un éléphant dans ces forêts, sous ces monts pétrifiés aujourd'hui, et l'Ile des Cygnes, blanche de fleurs et de leur duvet. Oh, que je la trouve belle! Et ses habitants qui sont-ils, que font-ils dans ce coin du globe? Descendants comme nous de l'exile d'Eden, connaissent-ils sa naissance, sa vie, sa chute, sa lamentable et merveilleuse histoire; cette Eve pour laquelle il a perdu le ciel, tant de malheur et de bonheur ensemble, tant d'espérances dans la foi, tant de larmes sur leurs enfants, tant et tant de choses que nous savons, que savait peut-être avant nous ce peuple, dont il ne reste qu'une planche? Naufrages de l'humanité que Dieu seul connaît dont il a laché dans les profondeurs de la terre, comme pour les dérober à notre curiosité. S'il en laisse voir quelque chose, c'est pour nous apprendre que ce globe est un abîme de malheurs, que ce qu'on gagne à remuer ses entrailles, c'est de découvrir des inscriptions funéraires, des cimetières. La mort est au fond de tout, et on creuse toujours comme qui cherche l'immortalité."

The transition from a string of playful fancies to religion in its most sombre sentiments is highly characteristic of the writer. A strong feeling of any kind, even despair, seems to be a relief from the *ennui* of ordinary life. We in England know something of the craving for occupation in any shape that possesses unmarried women of strong character; but among us it finds vent in a hundred useful or harmless forms,—in district societies, in the study of new sciences, or in writing religious novels. There is comparatively little of this in France. Sisterhoods of Martha and Mary, and such-like kindred forms of ladies' com-

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mittees, no doubt exist; but they find the poor more jealous of interference than our own are, and the ground is already occupied by the priests, and by those regular fraternities. The prejudice against educated women, which is still far from extinct in England, is infinitely stronger in France, except in a few of the highest circles of the capital. This is no doubt chiefly the result of habit; the ideal of woman has been formed from those who are trained in convents and under the priests; and the worthy directresses of schools shrink very naturally from any approach to *la femme émancipée*, and view secular studies beyond the common bent with extreme suspicion. It is something of the same feeling which regards the cultivation of the physique as indelicate, and shrinks from "the rude unfeeling health" which English ladies derive from riding and long country walks. The native quickness and unrivalled conversational talent of French women enables them to talk, and even to think, well on less knowledge than would sustain any other race. If they marry early, they scarcely feel the want of high intellectual training; or if they come in contact with superior men, they easily seize the ideas that circulate around them. But the want of thought tells none the less, and avenges itself naturally; it leads to a brilliant hollowness in the intercourse of the *salons*, where trifles, scandals, and little narrow views of faith or politics take the place of serious ideas: it is the source of vice, or at least of indiscretion, among the more impulsive and worse trained, who take refuge from vacuity in passion; and in nobler natures, like that of Mdlle. de Guérin, it wears away life itself, by the ceaseless tension of the soul. Her position did not often bring her into mixed society. When she saw the world in her visits to Paris, she was able to remain outside it, enjoying it but self-sphered. The relief from solitude and the glitter of new ideas did not attract her so much as the insincerity disgusted her. The judgment she passes is the more remarkable in one who, we are told, made a great success by her character and originality, in spite of her provincial training.

"Tant d'habileté, de finesse, de *chatterie*, de souplesse ne s'obtiennent pas sans préjudice, sans leur sacrifier point de grâces. Et néanmoins je les aime, j'aime tout ce qui est élégance, bon goût, belles et nobles manières. Je m'enchante aux conversations distinguées et sérieuses des hommes, comme aux causeries perles fines des femmes, à ce jeu si joli, si délicat de leurs lèvres dont je n'avais pas idée. C'est charmant, *oui, c'est charmant en vérité* (chanson), pour qui se prend aux apparences, mais je ne m'en contente pas. Le moyen de s'en contenter, quand on tient à la valeur morale des choses? Ceci dit dans le sens de faire vie dans le monde, d'en tirer du bonheur, d'y fonder des espérances sérieuses, d'y croire à quelque chose. Mmes.

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de * * sont venues, je les ai crues longtemps amies, à entendre leurs paroles expansives, leur mutuel témoignage d'interêt, et ce délicieux *ma chère* de Paris: oui, c'est à les croire amies, et c'est vrai tant qu'elles sont en présence, mais au départ on dirait que chacune a laissé sa caricature à l'autre. Plaisantes liaisons! mais il en existe d'autres heureusement pour moi."

How exalted her notion of friendship was, we learn from another passage, which is in itself sufficiently remarkable. It will serve to complete the hasty sketch, to which our space limits us, of a life that deserves to be studied in its entirety.

"J'ai toujours cherché une amitié forte et telle que la mort seule la pût renverser, bonheur et malheur que j'ai en, hélas! dans Maurice. Nulle femme n'a pu ni ne le pourra remplacer; nulle même la plus distinguée n'a pu m'offrir cette liaison d'intelligence et de goûts, cette relation large, unie et de tenue. Rien de fixe, de durée, de vital dans les sentiments des femmes; leurs attachements entr'elles ne sont que de jolis nœuds de rubans. Je les remarque ces légères tendresses dans toutes les amies. Ne pouvons-nous donc pas nous aimer autrement? Je ne sais ni n'en connais d'exemple au présent, pas même dans l'histoire. Oreste et Pylade n'ont pas de sœurs. Cela m'impatiente quand j'y pense, et que vous autres ayez au cœur une chose qui nous y manque. En revanche, nous avons le dévouement."

Art. VII.—OLD CREEDS AND NEW BELIEFS.

Essays and Reviews. London: J. W. Parker & Son, 1860.

Dr. Davidson's Removal from the Professorship of Biblical Literature in the Lancashire Independent College. A Statement of Facts, with Documents. By Rev. Thomas Nicholas. London: Williams and Norgate, 1860.

Gespräche von Ulrich von Hutten übersetzt und erläutert von David Friedrich Strauss. *Vorrede.* Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1860. (*The Preface to D. F. Strauss's Translation of the Dialogues of Ulrich von Hutten.*)

Die Tübinger Schule und ihre Stellung zur Gegenwart. Von Dr. F. C. Baur. 2te Aufl. Tübingen: Fries. 1860. (*The Tübingen School, and its Relation to the Present.*)

The Faith of the Liturgy and the Doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles. Two Sermons, preached at St. Peter's, Vere Street, Sept. 9, 1860. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co., 1860.

On all sides, it must be confessed, at home and abroad, the religious world is a perfect chaos. It puzzles and confounds us

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The two first publications that we have placed at the head of this article exhibit the Dissenters and the Establishment of our own country in a strange and anomalous position towards each other. With Nonconformity, in all its old historical forms, we had been accustomed to associate the traditions of a long and noble struggle for mental freedom and religious equality. Trusting to its hereditary professions, we had always supposed that it was prepared to resist to the death every invasion of the sanctuary of conscience. We have naturally looked to it for hearty sympathy in all earnest and religious efforts to find out the truth, to diffuse knowledge, and to accelerate the moral and spiritual progress of the human race. On the other hand, we had been taught to regard the Establishment and her two associated Universities, especially the elder sister of Oxford, as the stronghold of a dogged and unimpressible conservatism, rich indeed in learning, and mighty in disciplined intellect, but guarding its accumulated treasures with griffin-like jealousy in unsunned and useless heaps, instead of bringing them forth to the light of day, and freely circulating them as a fructifying capital in unrestricted commerce with mankind. At the close of the first decennium of the second half of the nineteenth century, what do we actually behold? What is the startling contrast that presents itself? A man of great acquirements and unimpeachable character, whose services to biblical literature have won for him honourable notice from distinguished scholars in his own country and on the Continent,* is ejected from his professorship in one of the principal colleges of a Nonconformist body which traces its descent from the earliest assertors of religious liberty in England, and is proud of the names of a Milton and a Vane, a Watts and a Doddridge, not for any abandonment of doctrines regarded by the mass of Protestants as essentially evangelical, but for the simple adoption of certain principles of critical and historical investigation, which ignorant men, wholly unqualified to judge, have been pleased to charge with dangerous consequences, though they are now all but universally accepted by men of competent learning throughout Europe. A pupil of Dr. Davidson's, not prepared to embrace all his views, but loving justice and fair play, appealed to the public on behalf of an honoured teacher, in whose person he felt—and justly—that the rights of the individual conscience, and the interests of free Christian learning, had been wantonly assailed. Singularly

* Among his countrymen we may mention Dr. Cureton; among the Germans, Rödiger of Halle, Bleek of Bonn, and Lücke of Göttingen—the two last now removed from the scene of their earthly labours. Lücke recommended the translation of Dr. Davidson's *Introduction to the New Testament* into German (*Einleit. in die Offenbar. des Johannes*, § 85, p. 1067 note). This is a distinction not often conferred on an Englishman at the present day by the theologians of Germany.

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enough, almost at the same moment with the appearance of this seasonable pamphlet by Mr. Nicholas, there was published a volume of *Essays and Reviews* by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, taking up nearly every great theological question of the day, and discussing it without reserve, from the most advanced point of view, in a spirit of mingled reverence and fearlessness; neither blinking, after the fashion of most theologians, real difficulties, nor hesitating to suggest their most rational solution. The issue of such a book at such a juncture should have been taken as a rebuke by those who noisily assert their claim to be considered the only true friends of religious liberty, and would fain live on the credit of an ancestry braver and nobler than themselves. To do the Independents justice, this intolerant treatment of Dr. Davidson did not meet with universal approval. Some of their most eminent ministers, especially of the younger generation, openly withheld their sanction from this wretched exhibition of ignorant bigotry. Nor, again, can it be averred that the remarkable volume of *Essays and Reviews* which has just appeared, furnishes any adequate measure of the state of opinion, and the tendencies of religious thought, prevalent in the great body of the clergy, and among the learned men collected at the Universities. On both sides, therefore, it may be thought that the two cases are exceptional, and referrible to accidental causes, which have forced for the moment Nonconformity and the Establishment out of their natural relations and normal action.

We are inclined to believe, however, that the different temper of the two bodies, so conspicuous on this occasion, is not altogether casual, but springs from a deeper root. Religious communities which have divorced themselves for some conscientious scruple from a national church, while ever sensitively jealous of their sectional independence of the State, and mostly imbued with a fervid zeal for political liberty, will often be found hostile to free thought within their own limits; cramping the individual intellect almost in the same degree that they contend for the unfettered action of the sect. Their vital principle is essentially sectarian. Whereas established hierarchies, wrought by innumerable fibres into the whole social fabric, and striking their roots wide and deep into the great traditions of the past, rejoice in the lustre shed on them by the rich and varied learning of their members, and leave speculation and inquiry to take their own course in the minds of scholars, so long as they do not threaten to disturb foundations or excite political commotion. Their tendency is catholic and cosmopolitan. Smaller religious associations, held together by strong attachment to some one and limited object, and deriving all their social weight from unbroken

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unity of aim and action, are naturally very impatient of any movement among themselves which tends to weaken or destroy this unity, and to annihilate their political importance by resolving them once more into the general mass of their fellow-citizens. As the peculiar organisation of religious sects grows out of some specific want which the spiritual economy of their country, as historically constituted, does not meet, they do not in general attach much value to mental accomplishments. Their demands are almost exclusively spiritual; and their numbers being recruited for the most part from the lower classes of society, they are unsusceptible of any strong interest in objects beyond their own sphere. Nevertheless, this confinement of their attention to practical matters, and their disposition to act in concert as one man, give them immense political power, so long as they have any positive end to gain or any grievance and disability to remove. In great national struggles, too, such bodies will generally be found on the side of liberty and progress. But scholars and philosophers, as such, have little to expect from them. The patronage of letters and science flows more freely from the conservative heights of society. It was Hildebrand, the most sacerdotal pontiff that ever wore the triple crown, who protected Berengarius because he was a scholar, in spite of his eucharistic heresy. It was Laud who promoted the learned and accomplished Hales, notwithstanding the general suspicion of his Socinianising tendencies. Chillingworth perished in the Royalist camp, and was abused in his grave by Puritan bigotry. The Puritans were a noble band not devoid of a learning of their own, and our obligations to them are immeasurable; but their great service to the country was religious and political. The grand erudition of the age was with the Latitudinarians, who were conservative and distrusted by the multitude. It is remarkable that the Huguenots produced far greater scholars than the Puritans. What Puritan name, if we except that of Milton, perhaps that of Owen, can be placed in this respect beside those of Scaliger and Bochart and Casaubon and Petit and Saumaise? Possibly they owed this distinction to their close connection during the period of their greatest influence with the high aristocracy of France, then more deeply imbued than they have ever been since with the spirit of the *literæ humaniores*, which had spread among them from the contagious example of Italy. The citizens of Paris and other great towns, unlike those of London and Hull in the Puritan controversy of England, were vehemently opposed to all ecclesiastical reform. Unfortunately the same relation which fostered the learned tendencies of the Huguenots involved them in desperate political conflict which ultimately

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proved their ruin. For their continued influence as a religious body, they should have possessed much less or much more political power. With less, they might have been overlooked and despised by a haughty and indolent priesthood, and left to do a good work silently among the humbler ranks of their countrymen. With more, they might have overpowered the opposite faction and controlled the treachery of Henry IV.; and possibly from that vantage-ground they might have won, like the Puritans, the constitutional liberties of their nation, and established a healthy municipal life in its great centres of provincial development. But in either case, from deeper involution with popular movements, they would certainly have become less remarkable for their learning, though more powerful as a social and religious element in the State. We cannot pursue this contrast of the Puritan and the Huguenot tendencies, at once so similar and so unlike; though it seems to us pregnant with innumerable suggestions which have a significant application to the history of the two countries where they respectively arose. We have alluded to it here simply to confirm our general statement, though involving an apparent exception, of the different influence of establishments and seceding bodies on the free cultivation of learning. Outward independence of political control is a less needful condition of such a result than inward sympathy and encouragement. Our own country at this day furnishes a striking example. We see Dissent riveting its voluntary chains and surrendering its lawful freedom. We see the most eminent men of the Establishment, yet undisturbed in their ancient seats, breaking the yoke imposed on them by law and boldly seizing an illegitimate liberty. The anomaly is most remarkable, and its moral aspects must not be left unnoticed.

It will hardly be denied by any competent observer that the old Protestantism, as it took shape and action in the sixteenth century, has nearly done its work and is visibly on the decline; and that a reformation, as comprehensive in its way as that of Luther, must ere long be commenced, if Christianity is to endure as something more than a form of words, to bring outward professions and inward convictions into closer harmony. Narrow from the first, though made so almost inevitably by the necessities of its origin, the popular Protestantism has continually acquired a greater relative narrowness with the growth of knowledge and the expansion of the public mind. All the sciences that are now prosecuted with the greatest ardour and the most fruitful results,—geology, comparative grammar, ethnology, and the whole domain of archæology in its widest sense,—are contributing to break down its ancient authority, and

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necessitating the adoption of a different view of Scripture from that on which it fundamentally rests. The spirit of the age is silently working through and transforming the doctrinal crust by which the national intellect has been overlaid. In the first age of Protestantism scripturalism took the place of sacerdotalism. A new authority was wanted to supply what had been lost, and it was found in the Word of God. Those religious bodies who seceded the farthest from Rome, and carried out the principle of the Reformation most resolutely, like our own Puritans and their representatives, the later Dissenters, were the most rigidly scriptural in their theology. Every usage, every doctrine, must be sustained by an array of texts, and enforced by some positive biblical injunction. This tendency was at once their strength and their weakness. So long as it involved a deep vital conviction, it inspired them with a noble courage, as though they were acting and speaking under the direct authority of God. It gave them a remarkable simplicity and self-consistency of aim; it put them on an earnest study of the sacred text, and often made them consummate masters of sacred philology, as it was then understood; and they paved the way by those preliminary labours for the more enlightened researches of the modern criticism and exegesis. But this exclusive scripturalism readily degenerated into fanaticism, the more readily the more fervid and sincere it was. Based on the assumption of a verbal inspiration, it led to a dry, textual, scrupulous theology, and emboldened every sect, and almost every divine, to claim for their own conclusions the direct sanction of God himself; and it built up a view of the Bible utterly irreconcilable with an enlightened psychology, a large-hearted philosophy, and an honest interpretation of the facts of universal history. It is true, that the Protestant churches who made the most constant appeal to the Bible, interposed a creed of their own between Scripture and the popular mind; but it was always on the supposition that the creed was a faithful representation of scriptural doctrine, and binding on the conscience so far only as it could be proved from the Bible itself. In the Westminster Confession and Larger Catechism, one of the most venerable monuments of the popular Protestantism, every proposition is supported by an ample citation of scriptural texts. How sensitive the Puritan scripturalism was to every suspected attack on the literal authority of the Bible, we learn from the controversy between Owen and Brian Walton on the publication by the latter of his Polyglot Bible. The great leader of the Independents instinctively dreaded an exhibition of various readings and conflicting versions, which must ultimately upset the textual theology on which his doc-

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trinal system was founded.* Even among the most advanced section of the modern Congregationalists we discern a trace of the old Puritan scripturalism, in the repugnance of so learned and enlightened a man as the late Mr. Andrews Norton to the adoption of Griesbach's principles of textual criticism.†

The Anglican Church, alone among Protestant Churches, owing to the peculiar circumstances of her origin, entered into a sort of compromise with the older Church. She was reproached by her adversaries with inconsistency; and logically the Puritans were right, and the Church was wrong. She refused to carry out to its obvious consequences a principle which was the sole justification of her actual position, and accepted a traditional authority with which she had virtually broken. The effect has been a composition of forces in her peculiar organisation, each of which, left to itself, would have destroyed the other,—a Catholic element in her Prayer-book, and a Protestant tendency in her Articles; leaving on the mind a confused impression of antagonistic tendencies and a want of symmetrical unity, not unlike that of the venerable cathedrals which she has stripped of their ancient adjuncts, and adapted to her simpler worship. In the workings of Providence, however, what seem to us mere historical accidents are often more fruitful of good than the exactest logical conclusions. Sometimes an obvious inconsequence, left by a fettered or a careless reason, or dimly retained by that conservative instinct which watches over the movements of society, may help to suggest a wider truth, in which not only that particular inconsequence, but its logical opposite, will be finally embraced and absorbed. By reserving to herself a certain reverence for tradition and the right of appeal to a long and varied ecclesiastical experience, the Church was protected from that narrow scripturalism which has been the bane of Puritanism, and rose in her greatest minds to the idea of an all-embracing law, binding Church and State in natural and organic union, of which we have so noble an exposition in the writings of Hooker; while the necessity which her constitution imposed on her of tolerating within her own limits various forms of religious thought, notwithstanding her openness to the charge of internal inconsistency and of frequent harshness to those without, has imparted to her historical working an unmistakable breadth of principle and catholicity of spirit. The sharp distinction which marked the early conflict of religious parties in England is not yet wholly effaced. In the narrowness which still too generally characterises the Noncon-

* Oliver Cromwell was superior to the narrowness of his party. He admitted paper duty-free for the execution of Walton's great work.

† Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, vol. i., note A.

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formist theology, and in the persecutions to which Dr. Davidson has been exposed, we discern the yet unweakened operation of that old Puritan scripturalism which shrinks from all free criticism as tending to unsettle the textual code, which affords the sole basis of its doctrinal system, and is supposed to give to it its exclusive authority. In the opposite quarter we observe the working of another spirit. In the productions of Mr. Jowett and Dr. Williams, the ornaments, one of Oxford, and the other of Cambridge, we witness the widest and boldest deviation yet announced to the public in this country from that dead traditional Protestantism, which oppresses like an incubus the free thought of the age.

We may interpret the idea of Protestantism from two very different points of view:—in its theological sense, as substituting the authority of Scripture for the authority of the Church; and in reference to the principle which it tacitly assumed and in which lay its vital strength, though it did not always distinctly recognise and consistently act upon it,—the right of free thought and unrestricted search for the individual mind. Of this last principle the realisation fell short of the idea; and hence the weakness of Protestantism.* In the former of these senses, the authors of the *Reviews and Essays* seem to us the least rigidly Protestant in their theology of all our modern divines; in the latter—and in this respect we regard their work as one of the most significant indications of the present tendency of advanced and cultivated thought,—they have shown themselves the freest, boldest, and most consistent of Protestants. There is not one contributor to their volume who does not openly, or by implication, give up the old Protestant notion of Scripture. The Bible is no longer with them an authoritative code inspired directly by God, a compact, uniform, systematic exposition of theological doctrine, from Genesis to Revelation, wherein, as on some consecrated battle-field, divines can carry on an internecine war to the end of time, by the skilful marshalling of hostile texts,—but in truth—so much is plainly implied in their language, if not directly expressed—a rich and various literature, fraught with the profoundest utterances and clearest intuitions of holy men and prophets, and through the divine humanity of Christ, in whose vivid portraiture it culminates, breathing a spirit of love and holiness and immortal hope

* In popular Protestant works the first of these principles is called the "Sufficiency of the Scripture," involving the idea of a verbal authoritative revelation which modern criticism will not sustain; the second, which it is not very easy to reconcile with the first, as usually understood, the "Right of Private Judgment and Free Inquiry." On these two principles, not always placed in the clearest relation to each other, the non-subscribing sects of Christians have based the constitution of their churches. This constitutes their avowed creed.

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into the inmost heart of our existing civilisation. They have adopted, and carried out fearlessly into its legitimate applications, the pregnant thought dropped from the exuberant fullness of his mind by one of the greatest men of the last century, in speaking, with an insight far beyond his age, of the nature of the Bible. "The Scripture is no one summary of doctrines regularly digested, in which a man could not mistake his way; it is a most venerable but most multifarious collection of the records of the divine economy; a collection of an infinite variety, of cosmogony, theology, history, prophecy, psalmody, morality, apologue, allegory, legislation, ethics, carried through different books, by different authors, at different ages, for different ends and purposes."* There is a higher authority, as the early Quakers saw and beautifully taught, which speaks through Scripture to the religious elements of our nature; the Spirit of truth which abides with us for ever—that unwritten Word of God in the soul of man, by whose eternal and unchanging light Scripture itself can alone be profitably read and must be finally judged. It is the fearless announcement of this view, involving so deep a truth and yet so completely at variance with the hereditary belief and current phraseology of Protestant Churches, which makes the appearance of the *Reviews and Essays* an epoch in the theological development of English mind, and indicates not obscurely, to those who foresee the consequences that must flow from it, the general form and lineaments of the Church of the Future. Even Dr. Temple, in the charming Essay which opens the volume, though it is the least strongly marked of any with the impress of bold and independent thought, does not disguise the broad line of distinction between his school and all the popular theologies. He interprets "the principle of private judgment" as "putting conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the supreme interpreter, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey." He accepts the doctrine of Christian development, and regards our age as the "Age of the Spirit."†

Dr. Williams, in his review of Bunsen's *Biblical Researches*, takes up the same idea, and developing it into its just consequences, argues that "the more divine the germ" of Scripture, "the more human must be its development." In this passing allusion to Bunsen we are reminded with a pang of the irreparable loss sustained by learning and the world in the recent death of that highly-cultivated, noble-minded, and excellent man. His

* Mr. Burke's Speech on Clerical Petition for Relief from Subscription, Feb. 6th, 1772.

† See pages 36, 41, 45. It is a sign of the times not to be overlooked, that the promulgator of these enlightened sentiments is Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

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reading was immense, his accomplishments all but universal; but his intellectual endowments, however rare, appear to us to have been surpassed by the loving and genial spirit which filled his heart. His benevolence was unconscious of any sectarian limitation. From his sanguine temperament and the breadth of his views, and from the very multiplicity of his knowledge, he may have been betrayed at times into hasty and unguarded statements, and advanced some positions which a severer criticism will not sustain: but his thoughts were ever richly suggestive; and in his devout worship of all that was beautiful and true, his sympathy with humanity, and his fervent aspirations after a nobler freedom than churches and governments have yet attained, he has left behind him a far more inspiring example than could have been found without these qualities in a logic more rigid and a learning more minutely exact; and his death has withdrawn a living influence of the noblest kind, which his country at this moment can ill afford to lose. Dr. Williams, at the close of his review, has anticipated with a feeling almost prophetic the fittest eulogy of his now departed friend. We transcribe it with a mournful satisfaction, and assent to it with all our heart.

"If Protestant Europe is to escape those shadows of the twelfth century, which with ominous recurrence are closing round us, to Baron Bunsen will belong a foremost place among the champions of light and right. Any points disputable, or partially erroneous, which may be discovered in his many works, are as dust in the balance, compared with the mass of solid learning, and the elevating influence of a noble and Christian spirit. Those who have assailed his doubtful points are equally opposed to his strong ones. Our own testimony is, where we have been best able to follow him, we have generally found most reason to agree with him. But our little survey has not traversed his vast field, nor our plummet sounded his depth" (p. 93).

A beautiful sonnet closes this affectionate tribute:

> "And when those fables strange, our hirelings teach,
> I saw by genuine learning cast aside,
> Even like Linnæus, kneeling on the sod,
> For faith from falsehood severed, thank I God."

But by far the most decided and vigorous assertion of these new views of biblical authority is contained in Mr. Jowett's masterly Essay "On the Interpretation of Scripture." The Bible is here treated like any other ancient book, with the allowance of no previous assumptions. It can have only one meaning, that which was present to the mind of the author when he wrote; and this must be sought through the only legitimate avenue of honest philological interpretation. When once ascertained, it must not be softened down or explained away from any regard to doctrine or even to edification. The analogy of faith must not be permitted to interfere with the fidelity of exegesis. The

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logical consequences of this broad principle are accepted by Mr Jowett in their whole extent. He shows how incapable the multitude are of criticism, and what a mistake it was in Protestantism, to involve them in controversies which are insoluble without it. He shows how the highest and the lowest class in society would naturally be placed, the one above, the other below, the critical questions which detain and often harass the studious and contemplative few,—taking out of the Bible, with a sort of instinctive discrimination, the elements which they feel are good for the soul, and dropping, as matters indifferent or impenetrably obscure, whatever shocks the reason and offends the moral sense; and for this reason he believes that Scripture will exert a fresher and healthier influence on the popular mind when it is more honestly interpreted.* Some of Mr. Jowett's views, which he has repeated here from earlier essays,† may possibly startle the most liberal minds that have not penetrated as thoroughly as he has done into the composition of Scripture and the nature of the religious principle. He asserts that the pure ideal of the Christian life is hardly, if at all, realisable under the actual conditions of the present world.‡ In this notion, so opposed to their doctrine who would rationalise the Bible down to the level of a practical code for daily use, Mr. Jowett has only resumed, with more learning and greater spiritual depth of thought, the position taken up by Soame Jenyns many years ago, that the Christian religion proves itself divine by the elevation of its moral standard beyond the present reach of man, and that its consistent reduction to practice would dissolve the existing order of society.§ A statement so strange, and apparently so irrational, proceeding from a wit and a man of the world, naturally subjected its author to the suspicion of insincerity, and he was treated by many as a Deist in disguise. We believe unjustly; and that his "View," however surrounded gratuitously by a show of paradox, involves at bottom a profound

* "The Bible is not a book of statutes, in which words have been chosen to cover the multitude of cases, but in the greater portion of it, especially the Gospels and Epistles, 'like a man talking to his friend.'" *Essays and Reviews*, p. 367.

† See the second volume of his work on the Epistles of Paul.

‡ See pp. 356-364. "The customs of society do not admit" (our copying the Lord's example in every instance); "no good would be done by it, and singularity is of itself an evil. Well, then, are the precepts of Christ not to be obeyed? Perhaps, in their fullest sense, they cannot be obeyed. But at any rate they are not to be explained away; the standard of Christ is not to be lowered to ordinary Christian life because ordinary Christian life cannot rise, even in good men, to the standard of Christ" (p. 362). This doctrine is beautifully illustrated in the ensuing passage. Compare also the concluding part of the essay on "Natural Religion" (Epistles of Paul, vol. ii.). There is no inconsistency between these statements, rightly apprehended, and what the author says towards the close of his Essay on the "Interpretation of Scripture," that "the Gospel has an ideal life to offer, not to a few only, but to all" (p. 431).

§ View of the Internal Evidences of the Christian Religion.

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and fertile truth. The intuitions of Christ and the life which they inspired, open to us glimpses of an infinite perfection of holiness and love, in which the ideal of our spiritual nature is revealed. Those who first preached the Gospel were rapt into a sphere of consciousness which ordinary men, if not wholly cut off from, but dimly apprehend, through the unavoidable distraction and absorption of their daily work. Yet they are better even for these fleeting impressions of what so infinitely transcends their actual state, than they would be without them; and the holiest men, even those who strive to live in faith, can do little more, under the cleaving limitations of the flesh and the world, than yearn after the nobler life which they feel is laid up for them in Christ and God, and which, though they cannot realise it, they must never relinquish from the grasp of their aspirations and endeavours. Now these are precisely the characters which we should expect to find in a religion that comes from the infinite Source of being, and points to a life of endless growth in him. Christianity involves an element of the infinite, and this the finite can never fully comprehend or completely realise in any concrete form. It is a preparation for "life eternal," such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and such as "the heart of man has never yet risen up to conceive." It can, therefore, be only approached, not reached, in this rudimental state of being. It is an influence urging the soul indefinitely onward, not a law which must of necessity be definite and limited. We may look on it as the sublime poetry of our existence, not therefore fictitious or unreal, but, on the contrary, expressing the rarest essence of the highest truth, and for that reason incapable of entering with all its fullness into the prosaic details which make up the coarser substance of our daily work.

We cannot too warmly convey our thanks to Mr. Jowett for having put forth so forcibly and eloquently, and with so much solid learning, this great truth. It at once relieves the interpretation of Scripture from a thousand difficulties by which it has been hitherto oppressed. It strikes to the ground, never to rise again, that shallow rationalism which would play fast and loose with the words of Scripture, as it serves its own narrow view or party turn. It has put the Christian spirit in a direction, and allowed it a freedom, and given it an impulse, which must tell with immense effect on the religious development of coming years. But our satisfaction and our sympathy, which would else be complete, are weakened when we call to mind the conditions under which these great truths and noble sentiments have been given to the world by Mr. Jowett and the enlightened men associated with him in the volume before us. The beliefs which they here avow are in open contradiction, if language is to bear its natural meaning, with the creeds which they have de-

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liberately pledged themselves to accept. This is a painful part of the subject, which we would gladly avoid; but it is one of which the moral bearings are so important, that we cannot refrain from uttering what seems to us the obvious dictate of common sense and simple veracity. Let us, however, be understood as clearly distinguishing between the *person* and the *thing*. The position occupied by these distinguished men in their academic and clerical relations, as it presents itself to our mind, is indefensible logically and morally. But we should be sorry to believe, and we do not believe, that it appears in the same light to them. It would be unjust to confound them with the notoriously free-thinking divines of former generations, who kept their real thoughts to themselves, fattened without scruple on the good things of the Church, and coarsely abused the honester men without, whose heresy did not go as far as their own. These gentlemen at least say what they think. The purity of their lives, the fervid charity of their spirit, their unselfish devotion to the highest objects of human pursuit, and the boldness with which they announce their convictions, though it exposes them to slander and hostility, and may blight their prospects of preferment, will not permit us to doubt the sincerity of their own conviction that they are right in remaining where they are, and in doing what they do. We know too well the blinding influence of education, and the spell of outward circumstances, to venture to pronounce a sentence of unqualified condemnation on virtuous and cultivated men, who cannot see that it is necessary or right to tear themselves away from institutions with which their holiest affections and all their hopes of solid usefulness are so closely associated; who, it may be, are bound to those institutions, not by their basest but by their worthiest feelings. How difficult it is to discern the simple truth under such circumstances! We stand outside the magic circle; they are within it: and this quite unconsciously makes a world-wide difference in our conclusions. Men's motives are wrought out of divers and conflicting elements, and are inscrutable by us. Who can separate the light and the darkness that are ever at war in his own breast? We dare not invade the province of the all-seeing God. To him and their own consciences we leave the judgment of those whose feelings we may be unable to enter into, and whose secret purposes we cannot fathom. But these considerations do not alter the essential distinction of right and wrong in itself. Abstractedly we look on the position of these gentlemen in the Church and the Universities, which they so conspicuously adorn, as altogether false and of pernicious example; and it is only in its abstract form, without any judgment on individuals, that we wish to view this question

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for a short space under the moral aspect which it wears to us.

The weakest point in subscription is the language often employed in its defence. We regret that honourable minds should feel themselves obliged to have recourse to it. If subscription be a necessity, let it be submitted to in silence as such. Words lose their natural strength when used to prop it up, and become as rotten as dust. Mr. Wilson, one of the ablest contributors to the *Reviews and Essays*, asserts that, in the case of subscription, "the strictly legal obligation is the measure of the moral one" (p. 181). Paley affirms the same thing in other words, when he finds the rule of subscription in the *animus imponentis*, and says that the proper inquiry is, *quis imposuit, et quo animo?* In answer to this question, he refers us to the legislation of the 13th of Elizabeth, "whose intention," he adds, "the subscriber is bound to obey."* The intention of the statute is expressed in the plainest terms: the Articles were agreed on "for the avoiding of the diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion;" and it is further enacted, "if any one shall advisedly maintain or affirm any doctrine directly contrary or repugnant to any of the said Articles, and shall persist therein or not revoke his error, he shall be indeed deprived." The ecclesiastical authority is to be found in the 5th and 36th of the canons of 1603. The 5th is as follows: "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm that any one of the Thirty-nine Articles agreed upon in the Synod of London 1562 (for the taking away of variety of opinion, and for confirming and establishing consent in the matters of faith,) are in any part superstitious or erroneous, or altogether such that their truth cannot be subscribed to with a safe conscience, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*," &c. By the 36th, it is provided that three articles shall be subscribed previous to induction into any ecclesiastical or academic office: the first affirms the royal supremacy; the second requires the acceptance and unaltered use of the Book of Common Prayer and other Services of the Church, as containing nothing contrary to the Word of God; the third demands the entire approval (*omnino comprobat*) of the Thirty-nine Articles, and the acknowledgment that all and singular the said Articles are agreeable to the Word of God. The subscriber on signing, to avoid all ambiguity, is to use the following form of words: "*I, NN., subscribe these three articles, and all therein contained, willingly and from my heart* (lubens et ex animo)."† If any language can distinctly express the *animus imponentis*, it is this. It declares as explicitly as

* Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, book iii. part i. chap. 22.

† Constitutiones sive Canones Ecclesiastici, &c., Londini, 1604.

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possible that the object of the Articles is not to *allow*, according to the modern interpretation, but to *take away* variety of opinion, and to establish *consent* in the matter of faith; that the Articles are to be received not in a vague and general sense, but as containing nothing in any part superstitious or erroneous, and that is not agreeable to the Word of God; and that as such, as truly representing the sense of Scripture, any one who shall maintain any doctrine directly contrary or repugnant to the same, shall be considered *ipso facto* to have broken his compact with the Church, and to incur the penalty of deprivation. It may be very true, as Paley argues, that the parties immediately contemplated in this exclusion were the Papists and the Puritans, because these were the parties at that time most directly opposed from opposite sides to the constitution of the Church of England; but it is equally true, if words have any meaning, that the framers of these Articles intended to set up a definite system of pure Christian doctrine, and to shut out all who at any future time should venture to call it in question. Such a procedure is in complete accordance with the notorious aim of the earliest Protestant churches, and with the avowed principles of the men who were most active in finally settling the Articles of the Anglican Establishment. They were the exiles who returned home on the death of Mary, and acquired an ascendant influence at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. These men brought back with them a strong attachment to the Genevan theology.* Indeed, we may describe the first period in the history of the English Church, embracing the greater part of the reign of Elizabeth, as preëminently the Calvinistic period. Now, we know what Calvinism is. Built up with the firmest logic on its assumed foundations, it must be accepted or rejected as a whole; it repudiates with the utmost sensitiveness the admission of doubt or question into any of its constituent parts. In the spirit of this stringent and authoritative system the Thirty-nine Articles were framed. We admit that the *praxis* of the Church of England has always been more liberal than its *theory;* and that the Prayer-book, deriving the bulk of its materials from an earlier period, is not at all points in perfect harmony with the Articles. We will not stop to argue now, whether this, on the whole and in a moral view, has been a greater good or evil to the Establishment; but we affirm, on the plainest evidence of extant documents, that those of its ministers and teachers who substitute a more genial and benignant theology for the rigid Calvinism of its founders, do so in express violation of the terms of the contract which they have solemnly promised to observe as the condition of service and

* Hallam's Constitutional History, i. 549.

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requital. Even the 6th Article, on which so much stress is laid by those who contend for a liberty of free construction, and which is called by Mr. Wilson the "pivot article," hardly meets the case of those who take the advanced position of the authors of *Reviews and Essays*. This Article adopts in the plainest language the fundamental principle of the old Protestantism—the sufficiency of Scripture; and declares, in perfect consistency with it, that "whatsoever is not read in Scripture, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." Of all the Articles, this is undoubtedly the most liberal and comprehensive in its spirit; and so long as the old notions of scriptural authority prevailed, one can well understand how it might quiet the scruples of many a conscientious mind. But if we do not misconceive the pervading idea of the *Reviews and Essays*, these writers take a very different view of Scripture,—one more in accordance with the unanswerable demands of the present results of philological and historical science, but directly subversive of the fundamental doctrine of the old Protestantism. They would certainly not hold themselves bound by the letter of Scripture. They believe, or we greatly mistake them, that the spirit of the biblical religion, as distinct from its literal enunciation and its historical forms, especially where it rises to its highest expression in the word and work of Christ, may, and must, develop in the reflective mind, which consistently obeys its impulse, conceptions of the highest and most imperative truth, which not only cannot be read in holy Scripture nor proved thereby, but are in direct contradiction to the simple unforced letter of many passages in the canonical books.

It may be pleaded, and we know it is pleaded by some very good men, that the language of a great part of the Articles is antiquated, has lost its original force, and must be taken in a new sense; and appeal is made to the practice so common among Nonconformists of using scriptural and other language with a vague conventional application, fluctuating dimly between its primitive meaning and the practical belief of the modern professor. A case, however, is not justified by quoting another as bad as itself. We fully admit the snare that is laid for mental integrity wherever a creed is hereditary and tacitly assumed as true, whether imposed by public authority or not; nor has any one shown up the folly and dishonesty of taking the words of Scripture in any but their one natural and primitive sense, with more unanswerable force than Mr. Jowett himself. But the cases, after all, are not exactly parallel. A distinction is surely justifiable between the almost unconscious course of

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spontaneous and reverential feeling, and submission against conviction to outward force. Words that have vitality in them must grow. Any good lexicon will show through what endless migrations of meaning they pass in the lapse of centuries. In a historical religion like Christianity, founded on an ancient Scripture, it is the devoutest mind that will often conceive the most passionate fondness for a form of words by which its tenderest and holiest sensibilities were first seriously awakened, though it breathes into them a significance which they had not in all its fullness when first written down. If language is to subsist as a living link of sympathy and intercourse between the ages, the mind's subjective action on it cannot be excluded without destroying its very nature. If only its true character be well understood, we can discern a positive advantage else unattainable in the retention of an ancient phraseology which has passed through the lips of the pious of countless generations, and is rich in the accumulated associations of centuries—for investing in the fittest garb, as with a mantle of consecrated poetry, those deepest trusts and convictions of the soul to which all human utterances are and ever must be inadequate. But this is an organic process, not the result of arbitrary law. It was the evident design of the framers of the Articles to arrest thought in its natural growth, and to stereotype it in a form which was to them exclusively divine and true. The words that enclose the Articles crystallised as they fell, into shape; and there they remain, so sharp, so clear, so definite, that no one who looks at them with a single eye, can doubt what they were intended to convey, or deem it possible to extract a different meaning out of them, till they have once more lost their consistency, and are dissolved by some strong external influence, and cast into another mould. If it be urged that our modern legislature, as the present representative of the *animus imponentis*, has changed its views, and no longer interprets the Articles according to the letter of their original construction, let this be clearly understood. Let there be no longer any ambiguity on the subject. Let the nation, speaking through Parliament, demand the release of its best minds from this intolerable yoke, and cease to sanction the perpetuation of this professional unveracity in the public teachers of religion and morality.

Mr. Maurice's case is peculiar. It stands almost by itself. We feel as strongly as we can in regard to any human being, that he is a good man, a true Christian, intent on good, devoted to good. Every word that he utters is marked by the unmistakable characters of earnestness and benevolence. Yet, intellectually, we find it difficult to comprehend him. His

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theology is certainly very different from that of the *Reviews and Essays*. So far as we can trace its leading idea, he seems to us a divine of the old Alexandrine stamp. If we believed in the metempsychosis, we could fancy that Clement or Origen had re-appeared in the nineteenth century under the form of a learned and accomplished clergyman of the Church of England. There is the same genial recognition of the moral worth of heathenism; the same belief that the redemption in Christ is universal; the same deep persuasion that all things are tending under the guidance of the Infinite Love to final and triumphant good. The incarnation of the Divine Logos effects, and in the eternal purpose anticipates, the redemption of the entire human race, reconciling and uniting, through all ages and nations, God and man. This doctrine, if we rightly understand him, is the corner-stone of his theological system, built up with solid learning, and compactly cemented together by self-consistent thought. On this his reasonings are based; from this his inferences flow; and to this his conclusions ever tend. Yet this theology, so benignant and comprehensive, so essentially Greek, originating and expiring with the Alexandrine school, through an intense and exaggerated subjectivity of his own, he finds reflected in the Thirty-nine Articles, which are as decidedly Augustinian and Calvinistic. Mr. Maurice speaks of the service which the Articles have rendered him in "checking habits and tempers of mind which interfere with its freedom" (p. 35). But his own individuality of thought could not have been more distinctly expressed, had the Articles been handled by him as a mere historical monument without any authoritative character, and their corrective and guiding influence on his mind, whether to a greater or a less extent, would certainly have been more natural and healthy. Mr. Maurice's spirit is so genial and excursive, so open to sympathy on all sides, that he feels, perhaps more strongly than men of cold and cautious temperament, the need of some outward guide to keep it from wandering; and this deference to authority, which might else have become a clog on the free action of his faculties, is tempered by the extreme subjectivity of his nature, which ever finds what it wants in the most varied presentment of objective belief. We have read with some care his recent exposition of the doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles, yet without the possibility of assent. With scarce an exception, so far as we have observed, he has put into them his own meaning, instead of taking out of them that which they were intended to yield. The 13th Article, so opposed to the benignant spirit of Mr. Maurice's theology, is a case in point. He evades its obvious sense, and makes it utter as "sound teaching" what could never have been intended by its author. When

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language is so used, it surrenders its proper function, and from having all sorts of meanings forced into it, becomes absolutely meaningless. The words of the clown in *Twelfth Night* are the best commentary on such explanations as these: "To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!"*

It is with profound regret that we write this. Much as we love and honour the men for their many virtues and their rich intellectual gifts, there are few things which we read with more pain or with a stronger moral recoil than Mr. Maurice's exposition of the Articles, Mr. Wilson's laboured defence of subscription, and Mr. Jowett's celebrated Essay on Casuistry. We do not forget our former distinction between the *person* and the *thing*. We attach far more blame to the culpable acquiescence of the age and nation than to individuals. But the *thing* is monstrous. Is language, then, bestowed on man, as a wicked courtier once taught, to hide his thoughts? And are the teachers of Christianity to be foremost in exemplifying this infamous doctrine? The ministers of the Gospel should be above all suspicion of hollowness. The holiest influences should not be tainted at their source. Yet the law of the land exposes men to suspicions which they would gladly escape, and only permits them to dispense the highest truth, under the condition of a profession which is constantly at war with their convictions. What can be of worse influence on the public morality of the country than the employment of forced, tortuous, and jesuitical language in the first of its spiritual guides? Religion, of all subjects, needs to be clothed in the freshest, simplest, and truest words. It is in the living contact of heart with heart, conviction meeting with conviction, that it bears its richest fruit. The very lull that has seized the public conscience in regard to subscription, the callousness on this side of their nature, in minds otherwise pure and noble, to the most solemn of obligations, is the saddest as it is the surest proof of the moral mischief which this evil practice has wrought; and the malady will spread with more disastrous effect if its source be not stopped. The sincere old orthodoxy will not much longer be possible; and the only alternative, as things now stand, must be indifference, or what to the eye of the outer world looks very like sophistry. Viewed in this light, subscription is a grave social question. It ceases to be a personal, it becomes a national, concern.

If we turn to Germany, the clerical reaction now in progress is producing results more deplorable still. In England the best minds of the Church at least give utterance to their

* Act iii. scene 1.

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honest thoughts, despite official inconsistency, and the popular sentiment is enlarged and enlightened by their influence. In many parts of Germany it has been the apparent aim of ecclesiastical and civil authorities to stifle conviction at its birth. With us the central light does find its way into the world, though often through manifold refractions and a coloured medium; with our neighbours, priests and magistrates combine to put out the light itself. This statement may surprise those who have been accustomed to look on Germany as the native land of a bold rationalism in theology, and of a daring philosophy; and such may still be the secret belief of its most advanced and cultivated intellects. But, in regard to outward profession, an immense change has taken place within the last quarter of a century. No country shows more clearly than Germany how inseparably religious and civil liberty are conjoined. Freedom of speculation sprang up among German scholars in the latter half of the last century, when every little principality had its own university, and the upper classes, already infected with Voltairian notions, regarded with indifference or approval the heretical conclusions of the theologians. At that time the chairs of theology had no direct connexion with the Church, and rejoiced in the exercise of their hereditary *Lehrfreiheit*. Theology was taught by laymen like any other branch of human science. A theologian was not of necessity a clergyman. J. D. Michaelis, Eichhorn, Gesenius, Lücke, and others, were laymen, as Ewald, Strauss, and Vatke are now. But the Church throughout Germany is closely interwoven with the State; and it was naturally feared that this spirit of free search, unchecked in any direction, might unsettle ancient foundations. The upper classes had become conservative, and even pietistic, especially since the expulsion of the French from their country in 1814. Every indication of revolutionary tendency, any approximation in the tone of thought to what were called emphatically French principles, increased these religious apprehensions, and threw back the faith of the mass of the nation with redoubled fervour on the religion of their forefathers. These reactionary feelings had begun to produce a sensible effect on the tone of the prevalent theology before the revolutionary movements of 1848. It was becoming less rationalistic and more orthodox. But after that date the conservative party, restored to power and filled with terror, put forth a heavier and more coercive hand. Freedom of inquiry was openly discouraged. The profession of orthodoxy was the only passport to preferment. The gymnasia and the universities were brought more under the control of the clergy. Theology lost its proper scientific character, and became the technical exposition of an established system. Young men of talent and a nobler spirit

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abandoned so unpromising a field, for the freer and more fruitful studies of history and the physical sciences. A few great men, the monuments of a former generation, were still left undisturbed in their chairs; but their audience diminished, and they saw among their followers none willing or able to take their place when their own work should be done.* D. F. Strauss, in the preface to his translation of Select Dialogues of Ulrich von Hutten, just published, has taken a temperate and comprehensive survey of the course of events in the theological world of Germany, and described in a style of singular force and clearness, and with pathetic eloquence, the state of things which now exists. He thus speaks of the circumstances in which a candidate for holy orders is placed:

"The violence with which such a candidate has brought his reason to silence leaves an effect behind it through his whole life. He is intolerant towards all in whom he finds, or only suspects, a reason less pliable than his own. His whole being has in it something morbid and passionate. In spite, perhaps, of high cultivation, and with all his efforts at self-control, he remains at bottom a fanatic still. And I ask now, if this be not the average character of our rising race of theologians? We can only pity the young men themselves. The reproach falls on their teachers and the ecclesiastical authorities. But most of all is the nation to be commiserated whose future teachers of religion and morality are bound to nothing more earnestly, from the beginning of their career, than the extinction in themselves of the open sense of truth, and the conversion of their lives into a lie."†

Another passage equally striking and instructive follows:

"It is true, religion does not rest on theology, but the contrary. Nevertheless, religion naturally builds up a theology about itself, and when this grows rotten, the former cannot long escape a change. The life of a tree is not in the hard old wood, but in the bark, the inner rind, and the soft young substance in which the rings annually set themselves that give shape and character to the tree. And now, from some accident or other, the bark sustains a rent; moisture penetrates, and the wood begins to decay. We have a hollow tree before us. Such a hollow tree is the church and theology of the present day. Dogma is represented by what was once the hard old wood, but has now either perished altogether, or become so rotten that it yields to the finger whichever way it is pressed. Religion survives still. The sap still mounts up through the bark and inner rind into the branches and leaves. But the strength and beauty of the tree are gone. The next storm threatens to split or upturn it. Then they fasten its arms with clamps. These are the confessionals, and the *prie-dieux*, and the new Liturgy,

* See a note of Baur's, in which he pathetically deplores the loss of his early associates in theological pursuits, and the isolation of his old age. *Die Tübinger Schule*, p. 58.

† Vorrede, p. xlviii.

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and the new church-discipline, by which they would fain prop up the Protestant Church. When, however, the storm comes, these heavy awkward clamps will only hasten the fall of the tree. I am not fond of long-spun allegories; but this is the fact itself."*

He goes on to give his impression of the present state of religious belief among his countrymen:

"On no side do I find people willing to speak out the last word of simple truth. And why not? Among all who have any degree of culture and power of thought, it has for a long time past been an open secret, that no one any longer believes in the church dogmas; believes that he believes, that I grant; but really believes, that I deny. For no one any longer is the Apostles' Creed or the Augsburg Confession an adequate expression of his religious consciousness. No one believes any longer in any of the New-Testament miracles (to say nothing of those of the Old), from the supernatural conception to the ascension. He either explains them away into natural events, or understands them as legends. And if this be the case with thoughtful laymen, it stands no better with the clergy. Wherefore, then, these subterfuges? Why this hypocrisy before others and themselves? Is it worthy of men, in their relations with religion, to make out their case before her, like a crouching and artful slave, with half words and empty evasions? Why not boldly speak out at once? Why not confess to one another that, while they can no longer recognise in the biblical histories any thing more than a mixture of poetry and fact (*nur noch Dichtung und Wahrheit*), and in the church dogmas only symbols, that still retain a certain significance, they nevertheless continue attached with unaltered reverence to the moral contents of Christianity and the character of its Founder, so far as its human outline can yet be traced amidst the cloud of marvels in which his earliest biographers have wrapped it. But it may be asked, Ought we, in that case, still to be called Christians? I know not. But is the name every thing? This I know, that we shall then become once more true, honest, unsophisticated, and therefore better men than before. Moreover, we shall remain Protestants,—yes, then, for the first time, real Protestants."†

This passage contains some things which we cannot expect our readers to approve; but they must admit the moral earnestness of the tone which pervades it. Strauss is no enemy to practical Christianity; far from it. This preface proves it. We have heard him with our own ears declare, that he considered the Christianity of Christ a blessing to the world. However grave we may regard the fundamental error of his *Leben Jesu*, he has paid the price of honesty for publishing it.

"I might myself," he says, "owe my book a grudge, for it has done me—and justly, the pious would exclaim—much harm. It has shut me out from the career of a public teacher, for which nature had given me a strong inclination, and perhaps some aptitude. It has torn me

* Vorrede, p. xlix. † Ibid. p. l.

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out of my natural relations, and driven me into those which are against my nature. It has made lonely my path of life. And yet, when I reflect what would have become of me, had I kept back the word that was laid on my soul, had I suppressed the doubts that were battling within me, I bless the book that has outwardly, indeed, sorely injured me, but has sustained the inward health of my mind and heart, and, I will venture to hope, of many another beside. And I bear it witness, on this twenty-fifth anniversary of its first appearance, that it was written from pure impulse, with an honourable purpose, without passion and without sinister aims; and I can only wish that all its opponents in writing against it had been as free from side-ends and fanaticism."*

In the concluding passage of this preface Strauss affirms calmly, but confidently, that the remarkable book with which his name is associated, has never yet been answered, but its leading idea only further developed; that if it is now less read, it is because its spirit is more widely diffused; and that no work of importance in theology has since appeared in which its influence cannot be recognised.

Any account of the present state of theological opinion in Germany would be defective, in which the names of Schleiermacher, Strauss, and F. C. Baur, as the representatives of successive stages in the onward development, did not play a conspicuous part. Schleiermacher, whom Strauss describes as a man "sagacious as he was pious, perhaps even somewhat more sagacious than pious,"† lived at the time of the great outburst of religious and patriotic enthusiasm which followed the expulsion of the French from Germany; and he saw clearly the wants and the opportunities of the situation. He hailed the union of the two Protestant communions as the first step towards the acknowledgment of a more comprehensive Christianity, in which the spirit of love should be held of more account than dogma. He wrote his celebrated work, *Der Christliche Glaube*, to reconcile the doctrinal differences between them, and to bring the common faith of the Evangelical Church into closer accordance with reason and philosophy. The attempt can hardly be considered successful. It was a work for the time rather than for posterity. It reminds one of recent experiments upon the Articles in our own country. It puts a meaning into old formulas, instead of bringing out what they really contained. But the effect of it was to weaken the reverence for a dogmatic Christianity; and this is, perhaps, what its author really intended. Schleiermacher, however free some of his speculative views, was a man of deep religious feel-

* Vorrede, p. lvi.

† "Ein Mann—ebenso klug wie fromm, vielleicht auch noch etwas klüger als fromm." *Vorrede*, p. xxvii.

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ing; and his school has done more than any other to preserve a natural and genuine piety in the bosom of the Church. The pervading sentiment of his theology was a profound veneration for the person of Christ. Christ was with him the ideal of humanity,—a realisation of the possible union between God and man. This was the special element which he contributed to the theology of his day. Though fully up to the critical standard of the time, and himself the author of some bold and searching critical works, he rather hinted at than fully investigated the possible genesis of the actual form in which the Gospel biographies have been transmitted to us. It is notorious that he denied the historical truth of the miraculous contained in it. He had carried his researches to a point which left more difficult problems to be solved by his successors. Strauss, it is well known, adopted the mythical theory, and pushed it to excess. But he exhausted its possibilities and showed what it could yield, and left behind a residuum that is permanent and cannot be set aside. Baur, accepting its proved results, has opened a new mine of research, and worked it with uncommon boldness and diligence. His general tendency is to bring down to a later period the dates of the several books of the New Testament, and to account for the peculiarities which strongly mark them, by tracing them back to the party-interests, so active in the primitive Church, in which they respectively originated. Like his predecessor, it will be found that he has carried his theories, under the impulse of a new idea, too far, and that they will require limitation from the hand of a subsequent criticism in many points. But that he has adopted a position from which wider views of the truth can be obtained, and wrought out some results that cannot be rejected, will hardly be denied by any one who has read his learned and elaborate works in a candid spirit. That he should be assailed with abuse by the extreme reactionists, and viewed with suspicion even by the *juste milieu* of the modern theology, was only what might be expected from the bold and decided tone, without concealment or compromise, in which he handles all questions that come before him. The general relations of the school which he represents to the theological world around him, he has lucidly and dispassionately discussed in the excellent little *brochure* which we have placed in the title of the present Article. That he has been misunderstood, and that his conclusions are not so destructive as has been often supposed, will appear, we think, from the following passage, which we have pleasure in submitting to our readers:

"All that belongs to the genuine moral substance of the teaching

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of Jesus, as contained in the sermon on the mount, in his parables and other discourses,—his doctrine of the kingdom of God, and of the conditions of admission into it, so as to place man in a true moral relation towards God—this it is which constitutes the essential being of Christianity, its nucleus and centre. This is its principle, embracing all subordinate details; the universally human, the truly divine in it; what is universal, eternal, absolute in its contents; what gives to Christianity, and therewith to the person of Jesus, in whom for the first time this free conception of the relation between God and man, cleared from all impure mixtures, and disengaged from every false mediation, came out into living consciousness, and received its purest and most direct expression—a significance which is supreme and absolute. If we suppose all this to have formed the substance of the self-consciousness of Jesus, we have before us one of the two elements that constitute his historical personality. But what was in the first instance his personal consciousness, was destined to become the consciousness of all mankind. Its contents, therefore, required a corresponding form to convey it in the way of historical development into the general consciousness of the human race. This form was the Messianic idea of the Jews. Through it alone could Christianity have found its point of contact with history, the medium necessary for transmitting the idea which filled the consciousness of Jesus to the belief of the world,—the sole basis on which a religious community expanding itself into the Church, could possibly arise. Who would have believed on him, if a circle of believing adherents had not gathered round him as the Messiah?"*

We have spoken of the leaders of the most advanced—some would say the most destructive—phase of theological opinion in Germany,—of Schleiermacher, Strauss, and Baur,—and of the reactionary movement in the opposite direction which is striving to bring back the old orthodoxy. One remarkable man remains, whom we cannot identify with either class, and whose ambition it is to assume and maintain a position peculiarly his own. We mean Ewald. In some former articles of this Review, while rendering due homage to the learning, genius, and deep religious feeling of this great scholar, we ventured to point out the cleaving moral infirmity which mars his high gifts and involves him in perpetual inconsistencies.† His extraordinary attainments and critical acuteness would naturally have placed him at the head of the progressive party; while the sentiment of reverence, which, with all his follies and faults, is seated deep in the heart of his jealous and passionate nature, would have tempered with a religious tenderness the sharpness and rigidity of his freest conclusions. But he has forfeited the post which he might have held with so much benefit to the world. His absurd arrogance would admit of no compeer. He would rather

* *Die Tübinger Schule*, pp. 30, 31.
† *National Review*, No. I. art. iv., and No. XVII. art. vi.

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be alone in ingenious error, than share with others the merit of obvious truth. That any one should have been before him in the right course, is reason sufficient with him for taking the wrong. The love of distinction has overpowered in him the love of truth. The consequence is, that instead of giving the aid of his immense erudition and intellectual acuteness in a single-minded straightforward way, to disentangle the complicated web of controversy, and throw a reconciling light into the chaos of opinion, he thickens the theological darkness by his gratuitous perversity, and makes confusion worse confounded by the intrusion of his groundless theories. Such conduct brings down at last its natural penalty. Strauss and Baur—men who from their unquestionable eminence have been the constant objects of his implacable animosity—have briefly replied to his attacks in words whose stinging force he must feel, however he may affect to despise them, and exposed his jealous unfairness and critical inconsistencies with an unanswerable logic. Ewald, after heartily abusing them, often ends, as they clearly show, by tacitly appropriating the results which they had worked out. Baur selects in proof of this (p. 168, note) the very instance which we had ourselves cited on a former occasion — Ewald's repudiation and adoption in the same breath of Strauss's theory, that the miraculous narratives of the New Testament have grown out of those of the Old.* The one short note which Strauss has devoted to a notice of Ewald's personal insolence towards himself is a masterpiece of cool contemptuous sarcasm, which will cut the deeper because it is edged with truth (p. xlv.). Baur, towards the end of his pamphlet, subjects the system of Ewald to a somewhat extended analysis; and in regard to his view of the Gospel of John reduces him plainly to this dilemma, either to give up his apostolic eye-witness, if he would retain his interpretations, or, retaining his apostolic eye-witness, to give up his interpretations. In a former Number of this Review we pointed out precisely the same inconsistency in Ewald's treatment of the Acts of the Apostles, and showed that his interpretation was irreconcilable with his criticism.† In spite of the inflated language in which Ewald constantly dresses up his narrative, and through which it is often difficult to penetrate to his real meaning, Baur and Strauss prove clearly enough, what can hardly have escaped any observant reader, that his explanations of the miraculous lapse at bottom into the old rationalism.—We cannot pursue this subject further. What is wanted in Germany, with all its immense apparatus of learning, and its minute many-sided investigation, is more simple-minded courage and honesty to declare the obvious logical result. The most thorough research

* *National Review*, vol. i. p. 111, note. † Ibid. vol. ix. p. 120.

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often terminates in compromise or concealment. Whatever may be their errors, Strauss and Baur deserve our respect for saying what they think. But when is this rotten system to cease? When will governments learn that their strength is to be found, not in hypocrisy, but in sincerity? The most destructive scepticism of earnest men loses its noxious quality by free ventilation, and is brought within the limits of reason and the moral sense by honest contact with the realities of life. The scepticism that we dread is that which festers, like secret venom, in the unuttered contempt and hate of the soul, which eats away the inner life of man till conscience and faith become unmeaning words. Under the decent cover of outward conformity, a selfish and materialistic philosophy may furnish the sole objects of the real belief of the rising generation, and be silently accumulating the elements of a destructive revolution, in which the names even of Strauss and Baur will be remembered as the symbols of conservatism.

We revert with pleasure to the more cheering prospects—as we regard them—of our own country. But here, as abroad, reform must timely come, if incalculable mischief is to be escaped. Looking at the question abstractedly, only two courses seem to us to lie open to any mind which dissents from the doctrine of the Articles as read in their natural sense, and interprets fairly the intention of the imposer—secession from the Church as it now exists, or constant effort to obtain a more lawful liberty within it. Apathetic acquiescence can work nothing but evil. With regard to the first of these alternatives, it must be confessed that the rough democratic world of Dissent, with its small encouragement of thorough learning, and its narrow-minded attachment to special dogmas and unimportant usages, offers few attractions to the cultivated mind whose one desire is to seek and preach, without impediment, the simple truth. It may even be a question whether, as things are now constituted, there is not more practical freedom in the Church than in most Nonconforming sects. When to this is added the force of early habit and association, with the pain of separation from friends and kindred, we can hardly be surprised, taking human nature as it is, that so few should be prepared to tear themselves away from the maternal breast that nurtured them, and to cast in their lot with strangers. But integrity is still integrity, however hard the conditions attached to its exercise. The voice of conscience, once distinctly heard, is the voice of God, and must not be disobeyed. It forbids every false and ambiguous word. "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."* All honour, then, to

* 1 Kings xxii. 14.

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the noble-minded few, of every shade of theological opinion, who have quitted the Church, which they could no longer faithfully serve, and braved the consequences. As so many practical obstacles stand in the way of the first of these alternatives, it might be supposed, with the notorious prevalence of liberal tendencies in the Church of England, that there would be so much the greater zeal to adopt the other. But here again it is remarkable, that divines the most distinguished for their enlightened views and catholic spirit, show the least eagerness to promote ecclesiastical reform through the medium of Parliament. They seem to fear lest the well-balanced equilibrium of parties, which at present secures a certain practical freedom to the Church, should be upset by legislative enactment in favour of any one. Were the party, for instance, represented by Lord Ebury to carry their point in the legislature, it may be doubted whether such men as Mr. Jowett, Dr. Williams, and Mr. Maurice would benefit by the change. A closer approximation of the Prayer-book to the Articles would rather narrow than widen their position. The question is still too generally put thus—not how the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of faith and love, the spirit of Christ himself, embracing many diversities of intellectual conception, can be most widely spread and most deeply infused into the national heart,—but of rival doctrinal systems, which is true, and ought to prevail. Religion, which, like the ocean, should unite natures the most distant and separate, is turned by theology into a *mare dissociable*. Our notion of religious freedom is the toleration of each sect in its hereditary narrowness and exclusiveness. We have not yet got beyond the old Roman idea of toleration. We treat sects as the Romans treated their provinces: *Sua cuique civitati religio est; nostra nobis.** So long as these views prevail, the Church of England can only be one great sect among many, and any comprehensive reform of it is impossible.

This was the point of view, in his day all but universal, from which Burke brought his arguments to bear against the clerical petition for relief from subscription in 1772; and from that point of view they seem to us unanswerable. With statesman-like penetration, reasoning from the fundamental assumptions of the popular Protestantism, he foresaw the consequences of opening the general question of a dogmatic Christianity to the unprepared mind of a whole people. Practically, and for the mass, he contended that such a question should be settled once for all by authority, with full liberty for those who chose peaceably to dissent. So strongly did this idea possess his mind, that in a memorable passage he distinctly avowed, that had he lived in the

* Cicero pro Flacco, c. 28.

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age when the question between the old Prayer-book and the new Directory was agitated, he should have voted for the Prayer-book, but when the Directory was once established, for its retention. With his enlightened perception of the composition of Scripture, he had an instinctive dread of the unfruitful warfare of sects, and of the confusion that must result from letting loose an unlearned and fanatical disputatiousness on those unfathomable questions that are associated with the higher speculations of theology. These, he thought, were for scholars only. The zeal of the multitude should rather be directed to a reverent acknowledgment of plain truths and a faithful performance of imperative duties. Ecclesiastical reform he regarded as an extreme emergency. "The ground," he says, "for a legislative alteration of a legal establishment is this, and this only, that you find the inclinations of the majority of the people, concurring with your own sense of the intolerable nature of the abuse, are in favour of a change."* The conditions of this question have altered materially since the time of Burke. The mass of the population are estranged from the Establishment. The most enlightened and devoted of its friends want more breathing-room for their honest thoughts, and desire reform, if they could see how it was to be brought about. The sectarian feeling is on the decline in the Church, and the spirit of Christianity is more prized than its doctrinal forms. The weakest point in Burke's theory is its implied recognition of an esoteric and an exoteric religion —one faith for the educated few, and another for the multitude; with the allowance in the clergy of a contradiction between their secret convictions and their open professions. Nevertheless his words have much wisdom in them, and are richly suggestive. They show us, by the very ground that they take in opposition to reform, in what direction reform can alone be sought—not in the parliamentary substitution of one dogmatic system in place of another, but in the removal, one by one, of the bonds which former legislatures have fastened on the national conscience, to cramp it up in one particular form of Christian belief—not in more definiteness, but in more generality. Parliament, we hold most distinctly, can in virtue of its proper function exercise no jurisdiction except over the temporalities of the Church, of which it is trustee for the nation. Any step beyond this can only be justified at present by the necessity of undoing the mischievous effects of former interference. To assume that it can in the nature of things lawfully attach any *doctrinal* conditions to the enjoyment of the revenues of which it has the disposal, involves the same absurdity as if, in voting a grant from the public funds for the support of academic learning, it should

* Speech on Clerical Petition.

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prescribe to the historian or the geologist what doctrines he must teach. When we reflect how Parliament is composed, and what is the nature of religious faith, we perceive at once the gross absurdity of supposing it competent to frame a religion for the nation. It affords but too good a justification for the well-known taunt of Lord Wharton, that the English had a "parliamentary Church" and a "parliamentary God," and for the sarcastic reply of a distinguished Liberal of the present day, when questioned about his religion, that it was to be found in the last Act of Parliament on the subject.

Convocation, as at present constituted, is as ill-qualified for the task of ecclesiastical reform as Parliament. Any practical measure would be determined by the predominance of party, and might be the result of a vote obtained through secret influence or the effect of a telling speech. Under the most favourable circumstances we have never seen that ecclesiastical councils did any good. We cannot forget Gregory Nazianzen's description of his own experience of them.* The exclusion of the lay element alone pronounces their unfitness for any comprehensive work of reform. We trust that no powers will ever be intrusted to Convocation for positive reformatory action, which do not include an adequate representation of the whole body of the laity in communion with the Church of England. Even with this addition we foresee insuperable difficulties, and are disposed ourselves to look in quite another direction for the change that is needed. In one word, our own conviction is, that the work of legislation in this matter must be rather *negative* than *positive*, *un*-doing instead of doing *more*, where too much has been done already; and that, as the only basis for a thorough spiritual renovation of the Church, there must be a recurrence, cautiously we admit, but firmly and resolutely, to a recognition of the primeval rights of the congregation,—of every local association of "faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered."† Here are the living centres of the religious life. Here is the source of all legitimate ecclesiastical authority in the last resort. To deny this is to go back to the sacerdotal principle repudiated at the Reformation. Without the recognition of these living *monades*, if we may so call them, as the constituent elements of an ecclesiastical whole, the Church

* Μηδεμιᾶς συνόδου τέλος εἶδον χρηστὸν, μηδὲ λύσιν κακῶν μᾶλλον ἐσχηκυίας ἢ προσθήκην. *Epist.* 55 *ad Procopium.*

Οὐδέ τί που συνόδοισιν ὁμόθρονος ἔσσομ' ἐγωγε
Χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἄκριτα μαρναμένων·
Ἔνθ' ἔρις, ἔνθα μάθος τε, καὶ αἰσχεα κρυπτὰ πάροιθεν
Εἰς ἕνα δυσμενέων χῶρον ἀγειρόμενα. Carmen x.

Both passages quoted by Gieseler, *Kirchengesch.* § 101, 9.

† Nineteenth Article.

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becomes a dead frame-work of external machinery. The primitive episcopacy grew out of, and was intimately associated with, the free action of the old congregational life. Only through some restoration of this free congregational life do we see that any healthy growth and development of the Church of England is possible. If it be urged that diversity of opinion and even of usage might be the consequence of this, we reply that this is inevitable, and no more than what now notoriously exists. We would only make that legal which is now illegal, and permit the public teachers of religion to utter the truth which lies nearest to their heart, without subjecting them to the painful necessity of plainly contradicting their public confession of faith, or of forcing into words a meaning which they cannot bear.

In submitting to the reader a few considerations on this subject, we must premise that we do not pretend to offer a complete theory logically self-consistent throughout, but simply to indicate the direction in which, as it seems to us, reform should be sought, for the removal of some flagrant evils; leaving it to the more experienced and the more immediately concerned, if the general idea be accepted, to work out the practical details of the problem. Our present business is not to inquire *a priori*, as a deduction from first principles, what might be the most perfect theory of a church in a new society wholly unembarrassed by historical traditions and usages, but to deal with a *fait accompli* which cannot be eliminated from the conditions of the case. The Church of England exists, and is inwrought with the whole frame-work of English society. It could not be destroyed without unspeakable mischief and confusion. We believe that it might be reformed with benefit to the whole world. Again, in every practical question there are certain fundamental postulates which must be granted as the basis of all intelligible and profitable discussion. It cannot be opened *in infinito*. The very nature of a religious establishment implies some limit. The point to be determined is, what is the kind and amount of limitation that would most effectually secure the specific objects for which such establishment exists. In the question before us, four postulates or fundamental conditions must be assumed: (1) the acceptance of Christianity, the religion which has its centre of influence and authority in the person of the Christ of the New Testament,—as the *actual* religion of the English nation, bound up with their habits and associations, the basis and sanction of their moral law, carrying its own evidence with it to the plain unsophisticated mind, in the effect of its pure, loving, and heavenly spirit, on the heart and life:—then, associated with this broad fundamental assumption, as the more special conditions of a national church, the retention of (2) the Prayer-Book; (3)

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the parochial system; (4) the episcopal discipline: these three last conditions, though preserved as something fixed in their substance, left open to modification as to form, in the way shortly to be explained.

The first, most obvious, and least difficult step in this work of reform would be releasing the teachers of theology in the Universities from the shackles of an authoritative creed; allowing them the same freedom in the criticism and exegesis of Scripture, and in the exposition of the history of Christianity, as the professor of Greek lawfully exercises in the interpretation of Homer and Plato,—or Professors Max Müller and John Phillips in announcing the results of a comparison of ancient languages and mythologies, and in deducing the legitimate inferences from the phenomena of geology. The very condition of true scientific teaching is mental freedom. How can a university fulfil its highest function of illuminating the national mind with a continual outflow of knowledge on the highest subjects, if a bar be opposed to the free thought of its teachers; if their voice may not utter what their mind dictates; or if, in speaking the true word, they violate a promise previously given? The young men who imbibe their philosophical and theological ideas at our seats of learning are to be distributed in after life as so many centres of light and moral influence throughout the country; and within whatever practical limits it may be found expedient for them to confine their instructions in dealing with a rustic and uncultivated audience, it is of the utmost importance to themselves that, in the preliminary discipline for their future office, they should be freely led into all truth; that they should fully understand the nature on which they are to act, and the quality of the instruments put into their hand by Providence for lifting it into a nobler attitude and aspiration. To offer only half a truth when the young mind in its healthy openness and simplicity is thirsting for the whole, is a cruel defeat of the obvious purpose of education. Such a process might be a fitting discipline for Jesuits; it is wholly unsuited to the education of an English Protestant. The high moral influence which, after all, is the most valuable effect of faithful intellectual teaching—the love of truth and right for their own sakes—is sorely blighted when pupils quit the chair of an instructor with the feeling that he has not told them all that he feels and believes, or that, when he has done so, he has virtually forsworn himself. The case of an academic teacher is not like that of a parish priest. His audience are prepared for him by a previous discipline, educated already up to the point to profit by learned instruction; they seek him for a scientific purpose, and he is bound to respond to their desire with scientific fidelity. We are not speaking now

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of a more special training for preachers and pastors, which is of course indispensable, and must be provided for in some other way,—but of that thorough philosophical and theological culture which is the basis of a learned ministry, and of which it is the object to put those who profit by it in possession of the highest truth. Nor is it to be supposed that this relaxation of an external bond would be necessarily followed by an immediate outburst of extravagant and conflicting opinion. Restraints more powerful than positive law would prevent such effects in both of our ancient Universities. The venerable traditions of the place, an unconscious sympathy with the genius and working of the Church, a deep sense of practical interests at stake, and the courteous respect for each other's convictions and feelings which always marks the intercourse of English gentlemen,—would put an invisible check on the wild license of individual speculation, far more effectual, and at the same time far more healthy and natural, than enforced submission to a yoke which is borne as a humiliating burden.

The difficulties of this question begin when we quit the University and approach the parochial system of the Church. Here we have to consider not only what is right in itself, but what is practically possible. Here there are many conflicting interests to reconcile and combine,—the rights of the patron, the authority of the bishop, the duties of the incumbent, the claims of the parishioners. We do not pretend to furnish a clue that will perfectly guide through this tangled labyrinth. We can only submit a few points for dispassionate consideration, which have occurred to those who look on this whole matter with the most friendly sympathy as Christians and as Englishmen from without. It does not, then, appear to us that, on admission into orders or induction into a cure, any serious inconvenience could arise, after the public mind had been sufficiently prepared for the change, by previous discussion in Parliament and at public meetings, from substituting for subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles the simple declaration of a desire to enter the ministry of the Church of England as actually constituted, accompanied by a solemn promise to abide by its laws and submit to its authorities. With regard to the Prayer-Book, a distinction might be made between its fixed and its variable parts. The former should constitute its permanent frame-work, containing those universal forms of adoration and confession, untinged by doctrinal peculiarities, which, for their beauty, sublimity, and catholic spirit, have commended themselves warmly to the national heart, and are freely used with the greatest acceptance by Nonconformists of various denominations. For the remainder, an option might be left to the clergyman, in conjunction with his

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flock, to retain or omit them, or use certain portions of them, as was found most accordant with their united feeling and judgment. The conditions under which alone such a change could be beneficially wrought, involve a vital point, to which allusion has been already made,—the development and organisation of a congregational life in the parish. Till this has been done, the withdrawal of a prescribed form of belief and worship might only be the substitution of a living for a dead tyranny; for where a clergyman holds his office wholly independent of congregational choice and approval, a creed and a ritual are considerately interposed, as Burke has well argued, to shield the popular conscience against the arbitrary dogmatism of the priest. The influence which a good and cultivated man acquires by persuasion and reason and faithful instruction over the minds of his flock, inducing them to join with him in the introduction of beneficial change, is a very different thing from the dictation of an irresponsible superior, which there is a strong and healthy tendency in human nature to resist and defy. To give this influence its best direction, there should be a free but an orderly and regulated intercourse between the congregation and the minister, bringing them both within the recognised limits of a common sphere of action, and assigning to each their place and function in its organic working. Would it, then, be impracticable to elect at fixed recurring periods, by the votes of all the recognised members of the parish (or district) church, certain persons out of their own number, recommended by years, character, and social influence,—as a body of elders representing the congregation, the notables of the parish,—to confer with and assist the clergyman in his parochial work; mediating between him and the congregation at large; discussing and preparing with him such changes, within prescribed limits, in the common worship and general spiritual discipline, as their experience and observation, or the effect of his teaching upon them, may have shown to be desirable, and demanded by the wants and the convictions of the general body of the faithful in communion with that particular church. They would thus constitute a sort of Church Council, representing and expressing the rights of the congregation, sustaining, though laymen, a similar relation to the clergyman as the presbyters of the primeval church to their *episcopus*. To give more form and regularity to these proceedings, it might be provided, that no such changes should take effect and be considered legitimate, till they had been approved and confirmed by the bishop of the diocese.—We anticipate two objections. It may be urged that such congregational freedom would draw after it variations in the liturgical forms used in different parishes. But there would still be a fundamental unity in them;

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the spirit of the Prayer-Book would pervade them all. There would only be so much freedom allowed as is indispensable to earnestness. Such variations would, after all, only be a recurrence to the freedom of the first ages, when nearly every separate ecclesiastical district had its own liturgy. Even in England, it is well known that different Uses, as they were then called, prevailed in different parts of the country before the Reformation. The exclusive adoption of one Use has been the effect of Protestantism. Again, it may be apprehended by some persons that the allowance of the freedom for which we contend, must breed divisions of opinion and fruitless controversies in a parish, that would be any thing but favourable to its peace and moral improvement. Admitting the possibility of some occasional collision of feeling, this would be better for the spiritual health of the Church than the immovable apathy and deadness in which some parishes are now sunk. But the chief cause of such mischiefs is the narrow sectarian zeal which a better educated and freer ministry, combined with the increasing diffusion of knowledge, would above all things tend to extinguish. We confess that we have great faith in the influence of an earnest and well-cultivated man, supported by his obvious interest to maintain the unity of the parish, in keeping down unnecessary divisions among his people; especially where he has secured their moral confidence and respect, and habitually concentrates their attention on the worth and beauty of a Christian life. Much of our sectarian strife and animosity is of purely factitious origin. Should it come to the worst and the malcontents prove implacable, a new church must be erected, with a fair division of parochial funds, and an invocation of the aid of the voluntary principle to supply deficiencies. We do not believe that this would often be the case. In large towns, where, from the complex character of the population and the greater mental activity, it would be most likely to occur, there would always be different churches, where the wants of different minds might be met and different tastes gratified. At the time of the Reformation it was, we believe, no unusual thing, when there was a division of belief among the inhabitants of a town, to assign one of the old churches to one confession, and another to the other. A few years ago (it may be so still) the Catholic and Protestant population of some of the cantons of Switzerland agreed to make use of the same church at different times of the day.

The appointment of the minister would be a matter requiring much caution and judgment. To impose a minister on a people without ever consulting their wishes, is a direct violation of one of those fundamental rights on which a church, as understood in its just and primitive sense, must be based, and without

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which it can hardly be said to exist. Yet we are by no means in favour of introducing an unlimited exercise of the democratic principle, as seen in many Nonconformist churches. We believe the Church might furnish the example of a wise and temperate recognition of popular rights, without running into the other extreme of universal suffrage. None, it need hardly be said, would be eligible to the ministerial office but those who had passed through the required course of education, and whose attainments, abilities, and moral character, after due examination, were certified by competent authorities. Out of this number the patron might nominate one or more to the living in his gift; the body of elders, before alluded to as the representatives of the parish, having full power reserved to them to accept or reject till they and the patron should agree in their choice. Before the final settlement, the entire parish in recognised communion with the Church (avowed Dissenters and unbelievers being of course excluded) should have the privilege of protesting, in case of the presentation of an individual who was unacceptable to a large majority. The bishop should induct. In the failure of the patron, the elders, and the parish to come to an agreement within a specified time, the final appointment might lapse absolutely to the bishop, who would, from his position, be sufficiently remote from local influences, and yet sufficiently interested in the spiritual welfare of his diocese, to be able to make such an appointment as would be best adapted, under the circumstances, to promote the harmony and happiness of the parishioners. For the removal of an obnoxious minister the consent of the patron and the bishop should be required to confirm the vote of the elders. We again repeat, that we merely suggest these matters for consideration, in order to open the question, fully conscious how many difficulties may be started in detail, and that the best-considered reforms must at first to some extent be tentative, subject to revision and correction from longer experience. Such a composition of powers as we have proposed would, it seems to us, be some guarantee against tyranny on either side,—the tyranny of the priest, and the tyranny of the people,—and reconcile freedom with responsibility. It must be recollected, too, that in the present state of our country all these transactions would be carried on under the eye of a vigilant public opinion, which has a vast control over the actions of men in the detection of abuse and the exposure of corruption in all our institutions.*

* It may perhaps be remarked that we have taken no notice of cathedrals and collegiate bodies. We intended, as we have said, merely to indicate the direction which reform should take, not to map-out a complete plan. The point of first importance, on which we have been most anxious to insist, is the release of

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A movement has recently sprung up among some of the truest friends of the Church for increasing the number of bishops. Such a change, by lessening the sphere of episcopal jurisdiction, would bring the bishop into closer personal connection with the parochial clergy of his diocese, render his functions less secular and more spiritual, and introduce a system more resembling the primitive episcopacy. Conferences might take place periodically between the bishop and the parochial clergy of his diocese, attended by the elders of their respective parishes, for the consideration of practical reforms and beneficial changes, and the extension and perfection of primary schools within the district. Neighbouring dioceses might excite a mutual emulation, and one benefit by the experience or example of another. Another question grows out of this: how should the bishops themselves be appointed? Might they not be chosen by the clergy of the diocese, subject to confirmation by the crown? The present system is at war with every notion of a religious institution. Any considerable increase in the number of the bishops must affect their connection with the legislature. All could not have seats in the Upper House; so that if the feeling of the nation were still in favour of a distinct parliamentary representation of the Church, the episcopal body would perhaps be obliged at last to elect its representatives, with one or two permanent heads *ex officio*. But this is not a vital part of the question. On the principle that all the great elements of our national life should find a voice in the legislature, it might not seem wholly unreasonable that the Church of the great majority of the nation, as the Church of England, with more freedom and wisely reformed, would assuredly become, should be directly represented. Dissenting ministers are eligible as members of the Lower House, but clergymen are not.

It may perhaps be regarded as some recommendation of the general plan of Church Reform here sketched out, that by combining different powers in the parochial and diocesan organisation, it is in close harmony with the mixed character of our civil constitution. Neither the congregational nor the presbyterian principle would be entirely excluded, though

academic teachers and parochial clergymen from subscription. If this were once granted, we should be well content to see some exceptional institutions remain as they are,—monuments of the zeal of our forefathers for the reward and encouragement of learning. We have no sympathy with the modern tendency to popularise every thing down to the level of what is called practical utility. We want more instead of less stimulus to the highest products of mind. We are against the entire abolition of prebends and fellowships; only, let the holding of them be exempt from mental bondage, and coupled with the condition of useful work. Why, again, should fellowships be regarded as a simple introduction to holy orders? Why should not a large proportion of them be secularised?

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combined with an episcopacy imprinting its distinctive character on the whole system. Guizot has somewhere argued, what every student of ecclesiastical history must be prepared to admit, that each of these principles—the congregational, the presbyterian, and the episcopal—can find some justification in the precedents of the earliest Church,—and we might perhaps add, in the unchanging principles of human nature. Had some amalgamation of this sort been possible at an earlier period, it might have satisfied the demands of the best men on all sides, and perhaps spared us a century of religious discord. Usher and Baxter might then have been ministers in the same church.

The final aim of every proposed reform should be to allow the Church greater power of free self-development—more scope for the manifold display of her rich inherent life and energy—by the removal of restrictions within which she is at present "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears." We are persuaded that the effect of this would be—not, what some apprehend, an endless splitting-up into sects and parties, but—more catholicity of spirit, a more binding moral union amidst the widest diversity of private opinion and of the intellectual apprehension of religion. We found this persuasion on our profound belief in the moral unity of human nature,—a unity which ever comes out more distinctly with the progress of education and culture, with the subjugation of the coarser passions and brutal instincts, and the dispersion of the superstition which fosters them. Believe in human nature, treat it fairly, and it will right itself. There is a divine element at work within it which it is impiety to distrust. Sects and parties originate in prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness. They will disappear in the light of knowledge and love. The pure religion of Christ carries an authority with it which will be better understood and more freely responded to, the more our inward nature is developed,—from its presenting an ideal towards which our common humanity aspires, and in which we can all see reflected the consciousness of our spiritual unity. Men cannot teach earnestly and faithfully without freedom; and spiritual freedom is the condition of spiritual unity.

With the most searching reform and widest opening of the Church of England at present possible, there would still probably remain outside of it not a few who retained a preference for the greater freedom and simplicity of the Nonconformist modes of worship. From the present tendencies of thought in many quarters, we think it not unlikely that societies for worship and mutual edification may hereafter be formed among devout Theists, who cannot find the spiritual aid and comfort which they seek in any of the existing forms of Christian com-

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munion. The coexistence of such independent religious associations with a national Establishment would be of great service to the spiritual development of the nation. It would prevent the Establishment from lapsing into apathy, and offer to it that sharp contrast of religious ideas and religious observances which arouses reflection, corrects prejudice, and promotes charity. The members of such communions, having free access to the national seats of learning, and sharing in the general illumination of the age, would no longer be looked down upon as proscribed and disqualified sectaries, but be regarded as the natural and genuine products of an advancing civilisation, and would probably number among them some of the best minds and characters of the time.

What we look forward to, and have wished in this Article to indicate, is the step that lies immediately before us, and seems now practically within reach,—a "transition state," to adopt in part Mr. Wilson's words,* "of as much liberty as the Church of England can as yet attain, a state of safety and protection"—more just and reasonable than that in which he is willing to acquiesce—"to those who use it wisely, under which a further freedom may be prepared." What possibilities may lie beyond this first step, who can see far enough into the secrets of the future to presume to divine? We are not of the Church of England, and possibly no changes of which she is at present susceptible, could bring us conscientiously within her fold. But we love her nevertheless, for her many great and good men, and her many noble works. We heartily desire her peace and deprecate her fall. May she work in the spirit of faith and love with those who yet stand outside her gates, to bring on that still brighter day, when the Church shall be coextensive with human brotherhood—when there shall be one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ, and God shall be all in all.

Art. VIII.—THE GROWTH OF ITALIAN UNITY.

Documents et pièces authentiques laissés par Daniel Manin. Paris, 1860.

Lettere di Daniele Manin a Giorgio Pallavicino. Torino, 1860.

"Viva Dio, andremo al fondo!" was the short and cheerful promise with which a few months ago Victor Emanuel grasped the sword presented to him by his new subjects of Central Italy.

* Essays and Reviews, p. 187.

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How best to go to the bottom of it—to search to the roots of the evil, to leave at last no residuum, no unsettled anomaly which must of necessity provoke fresh troubles and renewed complications for Italy hereafter—has been the one thought of all honestly thinking Italians of every colour of party, whether Republicans, Unionists, or Federalists, for the last ten years. To get, with God's help or their own, to the bottom of it, or as near as might be, has been the end and aim alike of all that has been written or planned since 1849, by the school of Manin, or by the sect of Mazzini,—of the mad and criminal blunder of Felice Orsini,—of the heroic self-devotion which has carried Garibaldi and his followers in triumph through the wonderful campaign of this last year,—of the questionable and tortuous as well as of the straightforward policy of Count Cavour. It was to get to the bottom of it that the Turin government risked in the face of Europe a bold departure from the letter of international law in occupying the Roman territory, besieging Ancona, annihilating Lamoricière's army, and taking out of the hands of Garibaldi the final expulsion of an allied despot without any previous declaration of war: as for the same object it submitted to the bitter fulfilment of a secretly-extorted contract for the cession of Nice and Savoy. The words of Victor Emanuel simply pledged him anew to follow out to the end the idea for which he had fought in vain at Novara with his father, and at Palestro and Solferino with better fortune, only to see his hopes of a final settlement indefinitely put off by his great ally in the compromise of Villafranca. They were but fresh expressions of that traditional loyalty to Italian interests which, from the time when Emanuel Philibert moved his seat of government over the Alps from Chambery to Turin, has never ceased to distinguish the House of Savoy,—of that honesty of purpose which forced Charles Albert to renew in the short and sharp campaign of 1849 the struggle that, with better chances, had turned irresistibly against him in the previous year, and which marked the beginning of Victor Emanuel's own reign by the stout maintenance, under difficult circumstances, of the constitutional liberties which his father had granted. They committed him to no new principle, in proclaiming that, although Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna, had been added to the dominions which owned his sovereignty two years ago, something yet remained to be done; that it was not merely a dynastic ambition to reign over half of Italy which had to be satisfied; that the old spirit was still at work, and that the son of "the Sword of Italy" would go through with the work he had begun. Whatever unforeseen paths might have to be trodden before that work were ended, these words were a public and important guarantee

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that, on the part of Piedmont, as represented by Victor Emanuel, there was and would be no compromise and no desertion of the great idea,—the setting Italy free.

The struggle has not yet been carried out to the end. Rome and the Venetian provinces still remain in hands where they cannot remain for ever. The question of the Quadrilateral, before which Napoleon III. drew back, has yet to be solved, as has also the question of the shorn temporalities of the Holy See. For the enfranchisement of the Papal States, the contest henceforward clearly lies in the province of diplomacy alone; while it is yet absolutely uncertain whether the Austrian problem will find its solution through diplomacy or war. Other perils still lie in the path of Italy. But the step which has been made in the direction of her final independence and union, since that promise was given by Victor Emanuel a few months ago, is one of enormous and unparalleled magnitude, so wide and so sudden as to bring inevitably with it its own dangers and its own temptations. The most sanguine of political speculators, however familiar with the hatred of Bourbon misrule pervading the heart of Sicily and Calabria, could not have presumed to calculate on the miraculous success achieved by Garibaldi. No sensible man would have believed, until he learnt it as matter of history, that before fifteen hundred volunteers, with a few field-pieces, whose very landing in the teeth of the blockading frigates of Naples was an act of singular audacity justified by the sheer caprice of fortune, the whole military system of the Bourbon tyranny, from Marsala to Capua, would shrivel up like a scroll. Is it a dream, that a disciplined army of more than a hundred thousand men, of whom at least thirty thousand have fought when tied to the stake with a remarkable tenacity in an unpopular and all but hopeless cause, made no serious stand between Melazzo and Naples against an irregular and half-armed force, at no point equal in numbers, ignorant as a body even of guerrilla warfare, organising itself on the march as it best could, and provided with no base of operations or supplies upon which it could fall back if once beaten? The very contrast of the stubborn resistance offered at Capua and Gaëta, when, until the kingdom and capital were lost, the mere whiff and wind of Garibaldi's sword had unnerved and overthrown all before him, gives a still more incomprehensible colour to the whole story. By what trick of destiny, what peculiar fatuity of administrative blundering, was it found possible to send all the Neapolitan troops who would not fight to the front, and to keep all who would fight in the rear, when a single victory in front of Naples would have been to Francis II. worth five gained behind it? It may be that an indefinite fear of the people his family had misgoverned, a con-

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viction that, whether or not the army itself could be relied upon, nothing behind the army could be trusted even to give a passive support and not to burst at any moment into open hostility, was at the bottom of the reasons which induced the King of Naples to retire to the farthest end of the lists, and only fight with his back to the wall. But the more the campaign is analysed, the more is common sense justified in asserting at last, as at first, that a more daring, self-devoted, romantic expedition of forlorn hope was never set on foot by a few heroes. There is no other method by which the same result could have been brought about in the same or in any determinate period of time; and yet that it should have been obtained by this course was a thing to dream of, but not rationally to hope for. Had Garibaldi failed, even at the last, we will not say that the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies would have been thrown back into a worse slavery,—for such might have been hardly possible,—but their redemption would have been more difficult than ever. It was nothing to a man like Garibaldi to throw away all thought of self in undertaking such a struggle; but to undertake it with any genuine hope of success required the sublime inspiration of a faith not springing from mere personal courage or self-devotion alone. That "one best augury, our country's cause," is not always, to all outward appearance, the most fortunate of auguries, either to its individual supporters or itself; and its apparent fallibility has been proved in Italy as often and as clearly as elsewhere.

From the very nature of the expedition, we think it hardly necessary to inquire at length into the allegations of the complicity of Victor Emanuel and Cavour in the designs of Garibaldi at the time of his sailing for Sicily. It was impossible that, from the first moment when the fact became known, they should not, as two Italians among more than twenty millions, have felt a vivid though anxious sympathy with so daring an attack upon the incubus which no direct efforts of their own could lift off Southern Italy. It is easy to apply the *cui bono* test after the event; but however loyal Garibaldi's intention might always have been to hand over whatever conquests he might make to his own legitimate sovereign, there could be no security that the most improbable height of military success would enable him to fulfil that intention till the temper of the conquered or liberated people had been tried. The personal dislike and distrust felt by Garibaldi towards Cavour since the abandonment of Nice and Savoy, render it extremely unlikely that he should have compromised his own freedom of action as an errant and irresponsible adventurer by imparting his plans to the government over which Cavour presided; nor is it pro-

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bable that he had forgotten the check which Victor Emanuel had placed upon his impetuous wish to move Southern Italy from the centre downwards. Noble, straightforward, and true in thought, word, and deed, as Garibaldi has shown himself, there is proof enough, in the obvious dangers which the cause of unity has battled through since his arrival at Naples from the anxiety of his recognised prompters and advisers to carry out their own theory at all hazards, that his success by no means involved as a certain consequence the ultimate gain to Piedmont of the southern half of the peninsula. Had the influence of Mazzini been as strong as many believed it still to be, or had Cavour hesitated to take the bold plunge of intervention at the exact moment, a more or less anarchical Parthenopean republic might now be standing between Victor Emanuel and Francis II. Cavour did seize the opportunity with a boldness and a judgment of which few European statesmen are capable, and such as no responsible minister would dare to exercise unless assured of the unanimous support of those to whom his account was to be given; but until the moment arrived, it was by no means certain that his opportunity would ever come.

If the striking and sudden changes which 1859 and 1860 have seen were the last which must take place in Italy before the Italian question can be considered as finally solved, we might well be content to rest our eyes mainly upon their details as affording satisfactory proofs of the national qualities of the Italians, and fair guarantees for their eventual progress and tranquillity. But, as at the farthest the new Italian power is only half-way through the tangled wood of its difficulties; as—to accept the sneer of its eloquent assailant, M. de Montalembert—it has recoiled before the material obstacles of Venice and the French garrison in Rome; as the present moment is but the pause after one sharply-run heat of a race,—it will be found more to the purpose, with a view to the future, to cast a backward glance on the less fortunate struggle of twelve years ago. It does not require any deep scrutiny to recognise how inseparably connected the two phases of action have been, and how visibly the one has prepared, guided, and modified the other. Not only the political errors of 1849, but its noble deeds and tragically fruitless expenditure, as it seemed, of individual heroism, have led the Italian nation up to the second struggle in a sterner, higher, and wider mood. The partisan wars of Montevideo had formed the first nucleus of the strength of Garibaldi as the guerrilla leader of a small devoted legion; but the siege of Rome was the first intimation to Europe at large, and to the people of Italy, that in him was found the ideal of a

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patriotic general of irregulars, and that the fire of his enthusiasm was contagious to all who came around him. The desperate determination to mark more strongly in the sight of the world the scandal of the French attack, by holding the Eternal City to the last, seemed to many at the time a foolhardy resistance to an overwhelming power. The skilful retreat as an outlawed and proscribed bandit through the well-spread toils of the Austrian forces; the death of his brave wife from sheer fatigue upon the Adriatic shore; the almost solitary arrival of the hunted and worn-out man in the beleaguered and bombarded city, where alone the Italian tricolour was still floating in defiance of the common enemy,—were noted at the moment of the general defeat of Italy chiefly as striking touches of personal adventure. Yet in making the name of Garibaldi a sure rallying cry for every chivalrous feeling in every Italian breast, the monstrous blunder perpetrated by the Prince-President in his intervention at Rome has at least borne one fruit after many days, which had been neither reckoned on nor wished for by the Emperor who, in 1859, first deliberately irritated Austria into declaring war, and then signed the Villafranca treaty. To those who wrote ten years ago the history of the Italian struggle, the siege of Rome mainly suggested regret for so much wasted heroism and purposeless suffering. Those who write the same history henceforward may draw from the same incidents one more illustration of the too-often forgotten maxim, that a heroic deed is never quite thrown away.

The same moral, and even a more practical one, may be found in the details of the siege of Venice. From the only rational point of view which could be taken, after the defeat of Charles Albert at Novara, in the spring of 1849, the final suppression of the Venetian resistance was but too clearly and too hopelessly a mere question of time. Sooner or later, the grasp of Radetzky or Haynau was sure to be again on the throat of Venice with as iron strength as ever. Hope from Hungary was doubtful and distant; hope from the active intervention of other foreign powers, France or England, there was none. We are bound to say that, throughout the contest, the English foreign minister had used towards Venice a frank and loyal bluntness, which stands in very favourable contrast with the diplomacy of the French Government on the same question. Lord Palmerston gave all that he had to give—his good offices as a mediator: the best, plainest, and most far-sighted advice to Austria, alike after her defeat and her recovery in Lombardy; the best and most humane advice to the provisional government of Venice, to make terms with Austria as soon as resistance became absolutely hopeless. He openly told M. de Hummelauer that the concession of

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the line of the Adige could never stand as a final settlement of the whole question of North Italy, as he told the Venetians afterwards that they could not, under the circumstances, expect any terms involving their separation from Austria. Beyond these friendly offices, he never gave from first to last a promise, hint, or suggestion, that England would in any way do more. He was cruel to Venice only to be kind. We will not say that the French republican government, either of Lamartine, Cavaignac, or Louis Napoleon, was wantonly kind to her only to be cruel. But there is no doubt that it encouraged the desperate resistance of Manin and his fellow-citizens by the repeated utterance of an implied, if not an express, promise to assist them materially if required. Sufficient proofs of the attitude France professed to maintain are to be found in the interesting letters from Pasini, the Venetian envoy at Paris, to Manin, as the head of his government; and it is impossible to doubt that the report they contain of the assurances given him is most accurate. As soon as Manin was satisfied, after repeated and vain attempts to ascertain the real intentions of France, that no material aid would come from that quarter, he adopted the advice which Lord Palmerston had honestly given him on the first day when it became obvious that the contest between Venice and Austria could only terminate in one way. Hopeless as the defence of Venice practically was, it may be seen, through the light of ten years' interval, to have contributed more largely towards the present result, and to have cleared the way more completely for the present situation, than was or could be anticipated by contemporary observers. Besides confirming the self-reliance of those who had struggled, suffered, and failed, the lesson of Venice and Rome, conquered in their isolation, pointed out to the Italians more clearly round what centre of strength that self-reliant few might most usefully group themselves, and how their number and their influence might best be extended. The clearest heads and the noblest hearts among the exiles of Italy, when, in the downcast calm which followed their struggle and defeat, they looked back on the past, began to perceive that the jealous municipal spirit, which had been so obstinate in bargaining for an exact share of theoretical equality in the constitution of a federative Italian unity, and so quick to suspect the good faith of its own natural allies, was one of the misleading lights under which the chances of success had failed. The Mazzinists still dreamed of the great republic, one and indivisible, heaven-born in the hearts of men, and ready to spring into full strength and prosperity at a moment's notice, by the pure volition of Italy brandishing a million daggers, as the only possible salvation from the dominion of the stranger; but more prudent and practical politicians re-

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cognised in thought, and grasped in practice, the right clue for the formation of a power which should work for the enfranchisement of their common country, and which should grow in working.

The one occupant of an Italian throne, spiritual or temporal, whose name after 1849 was not abhorred by his people;—the only prince whose seat did not rest on the support of foreign bayonets; the only prince who with his father had kept the word which all Italian princes in 1848 had given alike, and fought manfully in the war which all alike had called a holy war,—was also the only one who had kept the promises of internal improvement which all alike had made before or during the war, and who had trusted the destiny of his own house and of his subjects to the honest working of constitutional reforms. Forced by the peace which Novara made necessary to retire within herself, and to leave the question of Italy against Austria where the sword of Radetzky had placed it, Piedmont had yet in her power one method of working for Italy as well as for herself; and that method she grasped and maintained. She undertook to give to Europe the proof that at least one section of the Italians could govern themselves under freer institutions than were enjoyed by most European populations, without anarchy, confusion, civil feud, or jealousy, and to Italy the proof that one Italian sovereign was capable of loyally keeping his word. Europe and Italy saw the exceptional privileges of a separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction firmly and peaceably annihilated by the free passing of a just and liberal law. The organisation of the Piedmontese army, which in Charles Albert's last campaign had been perforce intrusted to a foreign commander, was gradually worked up to a level of high perfection under national officers. Growing prosperity was found to be compatible with, if not consequent upon, the presence of free thought and free discussion, the absence of "sbirri," the security of person and property, and the open safety-valve for individual energy of a free political career. Exiles and refugees from all other States of Italy found in the kingdom of Victor Emanuel that certainty of safety which elsewhere England or Switzerland alone could afford them. While Milan remained in a state of passive stagnation and immobility under the pressure of martial law, her rival, Turin, with a free press and free Chambers, grew in favour and stature year by year. The armour which had been broken at Novara, and painfully riveted anew by La Marmora for future needs, was proved at the bridge of the Tchernaya in the sight of three great European armies, and found not wanting. Italy purchased, by her assistance on the battle-field, the right to claim at the council-board of Europe that position as the re-

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presentative of Italy from which the energy of the old Austrian field-marshal had pushed her down six years earlier; and at the Conferences of Paris she spoke with a clear and calm frankness which well became a smaller power asserting her right among the larger ones, who were jealous of her appearance at that board as an inconvenient and unprecedented intrusion. The mere lodging of a protest against the continuing indifference of foreign Powers to the still unsettled Italian question was worth more than might at first sight appear in the interest of unity. It was the first official intimation, since Novara, that Piedmont was not content with mere domestic improvements, and could not, however powerless for the moment, look on unmoved at the sufferings of her fellow-countrymen. Cavour must always have the credit of not having blinked the difficulty—of having placed it fairly before the eyes of Europe as one which still imperatively demanded a solution, and which must come to a crisis sooner or later.

As a proof of the effect which the attitude of Piedmont at home and abroad was producing on the minds of all reasonable patriots in Italy, few documents are more interesting or more instructive than a set of letters (lately published at Turin) written by Manin to the Marquis Giorgio Pallavicino, between 1855 and 1857. At the date of the Venetian revolution, of which he was the main organiser, controller, and guide, Manin was in heart and soul, as well as in theory, a republican. Taking his point of departure for arguing the special case of Venice from the treaty of Campo Formio, and feeling with all the intensity of Venetian sentiment the glory of the old traditional banner which that treaty had trampled in the dust, it was most natural that he should be so. In raising the cry of St. Mark in 1848, he appealed to the most universal and the strongest, if the narrowest, patriotic feeling which lay at the hearts of those whom he spoke to—the children of the lagoons. In that year, when democratic revolutions were even more in fashion than mere contests for national independence, the extreme concession which the republican theorists of Italy were ready to make, was an engagement that a general constituent assembly should meet for the definitive settlement of the form of all the governments of the Peninsula, after the successful termination of the war. That foreign power which held out the most decided encouragement, and the most direct hopes of assistance, was, as a young republic itself, inclined to favour smaller imitations of its own sacred form of opposition to the monarchical principle; and it may be gathered, from the published state-papers of the Venetian question which bear upon the conduct of the French government, that a considerable dis-

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inclination for the neighbourhood of a strong dynastic power immediately to the south of the Alps gave a bias to the line in which Lamartine and his successors wished to lead the fortunes of North Italy. The chance of French aid was of such importance to the success of the rising which Manin had inaugurated, that it is probable that the wish to stand well with so powerful a cognate form of polity may have confirmed his adherence in practice to the republican idea. Manin, possessing that intuitive justice of appreciation which distinguishes the genuine politician from the unscrupulous idealist and dreamer, steadily refused to believe in the treachery which Republicans of all shades were so fond of attributing to Charles Albert, both in 1848 and in 1849, as the only reasonable explanation of his defeat by Radetzky. But it was not until he had left Venice for that exile in which he died, that Manin saw clearly how absolutely the cause of Italian independence required to be centred upon a practical and existing nucleus of strength, and that such a nucleus was to be found in Piedmont alone. From the outset of the correspondence to which we have referred till his death in September 1857, Manin devoted himself to proclaiming the only tangible method of realising that independence, with as emphatic energy and perseverance as he had shown in conducting the defence of Venice. The motto which he wished to see prefixed to all his writings on the subject when published, is the best indicator of the views developed in these letters. PARTITO NAZIONALE, INDIPENDENZA, UNIFICAZIONE, are the watchwords to which he adheres. Instead of contenting himself with the cry of a thousand dreaming theorists, that Italy *is* one, he hangs out the more practical device to which the bitter lesson of a well-pondered failure has converted him. "True, that Italy is, or ought to be, one. Let us make her so. In the presence of six or seven different governments which do not represent their populations, which rest only on foreign bayonets, as you say, but which have at command plenty of those bayonets to rest upon, as you forget to say, let us take the one government which is Italian, which does by its constitution and in its spirit represent those over whom it rules, which is such as we wish Italy to be, free, liberal, and of proved stability, and let us make our Italy on that. Let us use Piedmont, not as a pattern only, but as a frame. To drive out and to keep out the Austrian army, we want, not merely the irregular impulses of patriotic heroism, acting through an undisciplined army of citizen-martyrs—not even a million of muskets alone, with two millions of arms to wield them. To meet organised battalions, except under circumstances so exceptional as to be all but miraculous, we must have organised

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battalions, or we can never expect to have on our side the help of that Providence which, after all, does take into account the material conditions of human warfare. In the army which fought and bled in 1848 and 1849, for the very principle we are now ready again to bleed for,—the *gran pensiero* of Italian unity,—and which has since stood on a not inglorious battle-field by the side of the giants of the world, we have such an organisation as we need, ready to our hands, though not powerful enough in itself without the strength which we can bring it. We must make ourselves one with that, and without either silent reservation or petty quibbles of bargaining. We must exercise our national right of choice now, instead of stipulating beforehand for the exercise of it when the Rubicon has been crossed and the battle won. We must say frankly to the one royal house, the one constituted government we can trust, *Fate l'Italia, e son con voi.* Take in hand the making of Italy, and we are yours, body and soul. If that house and government do not accept the offer, it will then be time to look elsewhere."

Such is the general outline of the policy of the party represented by Manin. An abridgment of one of his letters will show his application of the principle to the actual state of things. "Let no movement" (he writes to Pallavicino in June 1856) "take place any where which has not the probability of becoming a revolution. Let no password be sent from abroad to say, 'The hour to rise is come.' When the hour to rise is really come, the revolution will burst of its own accord. As soon as the revolution has burst, and has gained the mastery at any single point of Italy, let those whom the course of events has borne to its head proclaim Victor Emanuel king of Italy, and convoke immediately a National Assembly, to represent Italy in insurrection, and in case of hesitation or tardiness on the part of Piedmont, to continue without pause the work of rescue, making use of all the elements of force which the nation can supply. Until the 'national' flag is a generally and publicly accepted idea, it is natural that the Piedmontese government should hesitate. Let us put ourselves fairly in its place. The Piedmontese monarchy cannot draw the sword and throw away the scabbard, until it is assured of the loyal support of the whole nation—until the possibility is entirely put out of the question that after victory the Mazzinists might not only refuse the prize it had honestly earned, but even attempt to drive it from the throne of its ancestors."

At the same moment that Manin wrote this well-considered confession of political faith, Victor Hugo, or some equally irresponsible writer under cover of his name, was calling upon the

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Italians to awake, and raise the red flag; to be on their guard, lest in the guise of a false prophet the Cain of Savoy should come down from the springs of Po; to remember that Italy had twice already thrown herself into the arms of a royal liar (Charles Albert), who twice betrayed her; and to rise with the old arms of the torch and the dagger—

"La fiaccola accesa, brandito il pugnal!"

There is a wide margin between the calm foresight and generous trust of the ex-dictator of Venice, and the artificial raving of the poetical preacher of the red republic; and the events of the last two years have justified Manin more than Victor Hugo or Mazzini. Yet even Manin and the government of Piedmont could not be expected to look at the whole question precisely from the same point of view. It was a case in which "a full man and a fasting" could never talk upon even terms. Manin, who as an individual had lost all, who was condemned to irretrievable banishment among the forty Venetian leaders whom victorious Austria had proscribed by name, whose friends at Venice were, as they still are, under the iron heel of military despotism, and who saw all Italy outside of Piedmont travailing and groaning until she should be delivered, could not, with all his wish to be frank and impartial, fairly put himself in the position of the government of Piedmont, as to the policy of provoking the sharp struggle, through which alone the new birth could come. To men of Manin's temperament and in Manin's place,—however patient, self-devoted, and unselfish they might be,—every day and every year of delay, beyond the earliest moment when the great enterprise on which they had set their souls *might* succeed, was for the sake of their enslaved brothers a day or year of anguish and wearying. But the King of Piedmont was bound under all circumstances to remember—what, after the lessons of 1848 and 1849, Victor Emanuel would have been mad to forget—that not only charity but justice begins at home. It might be right for him to go to the verge of rashness in drawing the sword; but it could never be his duty to cast the scabbard quite away. The daring challenge to fortune contained in the chivalrous motto of his great ancestor Emanuel Philibert—SPOLIATIS ARMA SUPERSUNT—was not flung down until the Duke of Savoy had nothing left him but his sword and his name. From personal or dynastic ambition Victor Emanuel might be eager to strike a bold stroke for the crown of Italy. A higher and deeper feeling might urge him to risk his person and his dynasty for those of his brother Italians who kept crying to him out of the depths for the help he alone could give them. But he had no right to jeopardise

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the independence or freedom of the free and independent Piedmontese with whose destinies his birthright had intrusted him, by any provocation of Austria to a contest in which he had not a great and reasonable expectation of winning. The king, to whom Radetzky had granted terms, which, if hard, were at least honourable, and not harder than the extremity warranted, was in a certain sense bound in honour as well as in policy not to trouble his victor with a needless repetition of the mutual evils of war except for good cause. If Piedmont were struck down by Austria yet a third time, who could say to what year the hopes of reconstituting Italy would of necessity be thrown? The rejected offer which Radetzky had made to the young king after Novara of easier terms, if he would only give up his "constitutional nonsense," might on the next occasion have been used as a pretext even for military occupation and for partial suppression of the liberties which were found incompatible with the peace and quiet of Piedmont's imperial neighbour in Lombardy. For those whom he was most anxious to assist in the wisest way, for his own people's safety, and for his own reputation before Europe, which would be his strict judge, Victor Emanuel was bound above all things not to be foolhardy.

From the date of Charles Albert's *Statuto*, England had looked on with a growing sympathy and a growing confidence in the march of affairs in Piedmont,—with a respect for the calmness and fairness visible in the discussions of a young parliament, in which the extremes of party were as widely represented as in our own, and with an interest in seeing the constitutional experiment settling down by its own balanced weight into a historical fact and tradition of North Italy. It seemed obvious to English eyes that the longer Piedmont could continue clenching and enlarging her internal reforms, and developing her domestic prosperity, without direct interference in the affairs of the rest of Italy, the stronger would she be whenever absolutely called upon to interfere; and that in this sense every completed year of peaceful improvement brought with it the security of a better position for her as the example and instrument in the regeneration of Italy. It was natural that the unemancipated Italians should be generally prone to misapprehend and under-estimate the worth of such sympathy from a foreign nation, as it openly tended to discourage any move not certain to succeed, and at all events to defer the day of the struggle as long as possible. Yet we imagine that the government of Piedmont looked upon the question nearly from the English point of view. We believe both Cavour and Victor Emanuel to have been at the time of the Paris

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conferences, and far later, as sincerely anxious on their own account as England could be for them, to defer as long as might be, and if possible to avoid altogether, an Austrian war. A not inconsiderable party in the Piedmontese chamber maintained a constant and consistent opposition to the military development of the forces of Piedmont on a scale and at an expense certainly incommensurate with her actual position as a second-rate sub-Alpine kingdom, and only relevant to the event of her again standing forward as the champion of all Italy. That party had at least a right to be heard at Turin, as our own peace-at-all-price school has at home; and it was only by appealing to the wider or more ambitious patriotism of the majority that Cavour was enabled to hold the ground he had taken up, and to prevent Piedmont from inevitably sinking into the background as an inexpansive and selfish little power, and so leaving the lead of the Italian movement to the chances of the first anarchical eruption. With the conviction (which every day's experience stamped more forcibly on the minds of those resident at Turin than at our distance from the stage of Italian action we are apt to understand or remember) that the movement must lead to a fresh crisis sooner or later,—it was difficult for the Piedmontese Government, between the so-called "municipal" and "national" parties, to go neither too fast nor too slow. Legitimately desirous as she might be to keep the peace with her Austrian neighbours at the cost of submission to overbearing demeanour and moral provocation, the position of Piedmont as the rallying-point of Italy was lost if once she was left behind.

When the French Emperor's speech to the Austrian envoy on New-year's day 1859 intimated to a puzzled diplomatic Europe that France and Sardinia were about to challenge Austria to combat on the battle-field of the Italian idea, the public opinion of England pronounced so decidedly and universally that Piedmont was going too fast in accepting the conditions of the imperial alliance, that anxiety for Italy assumed something like the shape of sympathy for Austria. That distrust in the entire disinterestedness of French Imperial policy, which the surrender of Savoy and Nice has since justified, led the English instinct even morbidly to foresee in the prospect of any victory gained by Piedmont over Austria mainly by the strength of French arms, some indeterminately modified application of the old fable of the horse, who invited the man to help him to chase the stag out of his pastures. The curiously inapplicable compromise of that idea for which France had ostentatiously declared war, which was effected at Villafranca, must always cast a deep shadow of doubt on the extent to which the French

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liberator in truth ever intended the independence of Italy to be won or consolidated. Nevertheless, it would be ingratitude in Italians to deny, and irrational in any one outside of Italy to doubt, that Italy does practically owe to France the best opportunity for her complete liberation, of which hitherto she has availed herself to good purpose. The organised material strength of Piedmont, even increased in numerical bulk by a general Italian rising, could not, for many years later than 1859, have enabled her to enter at once upon single combat with Austria on any terms but those of sheer desperation. In employing, so to speak, the capitalised military force of the French empire to maintain the brunt of the struggle until Central Italy had time to rise irrepressibly and to gain something beyond a mere tumultuary organisation; in finding out, as could only be done through the test of an evenly-matched contest, the really weak points of the apparently impenetrable armour of Austria, and driving her back from the attitude of aggressive vigilance to that of enforced self-defence,—Piedmont gained perhaps more than France intended to give, but certainly what nothing but the help of France could have given her so soon. For all Italians, except the inhabitants of Nice,—for Rome and Venice among the rest,—for all others whose interest it is that Italy should be strong, except the Savoyards,—the singular favour of fortune, the determination of the Italians themselves, and the statesmanship of Cavour, have well justified in a material point of view the undertaking of that celebrated but undefined agreement of Plombières, which set Piedmont moving so much faster than her most disinterested and temperate critics wished her to move. But the dangers for Piedmont and Italy which lie in her being driven too fast are not yet over. The question which, in consequence of the wonderful achievements of Garibaldi, is more on the lips of men than ever,—how is Venice to be redeemed from Austrian bondage?—may, we hope, wait for the moment. But the problem of harmoniously fusing the provinces last gained with the remainder of the Italian state must be undertaken without respite. The success of Ricasoli in Tuscany may be a good omen; but the Neapolitans are not Tuscans, even should Farini possess the power and the judgment of Ricasoli.

The clear political intuition of Cavour, which gave General Cialdini the word to cross the Marches at the exact moment when the Piedmontese intervention became necessary to avert either anarchy or reaction, was equally conspicuous in the selection of the issue to be offered, under the sanction of the Turin parliament, to the enfranchised Neapolitan provinces, upon the vote for their future national destiny. It may justly be

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thought a matter for regret that Cavour should have given in both Central and Southern Italy the authority of repeated precedent to the use of the coarse and questionable machinery of universal suffrage, as if that pliable instrument of chance, fraud, or despotism contained the best legal sanction of a revolution which the unanimity of the intelligent portion of the population had already rendered a foregone conclusion. That method of recording a secured result was presumably adopted for the sake of imposing at least on the French empire the moral impossibility of refusing to acknowledge as valid the very manifestation of the popular voice which is the professed basis of its own authority, and is nominally acknowledged as such by the other States of Europe. But the wisdom of confining the option to be exercised through the national ballot-boxes to an unqualified refusal or acceptance of the unconditional adhesion to the existing constitutional monarchy of which Victor Emanuel was the head, was prompted by more solid and permanent principles of political sagacity. No form of bargain or separate declaration of rights, however carefully drawn tight or left vague in its terms, would have left the hands of Victor Emanuel's government as free as they must be left, to overcome the great difficulties of promptly organising their new acquisitions. It is obvious that in that process the Prime Minister of Italy will have to meet boldly, and to combat at all points, a new development of Mazzinism, backed by a not inconsiderable party of speculative and unscrupulous theorists, and perhaps by a large body of that desultory public opinion which the novelty of being allowed to think for themselves is likely to produce among the more superficially educated part of the Neapolitan population. The school of politicians which has always hitherto shown itself incapable of appreciating the difference between the stable equilibrium of an actual basis of historical constitutional law, and the unstable equilibrium of the ideal rights of a social commonwealth existing upon paper, is still ready and anxious to throw the whole working system of Italian government into indefinite solution, to be crystallised anew into whatever form a general constituent assembly, under some name or other, may ultimately devise. It is true that Mazzini and his adherents have professedly or for the time given up their cherished vision of the republic of Italy. They declare themselves willing, under the circumstances, to accept Victor Emanuel as the sovereign head of Italian unity. But that declaration is still coupled with a protest that they do not trust either him or his ministers wholly. The steadiness of hand and the constancy of purpose which steered Piedmont through the gales of 1848 and

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1849, when all else suffered shipwreck; which have transmuted her from an absolute monarchy into an exemplary constitutional kingdom, and have forced her the third time, for the sake of Italy, to stand the peril of the die against Austria; the eagerness which even tempted her to tarnish her own honour for the sake of Italy, by the cession of a portion of her own free subjects to her imperial ally,—give to these scrupulous sticklers no guarantee against the dishonesty and selfishness of her purposes in regard of Southern Italy. They profess to fear a practical absorption of the element of the Two Sicilies by the preponderating northern constituent of Italian unity. Almost before Naples is, by the aid of Piedmontese battalions, free from its former tyranny, they cry out in the name of Naples for a utopian security that Naples shall not be sacrificed to Piedmont. The prospect of indefinite stagnation, the chances of indefinite anarchy, are nothing to them, if only they may have a blank sheet of paper on which to draw out their bran-new constitution. The corn is reaped, set in sheaves, and ready to be garnered; and the Mazzinist party would choose this moment to pull down the barns and build bigger. The danger has been staved off for the day; but it may yet be feared that when the parliamentary chamber of Italy is largely increased by the influx of Neapolitan deputies, the same project will reappear under some equally perilous and more slippery form.

And this in the presence of Austria still holding Venice, and lying in wait with a well-provided army of 300,000 men massed behind the Quadrilateral! And this by the very party which used alike the presence of Austria in Venice, and the presence of the French in Rome, as the spurs to goad the noble and unselfish simplicity of Garibaldi into the headstrong assertion of a policy of which he did not see the bearing. Garibaldi had adhered without reserve to the views of the party represented by Manin and Pallavicino in 1856;* and in accordance with the general scheme indicated in the letter of Manin referred to above, he proclaimed on his first successes in Sicily that he fought

* The few words in which Garibaldi assured Pallavicino of his concurrence in the policy of the national party are so hearty and simple, and yet so thoroughly Italian, that we are tempted to reproduce them here without further comment or translation, for such of our readers as like to dwell on the authentic expressions of a great man.

Genova, 5 luglio 1856.

Caro Pallavicino,—Amico e compagno di sventura di Foresti, martire della santissima causa nostra, voi avete titoli abbastanza per l' affetto mio e mia fiducia. Io devo dunque in due parole dirvi che sono con Voi, con Manin e con qualunque de' buoni Italiani che mi menzionate: vogliate adunque farmi l' onore di ammettermi nelle vostre file, e dirmi quando dobbiamo fare qualche cosa. Desidero che mi comandiate in ogni circostanza. Vostro, G. Garibaldi.

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in the name of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. When at Palermo or Messina he was urged to accomplish the separate annexation of Sicily to the North Italian kingdom, he was justified by the interest of the Neapolitan population of the mainland in refusing to sever into two questions the abolition of the dynasty of Francis II. But in attaching the event of the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the condition precedent of the delivery of Venice and Rome, Garibaldi provoked a new and a scarcely measurable danger of losing all that had been already won. If the celebrated proclamation that the kingdom of Italy should only be constituted on the Quirinal did not cause an insurrection in Rome and Venice, it could bring no practical or immediate help to the cause for which Garibaldi was in arms; while in the mean time it at once supplied a direct challenge to fresh antagonists, and maintained indefinitely a serious obstacle in the way of any pronounced intervention by the government of Turin. The unbroken series of successes which had borne the small army of liberators in a summer campaign from Marsala to Naples, rendered it perhaps natural that the enthusiasm of Garibaldi should have led him into the belief that he could raise a force strong enough to cope with the armies of even Austria or France in the field. But the resistance which the isolated stronghold of Gaëta has been able to oppose to the disposable land-forces of Sardinia may give even Garibaldi a hint of the uselessness of dashing an army of irregular troops against the Quadrilateral. Though the leisurely retirement of the little rock of Caprera will never diminish his readiness to immolate himself a thousand times over for the mere chance of freeing Venice and completing Italy, the calm reflection for which it will give him the first opportunity he has enjoyed since he set foot on Sicilian ground, will probably lead him to appreciate more truly the enormous difficulties which lie in front of a purely military solution of the problem, and the impossibility of his attempting henceforward to solve it as an independent leader, without directly compromising both Piedmont and Italy. We think we can trace in the most recent of Garibaldi's proclamations (that dated Nov. 28) a more unreserved persuasion that the controlling sovereignty of Victor Emanuel is indispensable for the dictatorship during war, as well as for the constitutional progress of peace, than was to be found in his Neapolitan addresses, which sometimes united with their simple and transparent loyalty of feeling a sentimental air of the atmosphere of Alexandre Dumas. Garibaldi, and every good Italian, must remember, before they force Victor Emanuel to the field in March 1861 at the head of even half a million of men, that any rash attack upon Austria—any attack which should not be

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justified by success—would involve not only a waste of human suffering, but a waste of the new-born moral and national strength of Italy. The more permanent solidity Italy can prove to Europe that she possesses exclusively of Venice, the more easily will Venice in the end fall into her hands. It matters little if the pear be long in ripening upon the wall, if it does ripen at last. On the other hand, the longer Italy remains in a disorganised and unconstituted state, or the rasher she is in hurrying on a struggle which will require her whole force and leave her no reserve to fall back upon in case of defeat, the greater excuse and the greater power does she afford to Austria for retaining Venice in her own hold.

Both in and outside of Italy, the fascination of an absorbing spectacle tempts all observers to constant and eager speculation on the more or less immediately coming moves in the game. Yet it will be most for the welfare of Italy if that speculative obstinacy, which demands that all principles should be followed out to their broadest logical consequences, and is ready to stake every thing on the correct working out of a political problem as if it were an arithmetical sum, be restrained for a time in the Italian parliament by the narrower and safer policy of doing no more than is requisite, and laying down no broader bases of argument than are sufficient to justify what is being done. Irresponsible journalists may amuse themselves with agitating the questions of the future capital of Italy, the chemical analysis of the blood of San Gennaro, and the exact proportion of local self-government to be doled out by a carefully adjusted scale to her constituent provinces. But the representatives of those provinces will do wisely to interpret their mission in the most impartial and leisurely conservative sense. Every proverb has its day, or its recurring days, of peculiar applicability; and after the unprecedented rapidity with which Italy has of late been moving, the lesson *chi va piano va lontano* will bear reinforcing in practice.

The personal situation of the moment is not unlike the pause which occurs between the several episodes of the Iliad. The hero Garibaldi has gone through his picturesque career or ἀριστεία, and retired, with a simple dignity befitting such a hero, to his little island beyond the western horizon from the land he has helped to save. The dawn of a new day brings forward other actors as the most prominent figures on the scene, to clench and rivet the work which the sword of Garibaldi has hewn. It is not that one man rises over the head of another, but that the later stage of construction requires different instruments from the one before it. The statesman's office comes after the soldier's,—to embody and secure in the

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terms of peace the victories won by war. The next book of Italian history is due to an ἀριστεία of administrative statesmanship, which will task to the full the vigorous prudence of Cavour, or the skill of any rival who may be bold enough and strong enough to take the lead out of his hands. Except in the one painful instance of his prevarication as to the existence of an agreement for the transfer of Savoy to the French Emperor, Cavour has never used either his speeches or his despatches to conceal from himself or others the responsibility of his policy or the scope of his measures; and he will do well to be especially frank in word and in act now. He will best strengthen his hands by firmness in impressing upon his parliament what he knows so well himself,—that the first condition of Italy's successful organisation is order upon the constitutional basis actually existing in the State, by adhesion to which she has become one. Upon that condition, and upon those bases, there is room enough to work, by purely material means, such a change in the national prosperity of Italy as will render her tenfold more powerful and more united in interest than she is now. Until the railroads, which in a few years ought to connect the most important points of the Peninsula, are in being, Italy is not upon the same level as the other countries of Europe, and not in a condition fairly to weigh the proportionate claims of advantage which should determine her in solemnly constituting any one of her provincial capitals the metropolitan centre of all. When the strong hand of the law, justly administered, has put down brigandage in the Abruzzi and the Calabrias, as it is put down in Piedmont or Tuscany, and when fair play has been freely given to individual thought and energy among the landowners of the outlying provinces which have hitherto stagnated under the dead and rotten centralisation of Naples, it will be time to ask how far a permanent separation of constitutions is requisite for preserving inviolate the individuality of each region of the Peninsula. There is no reason why perfect local self-government should not consist with the maintenance of a single centre of power, as there is no security in several centres of power against excessive bureaucratic centralisation. But, in any case, the separate modifications of the law which may be judged necessary for any of the provincial units of which Italy is composed, should only be made after the fullest and freest discussion, and as the will of the whole Italian Parliament sitting as a constitutional reforming legislature, not as a constituent assembly. The deceptiveness that lurks in generalities is seldom more hurtfully obvious than in the attempts to reduce first principles into practice, to which the philosophical ardour of inexperienced legislative

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bodies is singularly prone. It is to be hoped that the good sense and patriotism of the real leaders of the intelligence of Naples will help the tried moderation of the old Piedmontese majority and the government of Victor Emanuel to neutralise the extreme opinions which are sure to be broached in the first stormy session of the first parliament of Italy. And it is equally to be hoped that all true Italians will remember, that the only legal voice of Italy for uttering the fiat of peace or war resides henceforward in that government and that parliament alone. It is probably true that Austria possesses neither the moral courage nor the politic generosity which would induce her at this juncture to turn the flank of her most unprofitable danger and difficulty by selling Venetia. But if Garibaldi or his disciples were on that ground either directly or indirectly to take the initiative out of the hands of the supreme government, and force Italy into a premature war with Austria, they would be doing as criminally lunatic an action as a common sailor in a crowded ship who should forcibly take the control of the helm out of the hands of the only pilot competent to steer her through the shoals.

The coincidence in time of a fresh tentative advertisement of Lucien Murat as a possible candidate for the throne of Naples, with the inexplicable maritime interference of France in the waters of Gaëta for the mere apparent end of prolonging the death-agony of the dynasty of Francis II., has raised in many minds a not unnatural suspicion that the unfathomable Emperor is once more intriguing to turn the course of the Italian revolution in the direction of the federal compromise of Villafranca. It will be the fault of the Italians themselves, and of the Neapolitans in particular, if they do not give the prompters of Lucien Murat to understand in the shortest and most unmistakable way, that a Muratist kingdom of Naples is as unnecessary a reproduction of the old type as a Bonapartist kingdom of Etruria was felt to be by the Tuscans in 1859. The reassertion of a dynastic claim, originating no further back than the first French Empire, and prescribed by an adverse possession of forty-five years, is in itself too frivolous to merit remark, but for the apprehension that it may indicate a serious purpose on the part of a powerful meddler to throw a new and indefinite obstacle in the way of the consolidation and consequent independence of Italy. The suggestion that the Bourbons might profitably be replaced at Naples by the descendants of King Joachim was broached at least five years ago, and was then rejected with a wise scorn by Manin and the heads of the national party, as a move in a retrograde and antinational sense. They saw that Murat at Naples would inevitably mean

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a new indirect foreign influence over the southern half of the peninsula; a new rival to Piedmont at the best, or perhaps even a new friend to Austria, and a fresh gulf between themselves and that union in which alone would be strength. If that feeling was justified when the whole peninsula was still parcelled out into minute subdivisions, how much more strongly is it justified now, when more than one half of the nation is already reduced to a state of organic unity and cohesion; when the opportunity for drawing the southern half within the same bands of law and interest has already arrived, and the interposition of a new separate dynasty at Naples is an expedient which can advance no claims to consideration, but such as arise out of some assumed logical necessity of keeping Italy in perpetual dualism.

In any case, the question of the future form of the government of Italy is one which the Italians have won the right to settle for themselves. It is obvious that a congress of the powers of Europe would find no problem within its legitimate competence to consider, beyond the simple question whether a formal acceptance of what Italy has done for herself should be recorded, or a tacit acceptance implied by leaving the whole matter alone. And where Europe collectively has no right openly to assert an overruling jurisdiction, it must be obvious to every Italian that an underhand interference on the part of any single foreign power, for the purpose of prolonging doubt or the possibility of anarchy, or of biasing the wheel of Italy's fortune towards any particular goal, is a gross national insult, as well as a grave national injury. It may appear to a narrow spirit of policy an advantage to neighbouring powers that Italy should not be too strong; but it is hardly necessary to labour the point, that her strength will be for the benefit of Europe in general. All the valuable portion of the results of the consecrated system of a balance of power in Europe will best be preserved by increasing the number of first-class States in the European family. The absence of a crowd of smaller members in that family is equivalent to a deliverance of the larger members from a specific temptation. If Belgium had approximated to the size of France, the vicinity of the lesser constitutional State to the greater imperial one would never have provided English alarmists with a reasonable subject of speculation in the possible contingency of our being some day forced to the occupation of Antwerp, as the only way of preventing the development of France towards her natural frontier of the Rhine. If the military strength of the Swiss confederation had been available to resist France but a few miles outside the limit of the natural fortresses of Switzerland, Europe would not

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have witnessed the unopposed accomplishment of the transfer of Savoy. The more nearly the whole civilised world approaches to a commonwealth of independent states, internally strong by their free principles of government, so evenly balanced among themselves as to render any individual aggression all but hopelessly difficult, and so numerous as to make the preponderance of a general sense of wrong against a single malefactor all but overwhelming, the more easily and securely shall we all live at peace and charity with our neighbours. It is far to look ahead to the time when this ideal shall be realised; but in this direction, and in this direction only, lie the most positive human guarantees for the ultimate happiness of the world. Thus only shall we,—not Italy alone, but the nations at large,—advance practically towards the end of our international difficulties; thus only, in the words of Victor Emanuel, "Viva Dio, andremo al fondo."

Art. IX.—ETHICAL AND DOGMATIC FICTION: MISS YONGE.

The Heir of Redclyffe. Twelfth edition.
Heartsease; or, the Brother's Wife. Seventh edition.
The Daisy Chain; or, Aspirations. Fourth edition.
Dynevor Terrace; or, the Clue of Life. Third edition.
Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. London: John W. Parker. 1860.

The relative popularity of different schools of fiction affords a curious illustration of the complex tastes of the reading world. The first requisite of fiction desired by readers of any discriminating taste is reality; and one of the earliest forms to which this taste gives rise is realism. Thackeray and Trollope are read and enjoyed by thousands who are perfectly satisfied with the brilliant daguerreotypes of superficial life alternating with heathen passion, which form the staple of those writers' works. "It is all so *true*," is the frequent comment. But to what is it true? Not to human nature as a whole, for the deeper aspects and finer capacities of men are either ignored by the realistic school, or merely glanced at in their abnormal or degraded forms. In contrast to the popular realists, we have the popular idealists, who probably rank next below them in public estimation. But the admiration for this school is beginning to diminish. Few

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cultivated minds are deceived nowadays by Bulwer's grandiloquent basses, or sentimental tenors; we know the *corps d'opera*, and can predict the part that will be played by each performer. And idealist writers of far simpler and purer natures, though of less capacity than Bulwer's (such as Miss Muloch, for instance), are still felt to be unsatisfactory as painters of life. There is a want of clear open daylight in their pictures; a feverish sense of excitability and self-occupation pervades them throughout; and we turn alike from idealist and realist to the great old masters whose fame grows with the reverence of every generation of thoughtful readers,—Scott, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Homer. Their motive to write was not the idealist's longing to reproduce his own favourite types of character or theories of life, under the ill-kept disguise of narrative; nor was it the mere realistic desire to photograph humanity's follies and passions, omitting its aspirations and conquests; but it was the intense enjoyment in reproducing the life which they had actually seen or poetically conceived, in forms born of an ideal creative imagination essentially in harmony with the healthy realities of nature. Thus their pictures are at once real and ideal, free alike from the distortedness of photographs, and the haziness of "high art." And as no picture of life which aims to represent it as a whole can be truthful unless it includes the noblest elements of life, so we may observe that the tone of these masters of their art is essentially noble and pure, however wide may be their knowledge of evil. There is a healthiness in their whole nature, a breezy, sunshiny atmosphere about them, which makes them eminently wholesome reading. They dwell in the diatonic scale of life, and do not wail in the chromatics of false and feeble sentiment.

Is this the highest school of creative fiction? For those who take their standard from the actual, it is so; for it gives us that widest view of the actual which includes the imaginative and spiritual aspects of life. But even this does not satisfy all our requirements from the art of creative fiction. The very richness and fidelity of these delineations do but make their perpetual tragedy the sadder. After reading the *Heart of Mid Lothian* or *King Lear*, we experience a sense of pain which, though not unmixed with pleasure, does not exercise half the motive power upon us that sympathetic pain *can* exercise for the developing and elevating of character. Why, we ask, should writers who feel so truly and depict so magically the secrets of passion and the sacredness of justice, never choose themes which do not merely *imply* ethical laws and religious affections, but which designedly illustrate the supreme beauty of those

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laws and affections, and show the power of man to conquer self and circumstance for their sake? To see the meshes of fate entrap the innocent, and harden the guilty, and crush out all the loveliness and glory of life, is painfully depressing, if the shadow is not seen to be cast by a light beyond. We want to feel that writers who possess such power to paint both good and evil, have a pervading reliance on the dynamic superiority of good over evil, which can only come from a living love for the good, confirmed by faith in the eternal supremacy of the Perfect Creator of our probationary humanity. Yet among the imaginative fictions written in illustration of these convictions, very few belong to a high order of genius. The reason of this is not far to seek. It is evident that the possession of a strong ethical faith by no means qualifies a man to write a good fiction. If his experience of life be small, or his sympathies narrow, he will be liable to fall into the didactic vein, and to play at Providence with his characters; to atone for the loss of organic harmony in his fiction by an artificial treatment which outrages our sense of reality. So frequently has this error been committed, that the public has a well-grounded fear of didactic fiction, and prefers the pagan and daguerreotype schools, not only as being more amusing, but as being more true. And although the didactic tale-writer may perhaps be a nobler man than the contented realist, yet as regards their relative productions, society is in the right. A genuine though incomplete picture of the actual is better worth having than a cramped and ill-proportioned sketch after the ideal. The monks who painted the legendary saints in impossible attitudes were probably often nearer heaven than Teniers and Ostade, but their works were spiritual exercises rather than paintings, and that is not an un-ethical instinct which prefers to such deformities the merest realism of every-day life. The truth is, that here, as every where, the requisite elements for success are of two distinct kinds, which require to be blended with rare harmony. To paint life, an author must first have life in himself; must have the eye to perceive it in the world, and the genius to recast it in fresh and living forms. To do this from a point of deep ethical or ideal insight, he must, besides, not only have strong ethical preferences and ideal aspirations, but he must possess a keen eye for the degrees of opacity to such preferences or aspirations which different characters will present; he must have traced some of the intricate combinations of good and evil which are apt to exist in different temperaments; he must, in short, know not less, but more, of human nature than the realists; must see all that they see, and a range beyond. His objective knowledge, and his enjoy-

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ment of that knowledge, must be exceeded only by his personal spiritual faith. These conditions are rarely to be found in a writer of fiction; perhaps, in their entirety, it is nearly impossible that they should ever be found in such a one; for most vigorous minds of marked ethical tendencies are more likely to deal with life first-hand, than to occupy themselves in delineating it. But occasionally we find approximations, more or less near, to the idea of Ethical Fiction, which indicate a real grappling with the problems of life, and an amount of artistic power in reproducing them, which renders such works worthy of study. One of these writers is the lady whose novels we have placed at the head of this article, and whose other works number some twenty miscellaneous volumes—historical, fictitious, and parochial, exclusive of small publications.* Of her literary merits we do not now propose to speak. The numerous editions of her works sufficiently testify to their popularity; and it is because we regard that popularity as substantially deserved, that we think it worth while to examine the relationship which her works bear to a really high ideal of Ethical Fiction.

The key-note to Miss Yonge's pictures of life is to be found in this fact: that with much insight into character, with a pure ideal enthusiasm, and strong moral convictions, she is utterly destitute of the speculative instinct. Feeling profoundly that true life is a service and a trust, she is yet sensible of no obligation to examine for herself the nature of that service and the conditions of that trust, and is perfectly content to accept the frame-work of her conception from an external dogmatic source. Hence an anomaly which runs through her whole works. As long as her theme relates to the free expansiveness of character in its purely individual aspects, she usually succeeds. The scene of her tales is generally domestic life, and a great deal of this admits of the free development of character and action. Miss Yonge's great wealth of material (which would often be improved by condensation), and her appreciation of the light and humorous aspects of character, enable her to paint such life with much felicity. But the free play of her moral idealism is only permitted within the limits marked out by certain dogmatic rules. The weight of neces-

* Of her miscellaneous works the following are the most characteristic: 1. Abbeychurch; or, Self-control and Self-conceit. 2. Scenes and Characters; or, Eighteen Months at Beechcroft. 3. Henrietta's Wish. 4. The Two Guardians. 5. The Castle-Builders; or, the Deferred Confirmation. 6. The Little Duke. 7. Ben Sylvester. 8. Kings of England. 9. Landmarks of History, in 3 vols. The first five of these works are one-volume novelettes, with the love-making minimised or omitted. They are full of life and character.

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sity against which the free-will of her heroes has to contend, is not made up only by their own and others' faults and incapacities, but is frightfully increased by a whole world of sacred conventionalisms, which bar the paths of life in every direction. To take a purely domestic instance: she represents parents as endowed with an absolute right to forbid their children's marriages. In *Dynevor Terrace* the authority of a disgracefully bad man is deemed sufficient to forbid the marriage of a grown-up and very discreet daughter; and her total resignation of her own wishes is extolled as a noble act of duty. That the period of authoritative control over a child's actions is ordained for the protection and development of the child's individuality, and ceases when that individuality is fully matured,—after which any collision of wishes or wills falls to the province of individual judgment to decide in each special case,—would appear to Miss Yonge a base heresy. The right to dispose of oneself, or to *be* oneself, is, with her, only to be held on condition of the authoritative sanction of others; and to the terrible waste of moral strength thence resulting she is blind, regarding only the suffering caused to the inclinations. But Miss Yonge's active imagination is not content without illustrating her views on these points in detail; and so she has given us the history of a young lady who came to grief by being too independent. Laura Edmonstone, in the *Heir of Redclyffe*, forms an engagement with her cousin Philip, a frequent visitor at her father's house, whom she knows to be held by her parents in the highest esteem. Being too poor to marry, they agree to keep the affair to themselves till such time as he shall be able to offer her a home; and this is treated by the author as one of the most heinous of sins, embittering all their future lives, long after they are forgiven and married! That it would have been more frank and filial in Laura to have confided in her mother, and that Philip's reasons for silence are mostly selfish, is true enough; but the author's view of the matter is extravagant beyond measure. It is entirely the old feudal notion, that in the father resided the right to give or withhold the daughter's hand, and that in giving it herself she committed an act of petty treason. And here we see the peculiar effect which such an unmoral (or immoral?) dogma produces on a mind so naturally ethical and ideal as Miss Yonge's. Accepting this feudality as a truth, she feels bound to show how it worked, and she consequently infuses all manner of morbid misery into the minds of the unhappy lovers, whereby they are brought at last to repentance, but—so rules the Nemesis—never to full happiness as long as they live. Thus her very absence of speculative

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faculty leads her into that morbid introspectiveness which is the worst form of ethical speculation.

Passing from the domestic circle to that of society at large, we see that Miss Yonge gives us little beyond the ordinary routine of life. Not that she is a mere conventionalist in taste or aspiration; she thoroughly enjoys an unconventional character, and delights to picture her heroes as jesting merrily over the commonplaces of society and character. She has a quick eye for the different shades of intellectual power and perceptiveness which characterise different minds; she can paint the stolidity of mere routinists, the placid goodness of the unimaginative, and the energetic activity of awakened, living minds, with real power and discrimination. But whether she does, or does not, endow her heroes with the intellectual and moral capacity which would enable them to transcend the conventions of life, the practical result always comes out the same. They must fit into the hierarchical order of society which Miss Yonge has been taught to accept, and must never alter it in any direction. With all her enthusiasm for individual elevation of mind, she has no perception of the fact, that half the beauty and spirit of the noblest institutions of society has sprung from the *free play* of individual excellence; and she represents her most intellectual heroes as perfectly content under repressions which would, by any mind of more speculative faculty than her own, be felt as intolerable.

The same original defect is visible in the narrow views and partial interest which she manifests concerning all those spheres of life where something more than merely individual motives is called into play. Of history she is extremely fond, but her allusions to it are always to the romantic or striking deeds of individuals; there is no sign that she enters into the development of great national or social growths of life or thought, except when they happen to be connected with the fortunes or misfortunes of her favourite hierarchical system. Thus her idealities are apt to be tinged with an archaic narrowness; and while she does full justice to the lofty *imperativeness* of the ethical nature, she constantly checks its expansiveness. She is herself partially aware of this, and endeavours to meet the difficulty by making one of her heroes say that his "trust is in *the narrow mind, the only expansive one.* . . . The heart may be wide, but the mind must be so far narrow that it will accept only the one right, not the many wrong. Is not the real evil the judging people harshly because their ways are not the same—not the being sure that the one way is the only right?"*

* *Dynevor Terrace*, chap. xv.

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Here we see the shadow of the great concrete image of perfection which holds dominion over our author's mind. If there be only *one* right way, of course there must be some external sign to distinguish it from the many wrong ways. But how shall an unspeculative mind discover those signs? "Thinking for themselves," as she observes in *Dynevor Terrace*, "has been fatal to many;" at any rate, she herself has no impulse of that sort, and thus her imagination and conscience are taken captive by the lofty assumptions of the system into which she was born; and she has learnt to believe that to identify with that system the sacredness of the moral instincts and the veracity of the religious intuitions, is the one only way to preserve either faith or virtue. So crude are her notions of what speculative truth really is, that she regards it as not only (as the Cambridge tutor said of Paley's Christianity) "capable of being written out at examinations," but of being stated and learned, once for all, even by the most undeveloped minds. She represents an intelligent savage as asking "little easy questions about the Belief,"—nothing more being requisite, apparently, than for the catechumen to be told what he was to believe. She even advocates, in the *Daisy Chain*, the practice that young children should learn by rote creeds and prayers which are admitted to be beyond their understanding, in order that the *form of words* may be familiar to them against the time when the meaning thereof shall become apprehensible. In short, she has, up to a very recent period, preached Anglicanism *pur et simple*, as the one right way under heaven whereby we may be saved. No Catholic of the middle ages could ignore more loftily than she the existence of any true moral life external to the Church. For her the religious world consisted of "the fold," and the wild moors outside, where "Dissent" was rampant. With the latter she had no call to deal; and all the life on which she dwelt with interest lay within the pale of her own communion. But there was always a vigour and discernment in her pictures which unconsciously implied a wider basis of spiritual life than such absolute orthodoxy can supply, and by degrees she seems to have become so far aware of the fact as to accord to it a certain degree of acknowledgment. In the *Heir of Redclyffe*, her first novel, the author's bias was all on the side of unspeculative religious dependence and Anglican æsthetics, as against self-reliance and scientific study. In her latest novel, *Hopes and Fears*, the bias is as plainly set in the opposite direction—within limits, of course, in both cases, but with an unmistakable intention in each. Nor is it merely the giving fair play to different sides of truth; it is a real modification of

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the author's theory of life. She distinctly contrasts the old high-church school, "who fed on Scott, Wordsworth, and Fouqué; took their theology from the *British Critic*, and their taste from Pugin; and moulded their opinions and practice on the past,"—with "the new generation, that of Kingsley, Tennyson, Ruskin, and the *Saturday Review*,"—in a manner that implies her own greater sympathy with the latter; while every reader of her earlier tales, especially of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, must be aware that the older school is there held up as supplying the proper set of preferences for right-minded people. Yet although we are glad to see her mental horizon enlarged, we regret that, after the manner of new converts, she seems scarcely able to deal justly or generously with the position she has left. We like her very much better in her old creed than in her new one, and find her latest novel feeble.

The heroine is Honora Charlecote, an affectionate and enthusiastic woman, who, having been deserted by her early idol, Owen Sandbrook, devotes herself, at his death, to the education of his orphan children, Owen and Lucilla. She brings them up, to the best of her ability, in the very way that Miss Yonge has hitherto represented as right and fit,—in a kindly, conscientious high-church training. But it signally fails. Lucilla, a flirt and a vixen from childhood, turns out a fast young lady (inundating the book with a profusion of unwomanly slang), runs completely loose from her guardian's care, and after passing through divers troubles, is restored in some degree to a better mind, and (to the relief of her friends and the reader) settles abroad. Owen, her brother, very impressible and amiable by nature, becomes a pattern of early piety; goes wrong as soon as he gets to college; and, after breaking the heart of his wife, and doing nearly the same for poor Honora, finally repents, and comes back for good. And the author gives us to understand that the undiscriminating reverence inculcated by Honora for all that bore the semblance of religion was one main cause of Owen's downfall, reacting, as it did, in indiscriminate doubt, as soon as he discovered that she was not infallible. As he says, in a sort of confession to her, near the close of the story:

"'I simulated the motions [in childhood] to myself and every one else, and there was a grain of reality, after all; but neither you nor I ever knew how much was mere imitation and personal influence. When I outgrew implicit faith in *you*, I am afraid my higher faith went with it; first through recklessness, then through questioning. After believing more than enough, the transition is easy to doubting what is worthy of credit at all.' 'From superstition to rationalism.' 'Yes; overdoing articles of faith and observances, while the mind and

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conscience are young and tender, brings a dangerous reaction when liberty and independent reflection begin.' 'But, Owen, I may have overdone observances, yet I did not teach superstitions,' said Honora. 'Not consciously,' said Owen. 'You meant to teach me dogmatically only what you absolutely believed yourself. But you did not know how boundless is a child's readiness to accept what comes as from a spiritual authority, or you would have drawn the line more strongly between doctrine and opinion, fact and allegory, the true and the edifying.' 'In effect, I treated you as the Romish Church began by doing to the populace.' 'Exactly so. Like the mediæval populace, I took legend for fact; and like the modern populace, doubted of the whole together, instead of sifting. There is my confession, Honora dear. I know you are happier for hearing it in full; but remember, my errors are not chargeable upon you. If I had ever been true towards myself or you, and acted out what I thought I felt, I should have had the personal experience that would have protected the truth when the pretty superstructure began to pass away.'

This, taken alone, is just and sensible. But when we meet with it in such a quarter as the present, we begin to ask in what relation it stands to the rest of the representation. Does the author mean that only the bare elements of Church doctrine,—that which the teacher "absolutely believes,"—are to be taught dogmatically, and the superstructure given or withheld according to the specialities of each case? Yet she must surely be aware that the "absolute beliefs" of one Church party are the open questions, or even the dangerous heresies, of another; and how, then, is the line to be drawn between the necessarily dogmatic and the merely "edifying," or unnecessary, teaching? On this vital point she leaves us wholly in the dark, and instead of clearly showing how Honora erred, she resorts to the aid of caricature to produce the impression of her heroine's shortcomings. The whole portraiture is distorted. It is as if the author were struggling between her own sympathy for Honora, and her keen sense of the ridiculous light in which such a character would appear to clever critics of the present day; and as if, unable to disentangle the complexities she has suggested, she contented herself with sketching now from one point of view, and now from another, aiming thus to give the impression that she appreciates both, but in reality failing signally to give any distinct picture.

Another unsatisfactory trait is the mysterious talk in which the author and her characters indulge respecting Honora's presumption in adopting the orphan Sandbrooks. She had no other tie or occupation, and they had no fit home to go to; and yet the author seems to think that, because they were not her own children, it was in some way self-seeking to take charge of them. "Fond affection led her to adopt a work to which

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Providence had not called her, and to which she was therefore unequal." (Are all mothers equal to the wise training of their children?) And upon her non-relationship to her wards, and her adherence to old high-church views, the author lays the burden of nearly all their sins and misdemeanours, though the brief record of their childhood's training by no means justifies that assumption. Miss Yonge does, indeed, tell us that Honora was not a good judge of character, and was a timid routinist, certainly two disqualifications for the training of children. But why confuse the main question of the tale with these disturbing elements? No rational person doubts that education requires capacity in the educator. If Miss Yonge had really mastered the theme whose suggestion makes the chief interest of the book, viz. how far a thoroughly old high-church education is likely to react injuriously on the mind and morals when the bonds of early discipline are relaxed, she would have given us an instance in which the *other* elements of educational training were fully equal to the average, so that the specially high-church element might stand out distinctly for our study. It would be utterly unfair to judge of any system by a representative thereof whom the author chooses, *on other grounds*, to put ignominiously in the wrong.

In contrast to Owen and Lucilla Sandbrook, we have Robert and Phœbe Fulmort, a brother and sister whom Honora only benefits casually (not loving them enough to do them harm, according to the author's theory), but who derive from her the softening and spiritualising influences needed to supplement the hard rationalistic tendencies of their own home. These two characters give to the book almost the only sunshine which enlivens it. The rest of the Fulmort family are extremely disagreeable, and not very natural; and the number of odious people who infest this novel makes it altogether far from pleasant reading. It is also sadly spun out, and is in every way inferior to her other tales, even to *Dynevor Terrace*, which was decidedly not equal to its predecessors. There is, however, one remarkable episode in *Hopes and Fears*, which deserves notice as an honest attempt to deal with a very deep subject. We have already spoken of the somewhat modified point of view from which our author paints the Anglicanism of Honora. In the character of Miss Fennimore, the Unitarian governess of the young Fulmorts, she gives us a somewhat modified picture of "dissent." Her previous allusions to this subject were very curious. In her first tale of *Abbeychurch* she set her face against mechanics' institutions, because they encouraged lectures on geology, in which the ages of the antediluvian patriarchs were regarded as apocryphal. In the *Two*

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Guardians, the model guardian would not allow a farm of his ward's to be leased to a Dissenter, lest a chapel should be built on it; and, in the *Castle-Builders*, the youth who will not allow of a shadow of disrespect to a rather ungenial clergyman, is represented as perfectly justified in making jokes about dissenting Bible-readers and Evangelical tracts. But by degrees, though not speculative herself, Miss Yonge has come to see that others may be so, to whom, whatever their errors, she cannot any longer refuse the praise of sincerity. The first indication of this was seen in an episode in the *Daisy Chain*, where Norman, the intellectual member of the family, thus describes his experience to his sister Ethel:

"'I am not like the simple and dutiful, who are not fretted or perplexed.' 'Perplexed?' repeated Ethel. 'It is not so now,' he replied. 'God forbid! But where better men have been led astray, I have been bewildered, till, Ethel, I have felt as if the ground were slipping from beneath my feet, and I have only been able to hide my eyes, and entreat that I might know the truth.' 'You knew it,' said Ethel, looking pale, and gazing searchingly at him. 'I did, I do; but it was a time of misery, when, for my presumption, I suppose, I was allowed to doubt whether it were the truth.'

Ethel recoiled, but came nearer, saying very low, 'It is past.' 'Yes, thank Him who is Truth. You all saved me, though you did not know it.' 'When was this?' she asked timidly. 'The worst time was before the long vacation. They told me I ought to read this book and that. Harvey Anderson used to come primed with arguments. I could always overthrow them; but when I came to glory in doing so, perhaps I prayed less. Any way, they left a sting. It might be that I doubted my own sincerity, from knowing that I had got to argue, chiefly because I liked to be looked on as a champion.'

Ethel saw the truth of what her friend had said of the morbid habit of self-contemplation. 'I read, and I mystified myself. The better I talked, the more my own convictions failed me; and by the time you came up to Oxford, I knew how you would have shrunk from him who was your pride, if you could have seen into the secrets beneath.'

Ethel took hold of his hand. 'You seemed bright,' she said. 'It melted like a bad dream before—before the humming-bird [Meta Rivers], and with my father. It was weeks ere I dared to face the subject again.' 'How could you? Was it safe?' 'I could not have gone on as I was. Sometimes the sight of my father, or the mountains and lakes in Scotland, or—or things at the Grange, would bring peace back; but there were dark hours, and *I knew that there could be no comfort till I had examined and fought it out.*' 'I suppose examination was right,' said Ethel, 'for a man, and defender of the faith. I should only have tried to pray the terrible feeling away. But I can't tell how it feels.' 'Worse than you have power to imagine,' said Norman, shuddering. 'It is over now. I worked out their fallacies, and went over the reasoning on our side.' 'And prayed,' said Ethel. 'Indeed

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I did; and the confidence returned, firmer, I hope, than ever. It had never gone for a whole day.'

Ethel breathed freely. 'It was life or death,' she said, 'and we never knew it!' 'Perhaps not; but I knew your prayers were angel-wings ever round me. And far more than argument was the thought of my father's heart-whole Christian love and strength.' 'Norman, you believed, all the time, with your heart. This was only a bewilderment of your intellect.' 'I think you are right,' said Norman. 'To me the doubt was cruel agony; not the amusement it seems to some.' 'Because our dear home has made the truth our joy, our union,' said Ethel. 'And you are sure the cloud is gone, and for ever?' she still asked anxiously.

He stood still. 'For ever, I trust,' he said. 'I hold the faith of my childhood in all its fullness, as surely as—as ever I loved my mother and Harry.' 'I know you do,' said Ethel. 'It was only a bad dream.' '*I hope I may be forgiven for it*,' said Norman. '*I do not know how far it was sin.*'"

The moral of this is evidently, that, although it is most undesirable for any mind to be obliged to test the foundations of its own faith, yet that one who is strong enough and true enough to do so effectually, will at last find "the [Anglican] faith of his childhood in all its fullness" confirmed by reasoning and historical research. In *Hopes and Fears* we are shown a somewhat similar process; but in this instance the inquirer starts from the point of "dissent," and the attraction towards the Church, instead of being the charm of early association, consists in the superior moral and spiritual influence represented as emanating from a church-trained character. Miss Fennimore (who, by the way, is a much more distinctly-drawn character than her opposite, Honora) thus describes her mental history to Robert Fulmort, the clerical brother of her pupils:

"She proceeded to say that her parents had been professed Unitarians, her mother loving and devout to the hereditary faith, beyond which she had never looked. 'Mr. Fulmort,' she said, 'nothing will approve itself to me that condemns my mother!'

He began to say that often where there was no wilful rejection of truth, saving grace and faith might be vouchsafed.

'You are charitable,' she answered, in a tone like sarcasm, and went on. Her father, a literary man of high ability, set aside from work by ill health, thought himself above creeds. He had given his daughter a man's education, had read many argumentative books with her, and had died, leaving her liberally and devoutly inclined in the spirit of Pope's universal prayer, 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.' It was all aspiration to the Lord of nature, the forms, adaptations to humanity, kaleidoscope shapes of half-comprehended fragments, each with its own beauty, and only becoming worthy of reprobation when they permitted moral vices, among which she counted intolerance.

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What she thought reasonable—Christianity, modified by the world's progress—was her tenet, and she had no scruple in partaking in any act of worship; while naturally conscientious, and loving all the virtues, she viewed the terrors of religion as the scourge of the grovelling and superstitious; or if suffering existed at all, it could be only as expiation, conducting to a condition of high intellect and perfect morality. No other view, least of all that of a vicarious atonement, seemed to her worthy of the beneficence of the God whom she had set up for herself.

Thus she had rested for twenty years; but of late she had been dissatisfied. Living with Phœbe, 'though the child was not naturally intellectual,' there was no avoiding the impression that what she acted and rested on was substantial truth. 'The same with others,' said Miss Fennimore, meaning her auditor himself. 'And, again, I cannot but feel that devotion to any system of faith is the restraint that Bertha is deficient in, and that this is probably owing to my own tone. These examples have led me to go over the former ground in the course of the present spring: and it has struck me that if the Divine Being be not the mere abstraction I once supposed, it is consistent to believe that He has a character and will,—individuality, in short,—so that there might be one single revelation of absolute truth. When I mark what I can only call a supernatural influence on an individual character, I view it as an evidence in favour of the system that produced it. . . . . Till I came here, I never fully beheld the growth and development of character. I found that, whereas all I could do for Phœbe was to give her method and information, leaving alone the higher graces elsewhere derived, with Bertha my efforts were inadequate to supply any motive for overcoming her natural defects.'. . . . . 'There would be great rest in being able to accept all that you and she do,' Miss Fennimore answered, with a sigh, 'in finding an unchanging answer to "What is truth?" Yet even your Gospel leaves that question unanswered.' 'Unanswered to Pilate; but those who are true find the truth; and I verily trust that your eyes will become cleared to find it. Miss Fennimore, you know that I am unready and weak in argument, and you have often left me no refuge but my positive conviction; but I can refer you to those who are strong. If I can help you by carrying your difficulties to others, or by pointing out books, I should rejoice.' 'You cannot argue—you can only act,' said Miss Fennimore, smiling, as a message called him away."

Now if "saving faith and grace may be vouchsafed" to one who is without the knowledge of "the absolute truth," is it not thereby implied that our intellectual belief *about* God, and our personal relations *with* Him, are two distinct things, of which the latter alone is of vital importance? And if so, why should Miss Fennimore be right in regarding that trustful piety in her Anglican pupil as evidence of a true creed, which she did not so regard in the case of her Unitarian mother? Next, we would ask, why should the Creator's individuality of

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"character and will" imply his making "one single revelation of absolute truth," *i. e.* of knowledge concerning Himself? When we use the word "individuality," as applied to God, we should not forget that his is a unique individuality, whose combination with the fullness of Infinite Being must render inapplicable some of those analogies of individuality which our finite consciousness suggests. What He is in Himself we cannot wholly grasp; we can only know what He tells us, either through (what we call) the natural action of our faculties, or through special communications. In both cases our knowledge must be limited by the capacity which has been given to us; and it is plain, as a matter of fact, that every man's faith, viz. that which makes his real religion, varies more or less from that of other men. Votaries of one creed, disciples of one teacher, members of one spiritual fold, may or may not acquiesce intellectually in one statement of theological doctrine, but practically the tone of their thoughts and feelings concerning unseen realities will be found to vary in each case, according to the temperament, culture, and capacity of each individual,—as our author clearly sees and well depicts. Why, then, should it be *a priori* so unlikely that partial revelations should have been given to different worshipers, according to the special needs of different nations, ages, and temperaments? How could any single revelation possibly communicate all the (comprehensible) truth concerning God to any one finite intelligence?

But, it will be replied, that some intellectual conception of God must accompany every act of spiritual communion with Him. Undoubtedly; but such a conception is merely a negative condition of such communion. There is nothing quickening in the *mere* knowledge of divine things, unaccompanied by the love of them. What, then, is the meaning of this high *spiritual* estimate of a complete and definite theological chart of belief, which is supposed to sum up all that man has known or can know concerning God? It arises from what may be called an Ecclesiastical Realism; a belief that there are certain divine events, past and future, without a knowledge of which we cannot enter into full relations with our Creator, nor even be regarded by Him as truly his children. That we have a present grasp of his love, and strenuously endeavour to live in his service, is not enough for trust and peace; we must also have mastered a complicated theological narrative. Phœbe's dying mother thus addresses her:

"'Phœbe, you know more than I do; you don't think God will be hard with me, do you? I am such a poor creature; but there is the blood that takes away sin.' 'Dear mother, that is the blessed trust.' *The truth* flashed upon Miss Fennimore, as she watched their faces."

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And the central point of this Levitical theory is held by our author in all its integrity. Bertha, Miss Fennimore's sceptical pupil, falling into despair at the desertion of her lover, endeavours to commit suicide, but repents before the act is completed. Struggling under a deep sense of shame, and weakened by illness, she is a prey to horrible dreams; and this is the Christian manner in which she is dealt with:

"'A dream, only a dream!' she murmured, recovering consciousness. 'What was only a dream?' . . . Miss Fennimore gathered it at last, and it made her spirit quake, for it referred to the terrors beyond the grave. Yet she firmly answered, 'Such impressions may not always result from weakness.' 'I thought,' cried Bertha, rising on her elbow, 'I thought that an advanced state of civilisation dispenses with sectarian, I mean superstitious, literal threats.' 'No civilisation can change those decrees, nor make them unmerited,' said Miss Fennimore, sadly. 'How?' repeated Bertha, frowning. 'You, too! you don't mean that? You are not one of the narrow minds that want to doom their fellow-creatures for ever?' Her eyes had grown large, round, and bright, and she clutched Miss Fennimore's hand, gasping, 'Say; not for ever!' 'My poor child, did I ever teach you it was not?' 'You thought so!' cried Bertha. 'Enlightened people think so. Oh, say, only say it does not last!' 'Bertha, I cannot. God forgive me for the falsehoods to which I led you, the realities I put aside from you.'

Bertha gave a cry of anguish, and sank back exhausted, damps of terror on her brow; but she presently cried out, 'If it would not last! I can't bear the thought! I can't bear to live, but I can't die! Oh! who will save me?' To Miss Fennimore's lips rose the words of St. Paul to the jailor. 'Believe! believe!' cried Bertha, petulantly; 'believe what?' 'Believe that He gave his life to purchase your safety and mine through that eternity.' And Miss Fennimore sank on her knees, weeping and hiding her face. The words which she had gazed at, and listened to, in vain longing, had, even as she imparted them, touched herself in their fullness. She had seen the face of Truth, when, at Mrs. Fulmort's death-bed, she had heard Phœbe speak of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Then it had been a moment's glimpse. She had sought it earnestly ever since, and at length it had come to nestle within her own bosom. It was not sight, it was touch; it was embracing and holding fast.

Alas, the sight was hidden from Bertha. She moodily turned aside in vexation, *as though her last trust had failed her.* In vain did Miss Fennimore, feeling that she had led her to the brink of an abyss of depth unknown, till she was tottering on the verge, lavish on her the most tender cares. They were requited with resentful gloom, that the governess felt to be so just to herself that she would hardly have been able to lift up her head, but for the new reliance that gave place to deepening contrition." (vol. ii. pp. 180, 181.)

We are to understand, then, that a soul painfully conscious

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of its sins, and only asking that their punishment should at length be terminated by God's pardon, is to be thrust over the precipice for ever, unless it can accept a statement of historical facts which, whether true or false, is, at the time, *wholly external to its personal moral consciousness.* Without this God cannot forgive her. That a penitent acceptance of the deserved punishment for our sins can lead to ultimate restoration, is one of the "falsehoods" which the governess had "put in the place of realities;" the *realities* of God's hatred of repentant sinners, and acquiescence in the eternal agony of souls that are longing to return to Him. Can this be the deeper personal revelation capable of satisfying a mind worn out with mere scientific abstractions, and yearning for direct communion with the Author of Life? Can this be the Gospel, of which such a seeker could say to its votaries, "*There would be great rest in being able to accept all that you do!*"

Thus it will be seen that although Miss Yonge has learnt greater charity for dissentients, and allows a larger sphere than before to the reasoning faculties, the substance of her faith is unchanged. She still regards it as "a single revelation of absolute truth;" and from this point of view all her world is constructed.* Yet even the most conservative of believers are obliged to allow that their single absolute faith grew up from historical antecedents, and has met with powerful rivals. This class of facts is dealt with rather amusingly by Miss Yonge. Of the Reformation she speaks with diplomatic caution. "It is difficult," she says, in her *Kings of England*, "to judge how far Wycliffe taught and believed the truth, or how far he was to blame for disregard to the authority of the church." Of the spontaneous religious element among the German Reformers she is deeply distrustful, and holds by the "English Catholic Church," through all its successive phases, creditable and discreditable. All the right-minded heroes in her tales are on the same side; they all idolise "the White King," as she calls Charles I.; and although she does not defend Charles II. as a man, yet she sym-

* We cannot omit to notice one peculiarly unpleasing feature of Miss Yonge's writings, viz. the authoritative tone which pervades nearly all she has addressed to the poor. The ecclesiasticism, which is merely a back-ground of faith in the tales intended for her equals in position and education, is brought into an ever-prominent place in her parochial tales and teachings, and presses upon all the life described therein with a heavy weight of superimposed dogmatism. The worst instance of this may be seen in a sixpenny tale called the *Railroad Children*, in which a gentle little orphan of seven years old, who has never been baptised, is on that account *forbidden by her Christian teachers to say the Lord's Prayer* (though longing to do so), until the baptismal ceremony has been duly performed; an event which only takes place on her death-bed. Thus the Church, not content with being a messenger from God to man, actually hinders the approach of man to God unless it be made in accordance with her minutest rules.

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pathises with the "persecuted" Episcopalians in Scotland during the civil wars, and has no word of admiration for the heroic Puritans. Indeed, nothing is more curious than the ingenuity with which she picks her way through the paths of history, singling out all the heroism on her own side, and pertinaciously ignoring it on the other.* To her Mahomet is only an Arabian impostor; Cromwell, a cold hypocrite; Washington, "the principal leader of the rebels" (who "was encouraged by their successes to go much farther than he had at first intended, and at last led them entirely to shake off their allegiance to the King of England;" a statement which would lead us to suppose that Miss Yonge had never heard of the Declaration of Independence in 1776). Her *Kings of England* is professedly written to inculcate "faith, loyalty, obedience, reverence;" in which, she says, "lies the strength of nations,"—a dictum which is clearly meant to be taken in the narrowest sense of unconditional allegiance to the church and dynasty under which we happen to be born.

The palpable fallacy of this view is, perhaps, apt to blind many who smile at it to the real difficulty at the bottom of the subject, which does not at first show itself, but which needs to be resolutely met. There *is* an *apparent* additional security to the ethical life, arising from the fully-defined position which is given to it in this system. One of the subtlest evils of a speculative age is the element of doubt which intellectual criticism introduces into moral and spiritual trusts. The great synthesis of the mediæval Catholic ages, when a homogeneous life pervaded all classes, sacred and secular, must be lost in an epoch of disintegration. And those who look back to that unity of life with longing eyes, are so far right that the predominance which it manifested of the spiritual and formative element over the intellectual and active faculties, is in itself a

* Except in the case of Charles I., it is usually to the best men on her own side that she accords her admiration. But there is one curious instance of perverse hero-worship for which we cannot account. In her excellent historical tale of "The Little Duke," she represents Richard's father, William Longsword, as a model of piety, virtue, and parental tenderness; whereas the facts are, that he was remarkably unstable and unreliable, and so far from being a good father or husband, that he put away Richard's mother, Espriota, to marry a more noble lady, Liutgarda, and thenceforth banished Richard from his presence. The two wives married again after William's death: Espriota, who seems to have continued for some time near her son, eventually married a miller of Vaudreuil, by whom she became the mother of the celebrated Raoul, Count of Yvri. Liutgarda married Thibault of Blois, a marriage which operated much to the annoyance of Normandy, and to the end of her days she retained the most direful antipathy to "the little Duke," Richard. Yet of neither wife do we hear a syllable from Miss Yonge, either in the story or the historical notes at the end of it; while William Longsword, the faithless husband and neglectful father, is painted by her as a saint. See Sir F. Palgrave's *History of Normandy and England*, vol. ii., for a full account of the events here glanced at.

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condition of the highest state of man. But it is not the *only* condition thereof, nor is it always found in connection with the greatest spiritual capacities. Nay, the more rich and complex is the nature of the mind, the longer must its period of preparatory growth and discipline necessarily be. In the early Catholic centuries, the Church was really at the head of civilisation, and nearly all the purest streams of intellectual and national life were fed by her. But when other sources of life began to arise, when it became evident that men had the power of getting at reality first-hand, whether in the facts of physical nature, or of intellectual research, or of religious experience, then that chasm began to open between the ecclesiastical and the natural-religious forms of civilisation which has never been understood at all by the ecclesiasticists, and which is even yet but imperfectly comprehended by their opponents. The prophecy of the former is, that if we give up the inviolability of the *form*, we lose all certainty of retaining our hold on the *realities* of religion, and must, sooner or later, drift into Atheism in belief, and mere anarchical individualism in society, each man doing what is right in his own eyes. And in confirmation of this, they point to the merely negative influence of free criticism upon character and civilisation, and ask what we can show to counterbalance it, and even whether we have any means of verifying our religious intuitions at all. How can the finite comprehend the Infinite, or the creature judge that which should be his Ruler and Lord? Here lies the real gist of the difficulty; and perhaps the wide-spread Atheism of the present day may contribute towards the reduction of the problem to its lowest terms more speedily than was possible while men lingered in dead forms of materialistic Christianity on the one hand, or of sentimental philosophy on the other, which obscured the distinctness of the real issue.

The true answer we take to be this: that if we were unable to recognise the existence of any object until we could systematically reconstruct its internal metaphysical constitution, *then* we should assuredly be unable to recognise the being of God; but that no such inability does really attach to the action of our perceptive faculties. We recognise the existence of our fellow-creatures, although we may be wholly ignorant of their mental or physical constitution, and greatly in the dark respecting their characters. The faculties by which we become aware of the existence of God are, of course, less rapid in growth than those by which we become aware of the existence of our fellow-men; but the universal experience of the race shows that they are no less ineradicable and active, and far more directly related to character. Every race and every age,

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whether savage or civilised, Pagan or Christian, has in its own way, darkly or clearly, found and felt the real Spiritual Personality above us, though discerning his true *character* but imperfectly, and only coming to perceive by slow degrees his infinite mercy and perfect righteousness. But however decidedly we may realise the sensation that God *is*, we are plainly not meant to imbibe passively our ideas of *what He is* from some mechanical source that will save us the trouble of feeling after and finding Him for ourselves. On this subject, as on all others, our faculties must be personally exercised before they can yield any valuable results. Even the elementary senses require education: the infant tries to grasp objects many yards distant, supposing them to be close at hand; the unpractised ear cannot discriminate the identity of sounds which are instantly painted on the mental perceptiveness of a musician; and the tyro in mathematics puzzles himself over theorems which to an older student have long been self-evident. In all these cases, the faculty has to be educated before it can do its appropriate work; but the fact that by exercise and experience it does acquire the power to accomplish that work, shows that there is a real and natural relation between the human faculty and the external object.

Now, believing most profoundly that such a relation exists between ourselves and our Creator, we believe that every genuine inquiry into the subject must tend to develop it, and that it were easier for the earth to thrive without the light of the sun, than for man to live without the perpetual self-revelations of God. They cannot be destroyed, but they may be obscured and distorted; and the fearful mind which dares not trace them to their source, and would base them on mechanical props and confine them to arbitrary and narrow channels, shows far less real faith than one who gives fair play to every power that God has given him, trusting Him for the result. The unnatural repression of the intellectual faculties which orthodoxy so long enforced, has so far succeeded as to drive half the truth-seekers of our time into the error of attempting to reconstruct life upon a purely intellectual basis. But the reaction of Faith is sure, and is already beginning to be seen. We have no fears for the ultimate result. Believing the affirmative and spiritual side of our nature to be incomparably the highest, and ordained to wield lawful authority over the character, we yet hold that the action of the negative and critical faculties is vitally essential to the healthy condition of the mind; and we have so full a faith in the preëstablished harmony of man's powers, that we are indifferent on which side a new truth may enter, feeling sure that its relations with all

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other truth will disclose themselves in God's own time. Welcoming all vigorous and genuine utterances on either side, we value such works as the best of Miss Yonge's, for their truthful and inspiriting delineations of life from an affirmative and spiritual point of view. But we must always regret that they are marred by a feeble reverence for damnatory theories and sacerdotal fictions, which obscures their spiritual beauty, and must tend to narrow the hearts of those who accept it for truth. We should regret this the more, did we not believe that a large proportion of her readers are more discriminating on these points than herself, and are able, with whatever consciousness of moral and intellectual shortcomings, to repose peacefully on that truth which she has yet to learn,—that, under all creeds and at all times,

> "—— if the inmost heart delights to bless
> And commune with the God of purity,
> Earth has no bonds the spirit to retain,
> And heaven no bars its entrance to restrain."

Art. X.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk; containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1860.

A life extending from the year 1722 to the year 1805, and an autobiographical record of its chief incidents down to the year 1770, would, in the case of almost any one, be tempting to the taste not only of the professed antiquary and historian, but of the mass of readers generally. The impressions of men and manners, formed by one who lived through a period commencing while Jacobite conspiracies were still rife in England and Scotland, and before the hopes of the exiled Stuarts had been raised to the highest pitch, and depressed to almost hopeless despondency by the vicissitudes of "the '45,"—and terminating when Great Britain was engaged in a struggle for existence against the imperial despot whose genius had grasped and directed the energies of French Jacobinism, could hardly in the case of any man, however insignificant his position, or however limited his capacity for observation and criticism, fail to convey much curious information beyond the regular his-

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torians of the period, and throw unintentional light on many obscure points of individual character and national habits. The present autobiography, however, has much more substantial claims on our attention, proceeding as it does from a man who was most favourably situated for gathering and placing on record the feelings and impressions, both of the "vulgar herd" and of the most cultivated and distinguished men of his times, and whose qualifications for availing himself of his opportunities were very much above the average. The Boswellian theory, that the best impression of a great and wise man is to be derived from the gossiping recollections of a very little and very foolish one, whether true or not as an explanation of a singular fact, represents one extreme in the classification of successful memoir-writing, of which such reminiscences as those of Dr. Alexander Carlyle supply us with the other, and between which there is perhaps to be found little except dull or decent mediocrity. The complete absence of judgment and of the power of *critical* observation is, perhaps, the next best feature in a biographer to the possession of both these qualities in high perfection; but we may surely claim for the latter the superiority in interest as well as in value. If the former amuses us by its purposeless garrulity, and leaves us in the unfettered exercise of our own faculty of estimating and conceiving character, so making us ourselves do the work of biographers; on the other hand, a masterly delineation of men and occurrences can never supersede the work of the thoughtful reader, though it may define and influence its direction and result, while the least reflecting mind will own the charm of its artistic power.

Dr. Carlyle was a minister of the Established Church of Scotland. The semi-judicial position and exceptional experience of the clergy ought, one might suppose, to render them peculiarly skilful discerners and interpreters of character. They are placed in a sacred chair of spiritual authority, from which they can peruse and study at their leisure the open volume of the motives and actions of their parishioners. But, allowing for exceptions which render the general rule more striking, we do not find among the clergy this clear insight into their fellow-men in a preëminent degree. It may be that their too great familiarity with the scenes of every-day life renders them less prone to analyse their distinctive features, just as it requires the keen eye of a stranger to detect the special beauties of a landscape on which an inhabitant has long gazed with unintelligent satisfaction. The salient points of character in the members of a parish flock connect themselves generally in the mind of their pastor with some question of local or social politics, or some ecclesiastical controversy. A man is a good Church-

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man or a Dissenter,—a Puseyite or an Evangelical,—a member of such a party in the vestry-meetings, an *habitué* of such or such a set in the intercourse of social life; and unless he be flagrantly profligate or aggressively eccentric, the analysis of his character is usually carried no further, or is lost among a host of disconnected or insignificant personal traits. But though Dr. Carlyle did not escape from some of the drawbacks incident to his clerical profession, and was a little too much inclined to classify men according to their approximation or divergence with respect to the "high-flying" and "wild," or the "moderate" and "Carlyle" party, he had so instinctive an appreciation of the peculiarities and minor varieties of character, and so remarkable a power of blending his observations into an harmonious and artistic portrait, that he emancipated himself in a great degree from the shackles of local associations, and drew materials from his pastoral experience which served him well in his wider observations of the outer world. The fact of his own as well as his father's living being in the neighbourhood of a centre of intellectual activity such as Edinburgh, and the friendships formed in his collegiate career, which brought him frequently into contact with the bustle of political life, and the wider experiences of aristocratic circles, must in any case have modified materially the *rôle* of a country clergyman, even had that *rôle* been more congenial to the bent of Dr. Carlyle's genius than it was. But congenial it can hardly be said to have been; and there was much truth in the complaint made in many quarters at the epoch of his entering on his clerical functions, that he was wanting in "*grace*." He was emphatically of the Sydney Smith type, and in the eyes of the more rigid professors of the Church of Scotland, into which the leaven of the old Covenanters still largely entered, his unemotional good sense, intolerant and unappreciative of all enthusiasm; his satirical and somewhat bacchanalian humour; his boyish love of practical jokes; and his addiction to the society of young ladies at dancing assemblies, and of play-writers and players at theatres,—must have seemed insuperable disqualifications for a minister of the Word. They were rendered all the more obnoxious because his life was in the most tangible points of morality above their censure, and because his ambitious and commanding mind was not satisfied with the erection of this independent standard of clerical morals, but sought to impress its own stamp on the Church of Scotland itself, by secularising the Presbyterian clergy, and converting the General Assembly into a branch of the civil polity. In the "politics" of the Church at that time Dr. Carlyle found that sphere for his intellectual activity which was not afforded by his pastoral

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office; and by the preëminence into which this more and more brought him, he was thrown into a miscellaneous society, which supplied him with rich materials for his keen appreciation of character, and sharpened and improved it by constant and constantly-varied exercise.

This volume gives us a vivid impression of what the man must have been in the intercourse of social life in the days of his mature strength. His autobiography was commenced at an age when the pen usually drops from the languid fingers; yet, with the exception of a slight tendency to garrulity, occasional repetitions, and a general want of concentrative arrangement in his matter, it possesses all the freshness and vigour of unimpaired manhood. A more delightful and graphic picture of the every-day life of our ancestors it has never been our good fortune to meet with. The minuteness of record, which seems inconsistent with the lapse of time before the work of recollection was commenced, is explained by the Editor to a great degree by the existence of short diaries of the later portion of his life, and the consequent probability that there were formerly similar entries relating to the earlier portion, the chief points of which have been incorporated into the autobiography, so far as it goes. The *idea* also of becoming his own biographer seems to have been entertained by him from an early period; and the habit of extempore preaching would enable him to compose and retain in his memory many passages of his narrative a long time before they were embodied in any systematic record. Of this there are traces in the verbal repetition of some of the incidents. A collection of autobiographical anecdotes, drawn up by him for the amusement of one of his friends, also gives the Editor some means of testing and occasionally of amplifying (in a note) the text of this autobiography itself. His correspondence, of which the Editor gives us some specimens in a rather dull "supplementary chapter," is very unequal to the biography, and seems to prove that the art of epistolary composition was not one of Dr. Carlyle's strong points. There is a straining at effect, and a ponderous and elaborate jocosity, which proves that the special gift of Charles Lamb was in this case wanting.* But it is a want of which the charming autobiography itself scarcely allows us to be sensible.

* Almost the solitary good thing in this correspondence is the following notice of a much-celebrated theory. Dr. Carlyle, it must be remembered, is writing to his friend Lady Frances Scott, sister of the Duke of Buccleuch. "Lord Monboddo, one of the most learned judges, is just about publishing a book in which he demonstrates that mankind walked originally on all fours, like other animals, and had tails like most of them. That it was most likely 5000 years before they learned to walk in an erect posture, and 5000 more before they could learn the use of speech. *The females, he thinks, might speak two or three centuries sooner.*"

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We have spoken of the satirical humour of Dr. Carlyle. We are afraid that a touch of something approaching to ill-nature is almost essential to a clever delineator of contemporary characters. Every one must have felt how difficult it is to give a complete and lively picture of a friend to one who is unacquainted with him, without either suppressing some characteristic traits, or bringing into too strong a light some peculiar foible, which we identify so entirely with the individual, that we should scarcely recognise or perhaps love him so much without it, but the recital of which to a stranger might mar the whole effect of the favourable impression of our friend which we have been endeavouring to convey. It seems to require a common acquaintance with the subject of such a conversation, and a common appreciation of the commanding merits of his character to carry off the effects of the disparagement otherwise conveyed in this more minute description. At any rate, there appears to be strong need of the watchful eye of jealous affection during the delineation, ready to catch and correct at the moment the false impression as it arises in the face of the auditor. To the autobiographer, however, whose sketches of character will generally, as in the present case, pass under the eyes of an auditory who have no means of estimating the comparative weight of the censure and the praise, and who are influenced by little telling innuendos more than by elaborate praise, it is almost impossible to draw the features characteristically enough, without giving his sketch somewhat too much of the appearance of an ill-natured caricature. It may be an essential of the craft of memoir-writing rather than any thing personal to Dr. Carlyle himself; for we find that his friendships were well chosen, firm, and lasting;—but still any one who runs his eye through the present volume and sees that scarcely one *male* friend of the writer, however panegyrical the terms in which he may be introduced on the stage, is dismissed without a parting touch of satirical disparagement, can hardly help turning to the speaking portrait which faces the title-page, and fancying that he detects in the curious curve of the lines of the eyebrow and mouth some indication of a disposition not altogether amiable, though far removed from positive cynicism.

The facts of Dr. Carlyle's life lie within small compass, and are not in themselves of any great variety or importance. He was, as already intimated, the son of a minister of the Scotch Kirk, whose parish was that Prestonpans which the defeat of Sir John Cope has rendered memorable in the annals of this country. He received the substantial part of his education at the University of Edinburgh, and, as we might have expected, the Church was the profession to which his natural tastes

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leant least of all. But their preliminary expenses and delays put the law and the army out of the question, and his fancy for the medical profession was extinguished in a curious manner. Some favourite fellow-students had almost persuaded him to become, like themselves, a doctor; but, to use his own words, "the dissection of a child, which they bought of a poor tailor for 6*s.*, disgusted me completely. The man had asked 6*s.* 6*d.*, but they beat him down the 6*d.* by asserting that the bargain was to him worth more than 12*s.*, as it saved him all the expense of a burial. The hearing of this bargain, together with that of the dialogue in which they carried it on, were not less grating to my feelings than the dissection itself." Ultimately he yielded to the strong wishes and advice of his maternal grandfather, a minister of the Kirk near Dumfries, and embraced the clerical profession. Having obtained one of the small Hamilton "bursaries" at the University of Glasgow, he became for some little time a student at that seat of learning, and thence, in the very middle of the rebellion of '45, went abroad, according to the condition of his scholarship, to pass a year at the University of Leyden. Returning thence at the expiration of that time, after a visit to London, he made a sight-seeing journey back to Scotland, and was shortly presented to the church of Cockburnspath, near Dunbar. An opening to the living of Inveresk, however, presenting itself, he preferred the latter less remote and more familiar locality, and for an uninterrupted period of fifty-seven years continued there as the officiating minister. Not long after his settlement in his new parish, his offences against the strict, or, as he himself calls them, the "high-flying" party in the church, culminated in the part which he took in furthering the production at the Edinburgh theatre of his friend John Home's tragedy of *Douglas*, now, whatever its merits, "damned to fame" by the excessive popularity among schoolboys, or rather schoolmasters, of the well-known speech commencing "My name is Norval." A "libel" was exhibited against Carlyle on this occasion; but the attack failed in its penal object, and ended in a mild censure of plays and attendance at plays by those holding the ministerial office. This censure proved but a dead letter, and practically the clergy were emancipated by the result of this prosecution from the social shackles which the spirit, if not the just requirements, of a sterner age had imposed upon them. After two disappointments, and we suspect, from incidental notices in the autobiography, not a few incipient fits of the tender passion, Dr. Carlyle, at the age of thirty-eight, married a Miss Mary Roddam, a young lady of seventeen, and a connection of the Home family. This alliance, for which he was indebted to the discernment

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and good offices of his friend John Home, proved a very happy one. The young lady was sprightly, accomplished, and amiable, and appears to have possessed no fault in her husband's eyes, except that of thinking her presence with her elder sister at Newcastle once or twice a year a necessary condition of existence. She died a year and a half before her husband, surviving, however, all their children, who appear to have inherited a fatal complaint, which had swept off at an early age several of Dr. Carlyle's own brothers and sisters. As the editor observes, in recording her death, "for once the hard brevity of the diary"—the short memoranda of which we have already spoken—is softened by a touch of nature. 'She composed her features into the most placid appearance, gave me her last kiss, and then, gently going out, like a taper in the socket, at seven breathed her last. No finer spirit ever took flight from a clay tabernacle to be united with the Father of all and the spirits of the just.'"

During the period of which we have been speaking, besides enjoying the society of a select group of friends both in Edinburgh and London, and taking an active part in the struggle in the Kirk between the old covenanting and the new secularising and pro-patronage parties, Dr. Carlyle published at intervals several pamphlets of a satirical and humorous character; some of which were avowed by him, and others were purposely permitted by him to be attributed to some one or other of his friends. Their success would appear to have been great, though, perhaps fortunately, considering the lapse of time and their necessarily temporary interest, we are not called upon to pronounce on their merits. It was, we suspect, at the dinner-table and in the lighter intercourse of life, that Carlyle's powers were seen to their greatest advantage. His agreeable and easy manners, his gay humour, his sly satirical innuendoes, and the fresh animal vigour which seemed to be expressed in every movement of his mind, as well as of his body, secured for him a welcome entrance into the most varied circles of both England and Scotland. In his capacity as a minister of the Kirk, besides the disputed questions of lay-patronage and the jurisdiction of the Assembly over the Presbyteries (on the latter of which he espoused the side of authority), his efforts were directed in behalf of all his clerical brethren to obtain an exemption in their favour from the obnoxious window-tax, and an augmentation of their stipends from the fund nominally set aside for that purpose, but appropriated practically by the lay heritors. His exertions in both cases were crowned with success; though he did not live to see the full result in the latter instance. Although he justly laid more stress on the learning and high character of the Presbyterian clergy of Scot-

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land, as a means of supporting their dignity in the eyes of the world, he was not insensible to the evils which attended the narrow circumstances in which, with the solitary exception (as he observes), of the government of Cromwell, the Scottish ministers had been kept by the grasping covetousness or the selfish indifference of the great lay-patrons of benefices. As the plenipotentiary in London of the General Assembly on this subject, Dr. Carlyle rendered important services to the Kirk, nor could they have selected one better calculated to produce a favourable impression of their body on the influential ranks of the metropolis. The late Chief-Commissioner Adams bears remarkable testimony to the effect produced by Carlyle in such cases. "On some particular occasion," he writes, "I don't exactly recollect what, he (Carlyle) was one of a mission on church affairs to London, where they had to attend at St. James's in the costume of his profession. His portly figure, his fine expressive countenance, with an aquiline nose, his flowing silver locks, and the freshness of the colour of his face, made a prodigious impression upon the courtiers; but it was the soundness of his sense, his honourable principles, and his social qualities, unmixed with any thing that detracted from, or unbecoming, the character of a clergyman, which gave him his place among the worthies." It was this impressive presence that produced so great an effect on Sir Walter Scott, as appears from a passage in his Life by Lockhart. "Well," said Sir Walter, "the grandest demi-god I ever saw was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called *Jupiter Carlyle*, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton; and a shrewd, clever, old carle was he no doubt; but," he added,—his observation having arisen out of a conversation on the countenances of poets—"no more a poet than his precentor." Notwithstanding the editor's protest, we suspect that Sir Walter was as correct in his estimate of Carlyle's poetical genius as of his qualifications for a demi-god. It is curious to observe that the passage which the editor quotes from his correspondence, expressing the pleasure he had derived from the perusal of Wordsworth's poems of the "Brothers" and the "Idiot Boy," shows that it was the skilful and original delineation of character, in both these instances, and not the *poetical* genius, which laid hold of Carlyle's mind.

The only remaining point of importance in his life was his unsuccessful attempt to become Clerk of the General Assembly. His enemies mustered on this occasion all their strength against him, and although on the poll he had a slight majority, on a scrutiny into the votes which ensued, he withdrew from the contest. His political opinions were old Tory, of the purest

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water. He adored the second Pitt; and is profuse and even fulsome in his praises of Henry Dundas, Lord Melville. His hatred of Jacobinism was a feeling which it did not require the events of the French Revolution to call forth. His leaning to the Church of England as the symbol of order and authority was so decided, that he came to look upon the differences between it and his own Church as unessential, and even opposed the petition of his brethren in the General Assembly against the operation of the Test-Act, panegyrising it as one of the most valuable bulwarks of the constitution. Dissent was nearly as distasteful to him as Liberalism. There is an amusing instance of this in his account of a very ill-assorted dinner-party, at which he was once a guest in London. "At this time we had a dinner from Dr. Gartshore, whose wife, the heiress of Rusco, in Galloway, was my cousin. Besides Drs. Blair and Dickson, there were several dissenting parsons, such as Drs. Price, Kippis, and Alexander, who were very bad company indeed, for they were fiery Republicans and Wilkites, and very pedantic, petulant, and peremptory. Blair and I, however, with the help of Dickson, kept them very well down. Gartshore himself acted the part of umpire, with a leaning to their side, as they had an ascendant over many of his patients." An assembly of the demi-gods of different circles of society is not always the most harmonious or successful of gatherings.

After the death of his wife, "all was done to brighten his few remaining days that the affectionate solicitude of relations and dear friends could do. His nephew, Mr. Carlyle Bell, was all to him that a son could be, and held that place in his affection. Besides the scanty remnant of his old contemporary friends, there rose around him a cluster of attached followers among the younger clergy, foremost and best-beloved of whom was John Lee, the late learned and accomplished head of the University of Edinburgh." He hoped to have been able to officiate at the opening of a new church in his parish, a favourite project of his; "but it was not to be." Among the last entries in his brief diary in 1805, are, "25th July—John Home and Mrs. Home; 27th—George Hill called, going east." Next day the entry is, "very ill;" for some days afterwards, "no change;" and the last entry, as distinct as any, is August 12th and 13th, "the same." He died on the 25th.

In a volume so full of anecdotes,—most of which illustrate the character of some person of note or some curious social aspect,—it is difficult to make a selection which may come within our necessary limits as to space. We are compelled, therefore, to choose more at random than we otherwise might,

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and can only assure our readers that we leave behind as rich a harvest or a still more rich one than we have gathered in. We can record but two facts of his childhood, both unusual and characteristic. At the age of six he had learnt to read so perfectly as to be induced to volunteer his services to a set of old women who were excluded from the church by the crowd. They "set me," he says, "on a tombstone, where I read very audibly to a congregation which increased to about a score, the whole of the Song of Solomon!" When, at a later period, the opposition to his confirmation as minister of Inveresk was strong and threatening, an old woman who then kept a shop at Dalkeith scattered this hostility to the winds by another reminiscence of his childhood. "'Your opposition will be altogether in vain,' says Mrs. Ann; 'I know that it is foreordained that he should be your minister. He foretold it himself when he was but six years of age; and you know that *out of the mouth of babes and sucklings*,' &c. The case was, that soon after I had read the Bible to the old wives in the churchyard, I was diverting myself on Mrs. Ann's stair-head, as was often the case. She came to the door, and stroking my head, and caressing me, she called me a fine boy, and hoped to live to see me my father's successor. 'No, no,' says I (I suppose alarmed at the thought of my father dying so soon), 'I'll never be minister of *that* church; but yonder 's my church,' pointing to the steeple of Inveresk, which was distinctly seen from the stair-head. She held up her hands with wonder, and stored it up in her breast; and telling this simple story twenty times every market-day to Musselburgh people for several months, it made such an impression that the opposition died away."

Dr. Carlyle gives us some curious contributions to the history of the Porteous Mob, well known to English readers from Scott's novel of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*. He was himself at the Tolbooth Church when Robertson made his escape, and went with some school-fellows to see the execution of Wilson from a window in the Grass-market.

Two of the most singular characters of that age were Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and the Hon. James Erskine of Grange, one of the Supreme Judges, usually called Lord Grange. The latter, whose lawless imprisonment of his wife in the desolate isle of St. Kilda, has been a theme for romancers, lived in Dr. Carlyle's neighbourhood, and, according to him, was a curious mixture of fanatic devotion and drunken profligacy. He passed from one state to the other in strange rotation, and his character presents very much of an enigma to the psychologist. His wife, by Carlyle's account, was a woman of very violent temper, and her own children seem to have acquiesced with

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some satisfaction in her disappearance. There is a curious picture of the domestic life of the Grange family in Carlyle's recollections of a visit to the house. The consternation of the young ladies and their maid, when they heard the shrill voice of Lady Grange, screaming "Mary Erskine! my angel, Mary Erskine!" savs volumes as to the disposition of that lady. Lord Lovat is too well-known a character to require any introduction. He was one of the most unmitigated scoundrels in our national history; and only a few years after the scene we are about to give, he died for his share in the Rebellion of '45, with the calm heroism of a martyr, uttering sententious philosophy from Horace on the sweet and glorious death of the patriot:

"It was in the course of this summer that Lovat brought his son Alexander to be placed with Halket, from whom, understanding that I was a young scholar living in the town who might be useful to his son, he ordered Halket to invite me to dine with him and his company at Lucky Vint's, a celebrated village-tavern in the west end of the town.

His company consisted of Mr. Erskine of Grange, with three or four gentlemen of the name of Fraser, one of whom was his man of business, together with Halket, his son Alexander, and myself. The two old gentlemen disputed for some time which of them should say grace. At last Lovat yielded, and gave us two or three pious sentences in French, which Mr. Erskine and I understood, and we only. As soon as we were set, Lovat asked me to send him a whiting from the dish of fish that was next me. As they were all haddocks, I answered that they were not whitings, but, according to the proverb, he that got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off. This saying takes it rise from the superiority of haddocks to whitings in the Firth of Forth. Upon this his lordship stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons; he was sure they must be whitings, as he had bespoke them. Halket tipped me the wink, and I retracted, saying that I had but little skill, and as his lordship had bespoke them, I must certainly be mistaken. Upon this he calmed, and I sent him one, which he was quite pleased with, swearing again that he never could eat a haddock all his life. The landlady told me afterwards that as he had been very peremptory against haddocks, and she had no other, she had made her cook carefully scrape out St. Peter's mark on the shoulders, which she had often done before with success. We had a very good plain dinner. As the claret was excellent, and circulated fast, the two old gentlemen grew very merry, and their conversation became youthful and gay. What I observed was, that Grange, without appearing to flatter, was very observant of Lovat, and did every thing to please him. He had provided Geordy Sym, who was Lord Drummore's piper, to entertain Lovat after dinner; but though he was reckoned the best piper in the country, Lovat despised him, and said he was only fit to play reels to Grange's oyster-women. He grew frisky at last, however; and upon Kate Vint, the landlady's daughter, coming into the room, he insisted

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on her staying to dance with him. She was a handsome girl, with fine black eyes and an agreeable person; and though without the advantages of dress or manners, she, by means of her good sense and a bashful air, was very alluring. . . . . .

Lovat was at this time seventy-five, and Grange not much younger; yet the wine and the young woman emboldened them to dance a reel, till Kate, observing Lovat's legs as thick as posts, fell a-laughing, and ran off. She missed her second course of kisses, as was then the fashion of the country, though she had endured the first. This was a scene not easily forgotten.

Lovat was tall and stately, and might have been handsome in his youth, with a very flat nose. His manner was not disagreeable, though his address consisted chiefly in gross flattery and in the due application of money. He did not make on me the impression of a man of a leading mind. His suppleness and profligacy were apparent."

When Charles Edward was marching on Edinburgh in "the '45," Carlyle entered himself, with Home and other fellow-students, as a volunteer to defend that city. The volunteers were ready, and at first eager to fight. The Provost, however, was, if not a traitor, at least lukewarm or incapable. There was no one to take the lead, and the natural fear of the results of an unsuccessful resistance did the rest of the work; and it ended in their delivering up their arms to the governor of the Castle, to avoid their falling into the hands of the rebels. We must give one "touch of nature" from the brief chronicle of the defenders of Edinburgh:

"In marching down the Bow, a narrow winding street, the scene was different, for all the spectators were in tears, and uttering loud lamentations; insomuch that Mr. Kinloch, a probationer, the son of Mr. Kinloch, one of the High-Church ministers, who was in the second rank just behind Hew Ballantine, said to him in a melancholy tone, 'Mr. Hew, Mr. Hew, does not this remind you of a passage in Livy, when the Gens Fabii marched out of Rome to prevent the Gauls entering the city, and the whole matrons and virgins of Rome were wringing their hands, and loudly lamenting the certain danger to which that generous tribe was going to be exposed?' 'Hold your tongue,' says Ballantine, 'otherwise I shall complain to the officer, for you'll discourage the men.' 'You must recollect the end, Mr. Hew, *omnes ad unum periere.*' This occasioned a hearty laugh among those who heard it, which being over, Ballantine half whispered Kinloch, 'Robin, if you are afraid, you had better steal off when you can find an opportunity; I shall not tell that you are gone till we are too far off to recover you.'"

With other disbanded volunteers, Carlyle made his way to Cope's newly-arrived army at Dunbar, and acted as a sort of scout, observing the movements of the enemy from the church-tower, &c. He strongly blames Cope's military movements. When

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the battle began he was at his father's manse, seeking a little rest.

"I directed the maid to awake me the moment the battle began, and fell into a profound sleep in an instant. I had no need to be awaked, though the maid was punctual, for I heard the first cannon that was fired, and started to my clothes; which, as I neither buckled nor gartered, were on in a moment, and immediately went to my father's, not a hundred yards off. All the strangers were gone, and my father had been up before daylight, and had resorted to the steeple. While I was conversing with my mother, he returned to the house, and assured me of what I had guessed before, that we were completely defeated. I ran into the garden, where there was a mount in the south-east corner, from which one could see the fields almost to the verge of that part where the battle was fought. Even at that time, which could hardly be more than ten or fifteen minutes after firing the first cannon, the whole prospect was filled with runaways, and Highlanders pursuing them. Many had their coats turned as prisoners, but were still trying to reach the town in hopes of escaping. The pursuing Highlanders, when they could not overtake, fired at them, and I saw two fall in the glebe. By-and-by a Highland officer, whom I knew to be Lord Elcho, passed with his train, and had an air of savage ferocity that disgusted and alarmed. He inquired fiercely of me where a public-house was to be found; I answered him very meekly, not doubting but that, if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol-bullet.

The crowd of wounded and dying now approached with all their followers, but their groans and agonies were nothing compared with the howlings, and cries, and lamentations of the women, which suppressed manhood and created despondency. Not long after the Duke of Perth appeared with his train, who asked me, in a very different tone, the way to Collector Cheap's, to which house he had ordered our wounded officers. Knowing the family were from home, I answered the questions of victorious clemency with more assurance of personal safety than I had done to unappeased fury. I directed him the way to the house, which was hard by that where I had slept."

He was well acquainted with Colonel Gardiner, who fell in this battle; and, while saying that he was an illiterate man, confirms his reputation for courage and enthusiasm. He denies the *supernatural* features of the conversion of Gardiner from a dissolute life, as given by Dr. Doddridge, on the authority of the silence of Gardiner himself, when telling the story frequently in the presence of himself, as well as of his father. But it does not follow that Gardiner did not, at the time, tell Dr. Doddridge of the impressions received by his imagination; and he may well have shrunk from repeating that portion of his story to such an unsympathising audience as the Carlyle family. With a glimpse of Charles Edward himself, we must leave this interesting period

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of Carlyle's life; indeed, he himself left England for Holland immediately afterwards, and we lose the advantage of any more of his graphic sketches in the case of "the '45."

"As Prince Charles had issued a proclamation allowing all the Volunteers of Edinburgh three weeks, during which they might pay their court to him at the Abbey, and receive a free pardon, I went twice down to the Abbey Court with my friend about twelve o'clock, to wait till the Prince should come out of the Palace and mount his horse to ride to the east side of Arthur's Seat to visit his army. I had the good fortune to see him both days, one of which I was close by him when he walked through the guard. He was a good-looking man, of about five feet ten inches; his hair was dark red, and his eyes black. His features were regular, his visage long, much sun-burnt and freckled, and his countenance thoughtful and melancholy. He mounted his horse and rode off through St. Ann's Yards and the Duke's Walk to his army. There was no crowd after him—about three or four hundred each day. By that time curiosity had been satisfied.

In the house where I lived they were all Jacobites, and I heard much of their conversation. When young Seller and I retired from them at night, he agreed with me that they had less ground for being so sanguine and uppish than they imagined. The court at the Abbey was dull and sombre—the Prince was melancholy; he seemed to have no confidence in any body, not even in the ladies, who were much his friends; far less had he the spirit to venture to the High Church of Edinburgh and take the sacrament, as his great uncle Charles II. had done the Covenant, which would have secured him the low-country commons, as he already had the Highlanders by attachment. He was thought to have loitered too long at Edinburgh, and, without doubt, had he marched immediately to Newcastle, he might have distressed the city of London not a little. But besides that his army wanted clothing and necessaries, the victory at Preston put an end to his authority. He had not a mind fit for command at any time, far less to rule the Highland chiefs in prosperity."

In Glasgow University Dr. Carlyle found a great difference in point of refinement from her Edinburgh sister, but more application on the part of the students. Some of the professors also were eminent in their powers of instruction, particularly Dr. William Leechman, Professor of Theology, who was a man of considerable note in the Scotch Church, and the object of much attack as well as of great enthusiasm. Another professor—whose *name* (though little else) is better known to southern students — Mr. Robert Simson, the celebrated editor of *Euclid's Elements*, seems to have been quite a character.

Dr. Carlyle's more immediate circle of friends included, besides John Home, Dr. Blair (the author of *Blair's Lectures* and *Sermons*), Dr. Robertson the historian, Adam Ferguson the

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philosopher and historian, Adam Smith, and David Hume. Of all of these we have frequent notices, generally favourable, but sometimes more artistic than friendly. Home appears to have been the most closely mixed up with Carlyle's life, and there was evidently at the bottom a real bond of union and true affection between them. But perhaps, from the very latitude which the consciousness of this led Carlyle to give himself in dealing with his friend's character, there are more frequent flings at his foibles than in the case of any of the circle. The part Carlyle took in the production of *Douglas* we have already alluded to. He claims also the merit of a judicious revision of the manuscript; and undoubtedly considers himself half its author. Of Home's additional fame as an historian he is, however, undoubtedly a little jealous, and he seems loth to concede merit to him in that character. In one place he observes :

"In John Home's younger days he had a good share of wit, much sprightliness and vivacity, so that he infused joy and a social exhilaration wherever he came. His address was cordial and benevolent, which inspired his companions with similar sentiments. Superior knowledge and learning, except in the department of poetry, he had not; but such was the charm of his fine spirits in those days, that when he left the room prematurely, which was but seldom the case, the company grew dull, and soon dissolved. As John all his life had a thorough contempt for such as neglected or disapproved of his poetry, he treated all who approved of his works with a partiality which more than approached to flattery. The effect of this temper was, that all his opinions of men and things were prejudices, which, though it did not disqualify him for writing admirable poetry, yet made him unfit for writing history or other prose works. He was in no respect a man of business, though he now and then spoke with some energy and success in the General Assembly; but he had no turn for debate, which made me glad when he was disappointed in his wish of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons, which was owing to the good sense of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Sir William Pulteney."

Elsewhere, speaking of the great influence which Home obtained over the mind of Lord Bute,—"the power behind the throne,"—Carlyle writes thus broadly :

"Lord Bute had an insatiable vanity, which nothing could allay but Home's incessant flattery, which being ardent and sincere, and blind and incessant, like that of a passionate lover, pleased the jealous and supercilious mind of the Thane. He knew John to be a man of honour and his friend, and though his discernment pointed out the excess of John's praises, yet his ardour and sincerity made it all take place on a temper and character made accessible by vanity. With respect to John himself, his mind and manners had always been the same. He flattered Lord Milton, and even Adam Ferguson and me, as much as he did Lord Bute in the zenith of his power. What demonstrates the artlessness and

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purity of John's mind was, that he never asked any thing for himself, though he had the undisputed ear of the Prime Minister. Even those who envied John for the place of favour he held, exclaimed against the chief for doing so little for the man of his right hand; and John might have starved on a scanty pension (for he was required to be in attendance in London for more than half the year), had not Ferguson and I taken advantage of a vacancy of an office in Scotland, and pressed Lord Milton to procure the Lord Conservator's place for him, which more than doubled his income. But though Home was careless of himself, he was warm and active at all times for the interest of his friends, and served a greater number of people effectually than it had been in the power of any private man to do before, some few of whom proved themselves not worthy of his friendship."

Perhaps in this instance it is the manner of the painter rather than the portrait itself which jars on good taste. Robertson meets with his share of censure and praise:

"Though he was truly a very great master of conversation, and in general perfectly agreeable, yet he appeared sometimes so very fond of talking, even when showing-off was out of the question, and so much addicted to the translation of other people's thoughts, that he sometimes appeared tedious to his best friends. Being on one occasion invited to dine with Patrick Robertson, his brother, I missed my friend, whom I had met there on all former occasions; 'I have not invited him to dine to-day,' says Peter, 'for I have a very good company, and he'll let nobody speak but himself.' Once he was staying with me for a week, and I carried him to dine with our parish-club, who were fully assembled to see and hear Dr. Robertson; but Dr. Finlay of Drummore took it in his head to come that day, where he had not been for a year before, who took the lead, being then rich and self-sufficient, though a great babbler, and entirely disappointed the company, and gave us all the headache. He [Robertson] was very much a master of conversation, and very desirous to lead it, and to make dissertations and raise theories that sometimes provoked the laugh against him. . . . . .

Robertson's conversation was not always so prudent as his conduct, one instance of which was his always asserting that any minister of state who did not take care of himself when he had an opportunity was no very wise man. This maxim shocked most young people, who thought the Doctor's standard of public virtue was not very high. This manner of talking likewise seconded a notion that prevailed that he was a very selfish man. With all those defects, his domestic society was pleasing beyond measure; for his wife, though not a woman of parts, was well suited to him, who was more fitted to lead than to be led; and his sons and daughters led so happy a life that his guests, which we were often for a week together, met with nothing but welcome, and peace, and joy."

He compares Robertson with Blair in the following characteristic strain:

"Dr. Blair was a different kind of man from Robertson, and his

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character is very justly delineated by Dr. Finlayson, so far as he goes. Robertson was most sagacious, Blair was most naïf. Neither of them could be said to have either wit or humour. Of the latter Robertson had a small tincture—Blair had hardly a relish for it. Robertson had a bold and ambitious mind, and a strong desire to make himself considerable; Blair was timid and unambitious, and withheld himself from public business of every kind, and seemed to have no wish but to be admired as a preacher, particularly by the ladies. His conversation was so infantine that many people thought it impossible, at first sight, that he could be a man of sense or genius. He was as eager about a new paper to his wife's drawing-room, or his own new wig, as about a new tragedy or a new epic poem. Not long before his death I called upon him, when I found him restless and fidgety. 'What is the matter with you to-day,' says I, 'my good friend—are you well?' 'O yes,' says he; 'but I must dress myself, for the Duchess of Leinster has ordered her granddaughters not to leave Scotland without seeing me.' 'Go and dress yourself, Doctor, and I shall read this novel; for I am resolved to see the Duchess of Leinster's granddaughters, for I knew their father and grandfather.' This being settled, the young ladies, with their governess, arrived at one, and turned out poor little girls of twelve and thirteen, who could hardly be supposed to carry a well-turned compliment which the Doctor gave them in charge to their grandmother."

Perhaps David Hume is the most lucky, considering the black name he bears in some quarters: here is his character,—the sting in the tail of it as usual:

"At this time David Hume was living in Edinburgh, and composing his *History of Great Britain*. He was a man of great knowledge, and of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world. He was branded with the title of Atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his History—the last of which are still more objectionable than the first, which a friendly critic might call only sceptical. Apropos of this, when Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an aunt of Dr. Robertson's, and a very respectable woman, she said to her son, 'I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the Atheist here to disturb my peace.' But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted, she said to her son, 'I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all.' 'This was the very Atheist,' said he, 'mother, that you was so much afraid of.' 'Well,' says she, 'you may bring him here as much as you please, for he's the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with.' This was truly the case with him; for though he had much learning and a fine taste, and was professedly a sceptic,

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though by no means an Atheist, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manners with the utmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was truly irresistible, for while it was enlightened, it was naïve almost to puerility.

I was one of those who never believed that David Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority and pride of understanding and love of vain-glory."

Dr. Carlyle tells an amusing story of Hume's retreating into a remote corner of a certain baronet's breakfast-room, and when invited by his host to come to the table, replying, "Take away the enemy first." "The baronet, thinking it was the warm fire that kept David in the lower end of the room, rang the bell for a servant to carry some of it off. It was not the fire that scared David, but a large Bible that was left on a stand at the upper end of the room, a chapter of which had been read at the family prayers the night before."

There are also some interesting sketches, though of a slighter kind, of Smollett, whom Carlyle seems to have much liked; Shenstone, whom he evidently despised; Macpherson, in whose *Ossian* story he implicitly believed; and Garrick, whom he got by degrees to appreciate very much in private life, preferring him on the stage in comedy to tragedy. He had a curious rencontre, on his return from Leyden, in the ship's cabin with the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Garrick, and was then coming over, dressed in men's clothes, to appear at the Opera-house as a dancer! When he met the lady, several years afterwards, as Mrs. Garrick, he had the discretion not to allude to this earlier meeting, and she did not recognise him after his change in age and costume. Dr. Franklin, Carlyle had met in company, and did not like. He is enthusiastic about Lord Chatham's eloquence. Of the lawyers, we have graphic notices of Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Chancellor Loughborough) and Lord Mansfield. Of the statesmen, we have the minutest social glimpses of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, and the celebrated Charles Townshend. The hospitable and intelligent Duke, with his tendency to take shorter or longer naps under the retirement of a black-silk cap drawn over his eyes, is an amusing and lifelike portrait. Of Charles Townshend, we have an account in his early college-days at Leyden, as well as in his latter years, as husband of the widowed Countess of Dalkeith, and step-father to the young Duke of Buccleuch. Although justice is done to Townshend's extraordinary powers of conversation, and his fascination in society, he is evidently no favourite with Dr. Carlyle. He speaks repeatedly of his superficiality, though admitting his geniality. Perhaps the

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singular fact that Townshend never alluded to their former intimate intercourse at Leyden, may partly account for this disparaging tone. There had been a quarrel in the set of Leyden students, in which Townshend, according to Carlyle, had rather shown the white feather; and this may explain his silence.

We have left ourselves no space for any of the more general sketches of social manners with which the autobiography is filled. The journeys of the clerical brethren—a tried company of jokers—to the south, and the various visits which Dr. Carlyle, both before and after his marriage, was continually making to England, as well as different parts of his native country, are full of humorous descriptions of men and things. Harrogate, in 1763, is a picture not so very dissimilar from Harrogate in the nineteenth century. There would seem to be a fixity of manners, and even of personal characters, in such places which resists those changes of time to which most sublunary things succumb. The *Dragon* and the *Granby* hotels, with their well-disciplined *table-d'hôtes*, their periodic balls, their chronic billiards, and their large ingredient of half-pay officers and secular or pedantic clergymen, remain to this day with wonderfully little variation from their original type. The "Select Society" and the "Poker Club" will be more appreciated by those who are conversant with the characters of the leading men of Scotch society at this period. The latter club derived its name from its origin in the efforts of most of Carlyle's set to stir up and keep alive an agitation for the extension of the Militia to Scotland. For although so frequent a visitor in the southern portion of the island, Dr. Carlyle preserved his Scotch national feelings unimpaired; and it is not a little amusing to observe, in the covert sneers at "John Bull" which creep into his narrative now and then, the remnants of those prejudices which so long survived the union of the crowns under one sceptre.

A host of minor personages cross the scene in Dr. Carlyle's pages; indeed, the stage is crowded with sketches of character, which jostle one another out of the memory of the reader. This is perhaps one great defect in the work. But it is a defect which springs from a superabundance of power where the majority of biographers are the most deficient; and it will be readily pardoned in consideration of the interesting results which it insures in so many cases. It is no slight thing, after such a lapse of time, to have the illustrious men of that age resuscitated by the master-hand of their contemporary, and brought again before us in body and soul. With how different a feeling will many a student, when he arises from the perusal

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of this autobiography, glance his eye down the shelves of his library, no longer dealing in his mind with empty names of standard authors, but listening to the voices of real men, and entering into their writings in a far more intelligent manner when he has thus seen them face to face. We do not often autobiographies, for as a class of literature they are unequal merit; but we shall heartily rejoice to see as many more autobiographies as possible, if they are half as well worth reading as "Jupiter Carlyle's."

Art. XI.—THE SLAVE STATES AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

The Federalist on the New Constitution. By Publius. Written in 1788. Essays by General Hamilton, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Madison. 2 vols. New York, 1802.

Political Debates between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in 1858, *in Illinois.* Columbus: Follett, 1860.

North America; its Agriculture and Climate. Containing Observations on the Agriculture and Climate of Canada, the United States, and the Island of Cuba. By Robert Russell. Kilwhiss: Black, 1857.

A Journey in the Back Country. By Frederick Law Olmsted. Vol. III.: "Our Slave States."

Now, when the stability of the American Union is "on its trial," it is not a little curious to review the fears entertained by the great men who elaborated the federal constitution of the United States, and to see their estimate of the dangers which were likely to beset it. In the volumes, whose title we have placed first on the list at the head of this Article, we have the most elaborate statement of the doubts and hopes entertained on this subject by the first Federalists, Hamilton and Jay. We find, of course, the greatest anxiety expressed to secure a stable equilibrium between the power of the Federal Union and the power of the individual States. But amidst all the dangers which are supposed to beset it from different sides, it never seems to have occurred to these able statesmen that there was already in the Union the germs of a fundamental divergence of *general policy* between different classes of States, which, if the most anxious care were not taken to reduce and finally to obliterate it, could not but mature in time, first into chronic hostility, then into open conflict. The strongest and most conservative members of the federalist party, in defending their

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views against Jefferson and the section which was most jealous for the powers of the individual States, while they were fully alive to the danger of individual disruptions taking place, and anxious to provide against them, assumed with full assurance that the struggle would only be between the federal government and *isolated* States. They reiterate that there is little danger of any one insurgent State finding sufficient common cause with others to produce any alliance that would endanger the majority. The federalists conceived that the individual State-action would always be so much stronger than the reciprocal ties between any *class* of States, that occasional contumacy on the part of one would never be likely to find powerful aid, or to become the centre of a network of similar political tendencies, in other States. They foresaw many of the dangers which have actually arisen from the wilfulness and selfishness of individual State legislatures. They never once foreshadowed the growth of a broad division of general interests between the North and the South.

Nor can we wonder that the danger, obvious as it is to us, did not occur to American statesmen till a much later date. The provision in the constitution for the extinction of the Slave Trade in 1808, was not the only ground for hoping that Slavery was to disappear gradually from among the political institutions of the States. No one among the representatives of the States, assembled in convention to draw up the Constitution, spoke of Slavery otherwise than apologetically. It was a grave and admitted evil, and it was understood that it would be gradually undermined. The great Virginian statesmen of the democratic party, Jefferson and Madison, held the strongest views as to the evil it involved. Even the representatives of North and South Carolina defended it purely on the score of interest, and held out hopes that with time they too might be able to adopt the course pursued by the elder States in not only prohibiting the Slave Trade but terminating the internal traffic, and thus reducing Slavery to the form of serfdom. The Northern politicians argued that the evil would die out without interference on their parts. "Let us not intermeddle," said one of the Connecticut deputies to the convention of 1787. "As population increases, poor labourers will be so plenty as to render slaves useless. Slavery in time will not be a speck in our country." And this was the general belief. It was not that the statesmen of the day were so obtuse as to ignore the vital differences likely to spring up between Free States and Slave States, but that they trusted to the growth of population, the influence of democratic institutions, and the appointed cessation of the Slave Trade, to sap the life of Slavery, and

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gradually to assimilate the institutions of all the States. The great North-West had been solemnly set apart as ground which should never be soiled by contact with slavery. And it was believed that the South would sooner or later rid itself of the disgraceful anomaly. The idea of a permanent, equal, and parallel development of two great groups of States with fundamentally antagonistic institutions within the pale of the same federal Union, is a conception of comparatively modern date.

Nor did it become evident, even to the most far-sighted minds, that this was the great danger which must eventually imperil the Union, till the vehement and protracted strife arose which ended in the admission of Missouri as a Slave State in 1820, on condition of a permanent limitation of the institution to the South of the compromise line then drawn. It was then, first, that Jefferson, while sincerely deprecating Slavery in itself, though pleading for his old principle, that the sovereignty of the individual States should not be subjected to the regulative powers of Congress, discerned that a cloud had arisen which could not but spread into a dangerous and perhaps fatal tempest. "I have been amongst the most sanguine," he said, "in believing that our Union would be of long duration. I now doubt it much, and see the event at no great distance. My only comfort and confidence is, that I shall not live to see this." Nor did he. But he lived to see that the temporary compromise with which the dilemma was for the time staved off would not prevent its growing steadily into larger dimensions and assuming a more explicit form. In 1825, on occasion of an interference of Congress between Georgia and the Indian tribes, which she wished to invade, the Georgian representatives passed resolutions not unlike the language of grandiloquent denunciation now pouring forth in voluminous protests from the irritated Slave States. "The hour is come," they said, "or is rapidly approaching, when the States, from Virginia to Georgia, from Missouri to Louisiana, must confederate, and as one man say to the Union, 'We will no longer submit our constitutional rights to bad men in Congress or on judicial benches. The powers necessary to the protection of the Confederated States from enemies without and enemies within, alone were confided to the United Government. All others were retained to the several separate and sovereign States. The States of the South will convey their products to the markets of the world. The world will open wide its arms to receive them. Let our Northern brethren, then, if there is no peace in union, if the compact has become too heavy to be longer borne, in the name of all the mercies find peace among themselves. Let them continue to rejoice in

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their self-righteousness; let them bask in their own meridian, while they depict the South as a hideous reverse. As Athens, as Sparta, as Rome was, we will be; they held slaves, we hold them. In the simplicity of the patriarchal government we would still remain master and servant, under our own vine and our own fig-tree, and confide for safety upon Him who, of old time, looked down upon this state of things without wrath.'"

Language of this kind, used on an occasion not directly involving the issue between the institution of Slavery and its opponents, was significant enough of the breach which it was beginning to open between the general political tendencies of the two classes of States. When next the disunionist feeling broke out, in 1832, it was again on a secondary question, not directly bound up with Slavery,—South Carolina, as the representative of the grievances which a protective tariff inflicted on the South, having taken up a rebellious attitude closely resembling that which she is now assuming. And though in this question the Slave States were divided, the interests of all of them not being in this instance quite identical, the conviction was clearly gaining rapidly in force and depth, that to work Slavery with real success the *whole* policy of the Slave States, financial as well as political, requires to be carefully adapted to its conditions. The belief has long been growing in the South,—and not without good reason,—that Slavery requires every sort of external advantage in order to be really remunerative; requires, in short, a policy calculated with one sole end, that of increasing the efficiency of Slave labour by every means at the disposal of the State. And hence the excessive irritation with which the South chafes under the regulative power of a body like Congress, which is largely actuated by a variety of considerations entirely foreign to the one aim to which the Slave States are necessarily devoted;—hence their unremitting efforts to clip the powers of the Union, and to enlarge the free range of the local legislatures.

How incessant has been the pressure of the Slavery policy against the federal restrictions to which it was subjected, ever since the great pitched battle on the question of the admission of Missouri, we need not here record. The long and eventually successful agitation for the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war which naturally followed, the successful struggle for a stringent fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska conflict, and the southern victory which abrogated that solemn Missouri compromise the unreal nature of which Jefferson had so clearly foreseen, are all fresh in the recollection of our readers.

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We recall them only to substantiate the assertion that the statesmen of the Slave States are the servants of a principle which does not permit a divided allegiance. It can never remain as one out of many equal and coördinate principles embraced within the fold of the federal Union; it cannot keep its place merely as one local custom among others, subject to the condition of respecting the different precedents and customs of a different latitude. On the contrary, it is a despotic, an overruling, a *missionary* principle, which must mould the whole policy of the States in which it has once taken root, which so entirely masters the minds of its adherents, that scarce any political issue, however general, however high the region of State policy in which it springs up, however far it be removed from the sphere of "domestic" institutions, can be viewed in the same light by those who have been wont to contemplate politics through the dark-stained glass of Slavery-interests, and those who have studied it without that aid. A Slavery-policy is not, and cannot remain, in any construction however liberal, a *municipal* policy. It dominates all the very highest interests of the State.

Now this is exactly what the Southern politicians have hitherto been most strenuous in denying. They say, in the language of the Georgian planters in 1825, that Slavery is local and municipal, and that "the powers necessary to the protection of the confederated States from enemies without, and enemies within, alone were confided to the United Government,"—that local Slavery cannot in any way affect the discharge of these federal duties. The South professes,—though in defiant and passionate language that seems to imply something very different,—that it only asks for the institution of Slavery that equality of toleration which all forms of religious faith ask and receive at the hands of the State. It asks to be let alone by the federal government, and nothing more. Now it is the very starting-point of the Republican party to deny that this line of treatment is possible. They reply to the South that Slavery *forces* itself on the consideration even of strictly federal politicians in a thousand ways; that it is, like the Roman Church in countries where that Church is permitted to interfere with civil legislation and educational institutions, not a mere sect but a Polity; and that no statesman can pretend to administer even the external affairs of the Union, or secure the confidence of such a body as Congress, on the basis of ignoring Slavery altogether. He must either virtually approve it and heartily accept the logical inferences to which it leads, thus securing the warm support of the Slavery deputies, or he must virtually condemn it and heartily resist

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the logical inferences to which it leads, thus securing the warm support of the opponents of Slavery. Any third course, based on mere neutrality and Unionism, must necessarily fail, because admitting, in fact, of no coherent policy at all. Being neither hot nor cold, but simply lukewarm, the American people, once roused to the true issue, must reject this third, or hybrid, party, as they have just distinctly rejected Messrs. Bell and Everett, and even Mr. Douglas, who is only rather more logical than they in his profession of complete indifference, "whether Slavery be voted up or voted down," so long as it is really the choice of a majority.

We propose to point out very briefly, with the aid especially of Mr. Olmsted's most masterly and instructive work, the absolute impossibility of elaborating any honest federal policy at all without passing a distinct verdict on the Slavery question, and embodying that verdict in the very essence of the policy adopted. We say that any statesman of the Union who is really neutral on this question, must have abdicated his functions as a statesman altogether. He has formally admitted that he is wilfully blind to the class of political facts which bear most conspicuously on his duties; which stand to them, in short, in precisely the same relation in which the condition and influence of the religious orders in England stood to the duties of our statesmen in the time of Henry VIII., or in which the state of provincial and municipal disaffection in the various provinces of the Italian and the Austrian dominions stands to the duties of the central governments in Italy and Austria at the present moment. If we can prove this, we shall in fact have justified the basis on which both the Republican and the extreme Slavery party are now organised, and be in a position to discuss briefly the duties of the former at the present crisis.

Slavery, as it exists at the present day in the United States, has a distinctly marked effect on the private character, on the social organisations, on the economical condition, and—not only indirectly, through all these, but directly also—an overmastering influence on the political policy and aspirations of all whom it affects. As the slaves themselves have no political existence in the States, we will in the present Article omit its primary effect on the subject race, though no true statesman will deny that he is bound to consider the political welfare of every large class, whether represented or unrepresented, that can be influenced by the policy of the general government. But putting that aside, and assuming for a moment the point of view of the Supreme Court and Mr. Douglas, which recognises only the white race as entitled to the privileges of citizenship and the fostering care of the Union, let us trace the

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direct influence of Slavery as a great polity on federal affairs, through its immediate effect on the white race alone.

Slavery has a marked effect on the private character of the higher classes of the white race, which directly reacts on political life, through its influence on the passions; and in relaxing all those habits of self-restraint which are so essential to the due conduct of public affairs. We are accustomed to note with surprise the unmeasured license of Southern politicians in the Press, in the State Legislatures, and in Congress,—their reckless use of empty boasts, their violent demeanour, and their frequent outbursts of physical rage,—but those who have studied the influences which surround them from their birth can feel this surprise no longer. All the physical passions, which mutually act and react upon each other, are stimulated by the circumstances in which slave-owners are brought up. Hear Mr. Olmsted's* testimony to facts which speak volumes as to the fatal influence of Slavery in relaxing the bonds of ordinary self-restraint and self-respect.

"Twice it happened to come to my knowledge that sons of a planter, by whom I was lodged while on this journey, lads of fourteen or sixteen, who were supposed to have slept in the same room with me, really spent the night till after daybreak in the negro cabins. A southern merchant visiting New York, to whom I expressed the view I had been led to form of the evil of Slavery in this way, replied that he thought I over-estimated the evil to boys on the plantations, but that it was impossible to over-estimate it in towns. 'I have personal knowledge,' he continued, 'that there are but two lads, sixteen years old, in our town [a small market-town of Alabama], who have not already had occasion to resort to remedies for the penalty of licentiousness.' 'When on my brother's plantation, just before I came North,' said another southern merchant, on his annual visit to New York, 'I was informed that each of his family-servants were suffering from ———, and I ascertained that each of my brother's children, girls and boys, had been informed of it and knew how and from whom it had been acquired. The Negroes being their familiar companions, I tried to get my brother to send them North with me to school. I told him he might as well have them educated in a brothel at once as in the way they were growing up.'"

* Before quoting from Mr. Olmsted's volume, it is but fair to let him explain in his own words his views in undertaking the journeys in the sea-board Slave States, Texas, and his last in Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee. They will prove, we think, that he is no prejudiced witness. "Looking upon Slavery," he says, in his preface to this last volume, "as an unfortunate circumstance, for which the people of the South were in nowise to blame, and the abolition of which was no more immediately practicable than the abrogation of hospitals, penitentiaries, and boarding-schools, it was with the distinct hope of aiding in this [the 1850] reaction, and aiding those disposed to consider the subject of Slavery in a rational, philosophical, and conciliatory spirit, that I undertook, at the suggestion of the editor of the *New York Times*, to make a personal study of the ordinary condition and habits of the people of the South."

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Moreover, while the grosser passions are stimulated by such depraving influences as these, the finer senses which, to a certain extent, if they do not counterbalance, at least intellectualise the tone and type of self-indulgence, seem to have no nourishment in the social influences of the present form of American Slavery. We in England, deriving our notions in great measure from that old and far less injurious form of Slavery which is rapidly passing away in the United States, are accustomed to think of the Southern planters' homes as palaces of luxury and refinement, where the services of the menial race do at least leave fuller scope for the culture of delicate tastes and intellectual studies than in any other state of modern society. The reverse is unfortunately true of all the newer Slave States. They are for the most part colonised by a coarse and illiterate class of planters, who, bent on realising as large gains as may be in the shortest possible period, look for no comforts in the mean time, and could not appreciate intellectual luxuries if they had them. Where Mr. Olmsted met with a dozen houses of the respectable class, he met with a hundred where there were not even the most ordinary decencies of middle-class life. After being told, as he often was, that a planter "had built an uncommonly good house, and got it well furnished; had a score of servants; and being at a distance from neighbours, was always glad to entertain a respectable stranger," after hearing this,

"Nine times out of ten at least," he says, "between the Mississippi and the Upper James river in Virginia, after such a promise, I slept in a room with others, in a bed which stank, supplied with but one sheet, if with any; I washed with utensils common to the whole household; I found no garden, no flowers, no fruit, no tea, no cream, no sugar, no bread—for corn (let me assert in parenthesis), though possibly, as tastes differ, a very good thing for ostriches, is not bread; neither does even flour, salt, fat, and water, stirred together and warmed, constitute bread;—no curtains; no lifting windows—three times out of four absolutely no windows; no couch—if one reclined in the family room, it was absolutely on the bare floor; for there were no carpets or mats. For all that, the house swarmed with vermin. There was no hay, no straw, no oats; but mouldy corn and leaves of maize; no discretion, no care, no honesty. At the —— there was no stable, but a log-pen; and besides this no other outhouses, but a smoke-house, a corn-house, and a range of nigger-houses. . . . From the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the James, I did not—that I remember—see, except perhaps in one or two towns, a thermometer; nor a book of Shakespeare; nor a pianoforte, or a sheet of music; nor the light of a Carcel, or other good center-table or reading lamp; nor an engraving, or a copy, of any kind, of a work of art of the slightest merit. Most of these houses were, I should also say, the mansions of 'planters,' 'slave-owners,' 'cotton-lords'—of the 'Southern aristocracy.'"

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Now all this, it may be said, however true and however bad, has no influence on the general political state of the federal Union. Unfortunately it has the greatest influence on the class of men sent to Congress from the South, and on the class of desires they represent. Imagine an education for the majority of Southern youths in which the coarsest passions are absolutely unchecked, in which the predominant motive of life is the extraction of a huge cotton-crop from the enforced labour of a servile race, and in which these influences are entirely unsoftened and unrelieved by those intellectual tastes and habits which usually accompany riches, and how can we wonder that statesmen find the greatest difficulty in discussing questions of war or aggression on the ground of right and wrong at all, if they look to secure the sympathy of the mass of Southern representatives? What can the barbarism of the Slave Trade—what can the unrighteous lust for new territory—*mean* in the case of men who have been accustomed to a universal state of similar barbarism around them, or even in their own homes; to whom there is nothing shocking in the life of gross animalism which the slave leads, and with which he infects his masters; and in whom the possession of power over men, and the habitual motive for its exercise, have quite deadened the delicate instinct of what is due to weak and helpless political neighbours?

But perhaps the most startling indirect political effect of Slavery, exerted through its influence on morals and manners, is that savage impatience of political opposition which it inevitably engenders. Habits of fair and equal discussion are necessarily inconsistent with "that habit of command" of which the Southern planter boasts. Accustomed from his youth to annihilate opposition,—to crush with a blow a contumacious servant,—magnanimity in the treatment of opponents is unknown in the South.

"How can men," says Mr. Olmsted, "retain the most essential quality of true manhood who daily, without remonstrance or interference, see men beaten, whose position renders effective resistance totally impracticable—and not only men, but women too? Is it not partially the result of this, that self-respect seldom seems to suggest to an angry man at the South that he should use any thing like magnanimity? that he should be careful to secure fair play for his opponent in a quarrel? A gentleman of veracity, now living in the South, told me that among his friends he had once numbered two young men, who were themselves intimate friends, till one of them, taking offence at some foolish words uttered by the other, challenged him. A large crowd assembled to see the duel, which took place on a piece of prairie-ground. The combatants came armed with rifles, and at the first interchange of

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shots the challenged man fell, disabled by a ball in the thigh. The other, throwing down his rifle, walked toward him, and kneeling by his side, drew a bowie knife, and deliberately butchered him. The crowd of bystanders not only permitted this, but the execrable assassin still lives in the community, has since married, and, as far as my informant could judge, his social position has been rather advanced than otherwise from thus dealing with his enemy. In what other English, in what other civilised or half-civilised community, would such cowardly atrocity have been endured?"

After this, how can we wonder that Mr. Brooks was regarded as a hero in the South, for coming up behind Mr. Sumner, and all but killing him in the Senate-house? or that we hear so frequently of bowie knives, doubled fists, and fierce challenges in the lower House? Moreover, the savage impatience of opposition manifested by the slave-owners inevitably extends itself but too often to their antagonists, and the scenes of the cotton plantation are all but reënacted in the Legislature at Washington. There is no quality so essential to a nation's political greatness as fairness and moderation in considering the opinions of antagonists; and there is no political quality of which the Southern planters are so utterly destitute. When such phenomena become frequent and by no means remarkable, as Governor Gist's recent message to the Legislature of South Carolina, in which he recommends a law "punishing summarily and severely, *if not with death*, any person that circulates incendiary documents, *avows himself an Abolitionist*, or in any way attempts to create insubordination or insurrection among the Slaves," we can well understand, that a tolerant or patient dealing with the arguments of opponents is not much in vogue there.

But besides the terrible effect on the political character and intelligence of the planters and their equals which is produced by Slavery, the still more depraving effects produced on the "mean whites,"—the electors, be it remembered, and real masters of the political situation in almost all the Southern States,—though often insisted on, has seldom been adequately realised. The popular intellect of the lower class of whites is so debased by the habitual contact with Slavery: the passion for indolence, and contempt not only for field-labour, but for all labour, is so uniform, in the almost complete absence of any thing like accessible educational institutions, that the poor whites constantly sink *below* the level of the better class of Negroes; and hence the necessity for such laws as Governor Gist recommends to South Carolina in the following passage of his recent message:

"The law prohibiting masters from permitting Negroes to hire

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their own time, and make contracts, should be so amended, and such penalties attached to its violation, that no one would venture to disregard it. Without suggesting the particular penalty, I would recommend that both the owner of the slave and the party that hires him or her, should be punished by fine or imprisonment, according to the mitigating or aggravating circumstances that attend the case. It not unfrequently happens that slave mechanics hire white men to work under their direction, and for their benefit; and thus, instead of exercising a control over that class of population, some are placed under obligations to them. This state of things should not be permitted; there must be a distinction between the races, as marked as their different colours, and it must be distinctly and universally understood that the white is the governing race, without an exception, and without regard to disparity of intellect, merit, or acquirements."

"This is a subject," says a writer in Mr. De Bow's Review, the most respectable organ of the Southern politicians, "on which, though it demands attention, we would speak with delicacy. It is not to be disguised that a degree of poverty and destitution exists in the Southern States, among a certain class of people, almost unknown in the manufacturing districts of the North. The poor white man will endure the evils of pinching poverty rather than engage in servile labour under the existing state of things, even were employment offered him, which is not general. The white female is not wanted at service, and if she were, she would, however humble in the scale of society, consider such service as a degree of degradation to which she could not condescend; and she has therefore no resource but to suffer the pangs of want and wretchedness. We know from personal acquaintance and observation, that poor Southern persons, male and female, are glad to avail themselves of individual efforts to procure a comfortable livelihood in any employment deemed respectable for white persons. They make applications to cotton-mills, where such persons are wanted in numbers much beyond the demand for labour."*

The testimony concerning the shiftlessness, wretchedness, and not unfrequently the absolute imbecility, of this class of Southern "electors" is truly appalling. No education statistics give the least impression of what it is, though education statistics speak eloquently of the relative state of education in the Southern and Northern States. But it is not the mere *presence* of Slavery which is chargeable with all this wretchedness. It would be well for many of these States if they could truly say with Georgia, "As Athens, as Sparta, as Rome was, we will be." The truth is, that they suffer from a kind of Slavery in many ways far *more* subversive of the welfare of the

* Russell's Agriculture and Climate of the United States, pp. 295-96.

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unenslaved classes than the slavery of the ancients. For the Slavery of the Southern States of America is not consistent with a stationary condition of society. It combines all the evils proper to all Slavery, with many of the worst evils of a nomadic migratory life. Slavery without the Slave Trade is an extremely *costly* system of labour. A strong field-hand is now worth at least 1000 dollars (200*l.*) in most parts of the Slave States. As less than fifty Negroes do not need more than one driver, and any number, however few, need one, the smallest capital in Negroes, consistent with economy, is 1000*l.*, besides all the floating capital needful for their support and for the requisite mechanical aid. To render this large outlay of capital remunerative, it is essential to cultivate only the richest cotton land, and quite unproductive to manure and "rest" it after the first richness of the soil is exhausted. Indeed, it is far cheaper to buy new and richer land farther West than to do this. "It will cost twenty dollars' worth of labour to manure an acre," says Mr. Olmsted. "Why make this expenditure when a man can obtain other land at five dollars an acre, fenced and ready for the plough, which without manure will return just as much cotton for the same amount of labour (in cultivation merely) as this with it."* The consequence is, that the tendency of the system is to a Western migration of Slave-owners and their Slaves; only the very richest and best-situated lands in the old States being still available for the same kind of culture. Moreover, as the *large* plantation system is far more profitable than the small,—the expense of organising slave-labour being of course less costly in proportion to the number of slaves,—the richest cotton lands are very thinly peopled by white inhabitants. The extent of the plantations forbids the aggregation of any large number of rich whites. The dislike which the planters feel to the neighbourhood of poor whites, in consequence of their thievish habits and contagious idleness, induces them to buy out the poor whites as fast almost as they settle near them. And the result is, that the Southern States present the phenomenon of a rich stream of capital sweeping westwards, and leaving nothing but exhausted land, and wretched settlements of poor whites upon it, in its rear. Slave labour is too costly to employ it in renewing old land. The "mean whites" who follow in the wake of the planters are too poor, too idle, and too debased altogether to restore the exhausted soil. And hence few of the natural advantages which usually attend the course of wealth and population spring up in these unhappy States. Where the wealth is, there is no white population to benefit by State-schools. Where the popu-

* Olmsted, p. 374.

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lation is, there is no wealth to found them. "There are only six towns having a *town-like* character," says Mr. Olmsted, "in the Slave States." And where the white population is thickest the soil is the poorest, the means of instruction smallest, the barbarism altogether worst. Mr. Olmsted compares two districts in Georgia—the one a coast region, containing the famous "Sea-island cotton plantations;" the other immediately within it, where the land is either barren or exhausted; and thus sums up his results.

"A large majority of the white population resides within the barren countries, of which the slave population is less than one-fourteenth that of the aggregate slave population of the whole. *The personal estate of the whites* of these upper counties is, on an average, less than one-sixth that of the others. As the wealthy are independent of public schools, *the means of education* are scarcely more available for those who are not rich in one than the other, the school-houses being, on an average, ten and a half miles apart in the less populous, thirteen and three-quarter miles apart in the more populous.

It is widely otherwise as to *churches*. In the planting counties, there is a house of worship for every twenty-nine white families; in the poor white counties, one for every one hundred and sixty-two white families. Notwithstanding the fact that, to accommodate all, the latter should be six times as large, their average value is less than one-tenth that of the others; the one being eight hundred and ninety-eight dollars, the other eighty-nine dollars. So wholly do the planters, in whose hands is the wealth, depend on their factors for direct supplies from without, that *the capital invested in trade*, in the coast counties, is but thirty-seven and a half cents to each inhabitant, and in the upper counties it is but one dollar and fifty cents. From the remarks on temperance, it would seem that the most of this capital must be held in the form of whisky. One 'store' in Liberty county, which I myself entered, contained, so far as I could see, nothing but casks, demijohns, decanters, a bag of coffee, a case of tobacco, and some powder and lead, and I believe that nine-tenths of the stock-in-trade referred to in these statistics is of this character. It was mentioned to me by a gentleman who had examined this district with a commercial purpose, that, off the plantations, there was no money in the country—almost literally, no money. The dealings even of the merchants or tradesmen seemed to be entirely by barter. He believed there were many full-grown men who had never seen so much as a dollar in money in their lives."

Now it is obvious that a system of Slavery of this kind, where the Slaves pass from State to State with the capitalist, and the poor whites hang on the rear of their encampment, is infinitely more politically fatal than ever was Slavery in a stationary State. The profit of the slave-labour, great as it is, enriches no one but the owners, who spend it all either in the acquisition

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of fresh labourers from plantations further west, or in living in luxury in Europe or the Northern States. The profit on the cotton sold, if brought back to the South-West at all, is brought back in the shape of new gangs of Slaves; and if not thus brought back, is remitted to the owner in New York, Boston, London, or Paris. It calls forth no skill, remunerates no class of self-dependent labourers, and, in a word, generates none of the fertilising results which are usually associated with the idea of capital. Even the roads by which the cotton is conveyed from the plantations to the port of shipment, are just what roads must be when no one who uses them one year is certain that he shall need them a year or two hence,—roads which in many parts cannot be travelled on without being temporarily repaired by the coachman as he goes along, and which the coach is but too glad to leave, where it is possible to find a feasible path through the brushwood which skirts it.* All the civilisation of these western cotton-states is of that raw, hasty, and transient kind which the caravan makes for a few hours when it encamps in an oasis of the desert,—with this difference, however, in favour of the latter,—that it does not exhaust the spot which it temporarily peoples, while the great cotton-planter does.

How little capital the Slave States really attract to themselves as centres of a permanent civilisation is strikingly shown by the fact that during the fiscal year terminating June 30th, 1858, the Slave States exported produce to the amount of 159,000,000*£*, and imported only to the amount of 33,000,000*£*; the enormous balance being no doubt in some measure invested in new land (the new States having bought or transferred slaves from the older States to the South-West), but most of it having been consumed in the Northern States, since during the same period the Free States exported produce to the amount of 181,000,000*£*, and imported to the amount of 249,000,000*£*. Now, whatever may be said to prove that, economically speaking, absenteeism on the part of consumers is no evil to a country, when the producers are free labourers who are as much benefited by producing for the export-trade as they are by producing for home consumers, there can be no doubt that in a country cultivated by slave-labour the civilising elements vanish when the consumers are mainly absentees. If the planters lived on their estates, they must necessarily not only improve the communications of the country and spend a good deal on opening it up to the world beyond, but become the centres of a certain amount of free productive labour invested in retail trade. But when they leave the work

* Mr. Olmsted's Slave States, p. 136.

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of planting to paid managers, and receive the rents in another part of the world, no one in the producing country, except the agents, benefit at all—not the slaves, for they are mere animated hoes;—not retail traders, for they are not wanted, and do not come;—barely even the poor whites, for they find no capitalists to employ their labour, and the roads which have been made for them by hasty slave-labour are, as we have seen, in the majority of cases, of the wildest and most temporary description.

Now, these being the characteristic phenomena of Slavery in the United States, let us ask what results they must necessarily bring with them to the federal policy of the Union. The system does, and could not but, sow a passion for territorial extensions, that is, for annexing rich virgin soils as yet unexhausted, at almost any political sacrifice of reputation; and an equally strong desire on the other hand (except on the part of the slave-breeding States) to cheapen the costly labour; which is the instrument of production, by the reopening of the Slave-trade. On the one hand, slaves costing, as they do, from 200*l.* to 250*l.* a piece, besides a heavy charge for superintendence,—and slave-labour being essentially unskilled labour of the poorest sort, and only suitable where the vast natural powers of the land yield a rich return to the poorest scratching of its surface,—no planters employ them willingly on exhausted soils, if they can push on at a nominal cost to richer soils beyond; and, on the other hand, when slaves can be procured in Cuba at least from 25 to 50 per cent lower than in the United States, the slaveowners will naturally cry out, like the Hon. W. L. Yancey, of Alabama, for free-trade in labour; and ask with him, "What became of our equality [with the free States] when the law was passed that said, '*You of the South shall not import Negroes from Africa, though you of the North may import jackasses from Malta*'?"* Mr. Yancey, representing the South-West, very logically demands that the whole matter be "left to the operation of the law of supply and demand, precisely as the mule, the horse, the cow, and the cotton-trade are governed now; and I insist that there should be no more discrimination by law against the Slave-trade than against the Nutmeg-trade of New England. Let it be governed by the law of supply and demand alone."

It is clear, then, that the costly cotton Slavery of the United States produces and tends to increase two currents of incessant and restless pressure on the federal government; the one clamouring for an enlarged margin of profit, by extension of ter-

* Speech at Montgomery in 1858, quoted in *New York Times* for 29th November 1860.

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ritory to virgin soils, the other for cheapened production by the admission of Africa to the slave-market of the United States: the one finding its expression in the organs of the party which carried the annexation of Texas, which encouraged Walker's descents on Nicaragua and Mexico, and which are now casting covetous glances on Sonora; the other in the cry of the large party in South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, for the "reciprocation of mutual blessings between Africa and America."

And now we are in a position to judge how far the federal feeling of the United States can be guided by any statesman worthy of the name, who has spent no thought—or who has conscientiously suppressed any subjective intellectual judgment he may be unfortunate enough to have formed—on the political tendencies of Slavery. Slavery is influencing, more and more profoundly every year, the intelligence, character, and political wishes of the large poor white constituencies of the South. It is influencing quite as powerfully the temper and bearing in Congress of the richer class who are sent to represent the Southern States; so that scenes of physical violence and unseemly abuse are becoming more and more common in the discussions of the legislature. It influences seriously the distributions of taxable property. It is adding State after State to the Union, poor, thinly-peopled, ill-peopled, and therefore ill-governed; where almost all the offenders are judged and punished on the spot by those who suffer from them, and many of the remainder by those who sympathise fiercely with the sufferers.* It prevents all thorough tillage of the States in which it exists; for slave-labour is too costly to use for any thing but the *skimming* of the soil, while it repels and degrades free labour in contact with it, so that even in Georgia and the Carolinas the extent of undrained and exhausted soils is immense. It controls the foreign policy of the States by inspiring the strongest tendency to covet and to grasp the rich land of weak neighbours. And it threatens to degrade the American Union before the whole civilised world, and to *risk* at least a hostile combination against it, by re-

* "On our estates," says Mr. De Bow, "we dispense with the whole machinery of public police and public courts of justice. Thus we try, decide, and execute the sentences in thousands of cases which in other countries would go into courts" (*Olmsted*, p. 103). After the burning of a slave in Eastern Tennessee with the eager sanction of one thousand citizens, the Editor of one of the papers, then a Methodist preacher, wrote, "Had we been there, we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red-hot pincers,—the cutting off of a limb at a time, and then burning them all in a heap." Mr. Olmsted conversed with one of the actors in this scene, "a mild common-sense native of the country." "He told me that there was no evidence against the Negro but his own confession. I suggested that he might have been crazy. 'What if he was?' he echoed, with a sudden asperity" (p. 447).

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opening a trade which is pronounced to be piracy by the law of most civilised countries. Is it not, then, a pure hypocrisy for any federal statesman to pretend that he can propose any policy at all for the Union that is strictly impartial on the subject of Slavery,—that regards it as an indifferent affair? Mr. Buchanan, indeed, affects to think otherwise. He says in his recent trimming message, what it is of course the *cue* of Southern partisans to say, that "all for which the Slave States have ever contended is, to be let alone and permitted to manage their domestic institutions in their own way. As sovereign States, they, and they alone, are responsible before God and the world for the Slavery existing among them. For this the people of the North are not more responsible, and have no more right to interfere than with similar institutions in Russia or in Brazil." But it would be difficult, we suppose, to show that "similar institutions in Russia and Brazil" affect the whole body of American policy, as we have shown that they do in States which form a large element in the Union.

It may be, and often is, asserted that the Federal Union, in fact, possesses no constitutional power whatever to cherish or to discourage Slavery, whatever may be the wish of its statesmen. But such an assertion merely illustrates the extravagant license of party-spirit. In the first place, no one denies that Congress alone can decide how far to extend its own sway. If Canada applied for admission to the Union, American statesmen would not, we suppose, scruple to consider the petition as a question of general advantage or disadvantage. If it were likely to embroil America with England, they would probably reject it. If it were believed that the present political institutions of Canada were likely to render them unmanageable as a member of the Union, they would not scruple to reject it. If it were a "peculiar institution" of Canada to exclude settlers of the French or Irish race from high office in the government, the American democracy would doubtless make the abrogation of such a condition the *sine qua non* of admission to the Union. And on exactly the same principles, nay on far higher and broader grounds of policy, it is obvious enough that it is competent to Congress to decline to admit any fresh State likely to prejudice the welfare of the Union. And this constitutional power is in itself no slight one. If the Slave States are confined within a given area, the white population must grow thicker, the industrial economy more thorough, the means of education more adequate to the wants; and, in time, as the kind of labour in demand for profitable returns becomes more and more of the skilled and self-respecting kind, Slavery would probably be modified into serfdom, and finally cease altogether. If no new

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expansion be admitted, nothing but skilled and careful work will yield a return at all, at last. And skilled and careful work can never be got without the inducement to the workman of giving him a share in the reward.

Again, one of the most important powers of Congress is "to regulate Commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes." This certainly gives Congress a constitutional power to impose duties (even prohibitive) on the internal Slave-trade between State and State. As no one has ever doubted its right to impose protective import-duties for the encouragement of native manufactures, at the expense of agriculture, on the assumed ground that this will benefit the Union,—no one can dispute its constitutional right to impose, on the same ground, similar duties for the discouragement of a trade which is fatal to agriculture. And any limitation of slaves to their own States would greatly accelerate the process which the mere limitation of the whole Slave-area itself must in time effect.

The power of Congress "to dispose of and make all needful rules respecting the Territory or other property belonging to the United States," which has given rise to so much angry discussion of late years between the Democrats and the Republicans, is of more importance just now in reference to the future than to the present. There is probably at present no Territory belonging to the States in which Slavery would have any chance of continuous life. But it is not the less essential to cling to the constitutional right of Congress to govern such Territories as it pleases,—not merely because other Territory with climates more favourable to Slavery is certain to be again acquired in the future; but still more because this clause proves the intention of the constitution to lodge in the central government a power to control and mould the half-settled districts on the border, in conformity with the general interests of the Union.

And finally, no one has ever disputed the power of Congress to deal with Slavery in the district of Columbia, exactly as it pleases, and whenever it chooses so to do, in Mr. Clay's words, "to sweep from the capital that foul blot on the nation."

Now it is on the use of these constitutional powers of Congress (including, of course, the still more efficient future use of the power which it has exercised ever since 1807 of suppressing the Slave-trade) that the Republican party proposed to base its policy as a party. No constitutional argument of any force has ever been brought to disprove the existence of these powers; and the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case is so entirely opposed to the spirit of the constitution that the Republicans are certainly justified in disregarding it. Carried to

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its legitimate extent, it might be made to legalise Slavery in the free States as well as in the Territories; for if Slavery be part and parcel of the common law of the land, which neither Territorial legislatures nor enactments of Congress have any constitutional power to override, it is difficult to understand why even the State legislatures should have power to override it. That this was not so understood by the framers of the constitution is matter of certainty. In putting a final term to the Slave-trade, their avowed object was to undermine Slavery itself. "In case of hostilities with foreign nations," said the democratic Madison in 1797, "they [the slaves] will be the means of inviting attack instead of repelling invasion. *It is the necessary duty of the general government to protect every part of the empire against danger as well internal as external. Every thing, therefore, which tends to increase this danger, though it may be a local affair, yet if it involves national expense or safety, becomes of concern to every part of the Union, and is a proper subject for the consideration of those charged with the general administration of the government.*"

When statements, as broad as this, of the general principle which should govern federal action can be found in numbers in the speeches of avowedly *anti-federalist* statesmen of the period of the Union,—and such was Madison,—it may, we think, be assumed by the Republican party that Slavery was not meant to be secured against the use of such limited powers as were then conferred on the Central Government. The assertion is indeed preposterous to any one who really studies the constitution in connection with the intentions of its founders.

But though the claim of the Republicans to a constitutional position is impregnable, their position for the moment is difficult enough. Though they have carried a Republican President by a triumphant majority, he has absolutely no support in the South, and his supporters are in a minority for the present in both Houses of Congress. Legislatively, therefore, he is paralysed till a new election takes place, though the Executive of the Union will be placed in his hands. South Carolina has no doubt by this time seceded. There is danger of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi at least, following her; and it is not impossible that all the South, except the border States, may unite. Virginia and Kentucky, who have no wish for a reopened Slave-trade, and in case of disunion would probably join the North rather than the South, call out loudly for some pledge of the innocent intentions of the Republican party. And we much fear that there are indications of wavering on their part, and that some step may be taken which may discredit that party with the country for years to come, and neutralise the result of

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the great popular demonstration which the North has just achieved. The pledges required are variously stated: Mr. Stephens of Georgia, the leader of the moderate or Unionist party in the State, has indicated two,—that the Republicans shall disavow, and secure the repeal of, the Personal Liberty Acts of the Northern States, which have practically prevented the rendition of slaves under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and that Congress shall admit, or at least not seek to deny, the "perfect equality between all the States, and the citizens of all the States in the Territories;" in other words, admit slave property into the Territories. To these conditions some of the mediating States add the condition that no further step shall be taken in repealing the Slavery laws of Columbia, the district subject to the absolute rule of Congress; while others, again, demand that the initial steps already taken in that direction shall be retraced. It is generally rumoured, on the Republican side, that the first condition as to the Fugitive Slave Law and the Personal Liberty Acts will be more or less complied with; that as to the second, the Republicans would accept a new Missouri compromise, dividing the Territories again by the old line extended to the Pacific, which is to be a permanent northern limit to Slavery; and as to the last, all action will be waived for the present.

Now, recalling that the one principle to which Mr. Lincoln has repeatedly pledged himself, and on which alone the Republican party has any logical basis at all, is the principle of strictly limiting the area of Slavery by all constitutional means, we can easily lay down the utmost limits within which Republican concession is possible without an act of party suicide.

It cannot be denied, we think, that the constitution gave the South, under the second section of its fourth article, a legal claim to some Fugitive Slave Law.* It can still less be denied that free States, profoundly impressed with the moral iniquity of Slavery, cannot, with either moral or legal good effect, be compelled to deliver back to Slavery fugitives who have thrown themselves on their generosity, justice, and hospitality. There is a point where positive law, coming into collision with moral law, is necessarily paralysed, and cannot be enforced without exciting violence and endangering revolution. At the same time, it must be remembered that the Personal Liberty Acts of the Northern States are not in themselves otherwise than constitutional evasions of a constitutional law. They are, in form, securities against the injustice which has, once at least since

* Article iv. sec. 2 (3). "No person held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due."

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1850, been really committed, of the apprehension of a free Northern citizen under the false charge of his being a fugitive slave. In effect, no doubt they do render the identification of fugitive slaves so difficult as to be almost impracticable, but they do so under the not purely imaginary pretext of preventing a wrong to freemen. But if the Southern States would only accept, as they were quite inclined to do in 1850, pecuniary compensation for these fugitives from justice, these artificial obstructions need not be thrown in their way. This is the proposal of the *New York Times*, and we confess it seems to us quite satisfactory. The constitutional claim of the South would be satisfied, nor could the Republicans fairly object that the slave-owner's demand being in principle unjust, no compensation is due to him. For if the Republicans wish to have the protection of the constitution, they are clearly bound to abide by the spirit of its provisions even when they think them unjust, and they can only do so in this case in this way. It is impossible to enforce, for any length of time, the rigid execution of a hateful law in a sovereign State; but it is not impossible to compensate the injured party by the payment of damages. On the other hand, the South could not refuse the offer. In most of the Slave States the statutes authorise State compensation to the owner of any slave whose life has been forfeited to the law. Among the items of State-expenditure in the Slave States, "indemnity for slaves executed" will be found a very frequent one; and States which compel the owner to forfeit his property, at a fair price, for the safety of the individual State, cannot refuse to do as much for the peace of the Union.

The second guarantee demanded of the harmless intentions of the Republican party, namely,—that they will admit the equal rights of all kinds of property in the Territories which are subject to the jurisdiction of Congress,—is one which, conceded in any form, will be the death-blow to the present organisation of the party. There is no point on which Mr. Lincoln himself is more deeply pledged. "I am impliedly if not expressly pledged to a belief in the *right* and *duty* of Congress to prohibit Slavery in all the United-States Territories," he said, in answer to Mr. Douglas in 1858. And, he added, that of course he was equally opposed to the acquisition of fresh territory, "unless Slavery is first prohibited therein." Moreover, the whole existence of the party depends on this principle. Once admit the equal rights of all kinds of property in the Territories, and it will be impossible to refuse admission to any new Slave State on the ground of its Slavery:—in short, the principle of strictly limiting the area of Slavery is cast to

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the winds. And a second Missouri Compromise would, if possible, be still more discrediting to the Republicans than the abrogation of the principle altogether. After the disgraceful failure of the first Compromise; after the proof thus given that at the first convenient opportunity all such compromises would be coolly set aside; after the experience the Republicans have gained that Slavery-extension is greatly to be dreaded in the South, but not in the North, and that if they are to limit the area of Slavery at all, they must especially guard the power to do so in the South,—it would be pure political suicide to make any concession on this head.

Of course no active steps can be taken while the Republicans remain in a minority in both Houses of Congress. But inaction does not imply concession. The only danger the party has to fear is disunion. And it would on every account be far better to permit the secession of South Carolina, and of all who are inclined to join her,—to let them try the exceedingly dangerous experiment of setting up for themselves,—than to compromise all the future action of the party by cutting the ground of principle on which they stand from under them. Mr. Buchanan has said in his Message, that he shall not employ force to prevent secession. Mr. Lincoln need only follow out the same policy, and instruct his followers, while attempting no active measures, so long as they continue in a minority, to make no damaging concessions. Whenever that minority is turned into a majority, more ought to be done. And the abolition of Slavery in the Congressional district of Columbia, as it is the mildest and most unexceptionable, ought probably to be the first step.

A heavy responsibility now rests upon the Republican party; and the eyes of all Europe are on them. The recent Presidential election may, we may well hope, be a turning-point in the history of the Union, if that party are courageous and firm in the discharge of their political duty. For the first time, since the dissolution of the old Federalist party of General Hamilton, has a political organisation in the United States been explicitly based on a weighty political principle. For the first time since the declaration of Independence, has it been based on one that is not only weighty, but noble, capable of arousing the deepest enthusiasm in the popular mind. Let the Republicans remember that they are the *servants* of that principle, not its patrons, and have neither power nor right to compromise it as they please. If they wish to wipe out the disgraceful stains which the administration of Polk, of Fillmore, of Pierce, and of Buchanan have left upon the history of the Union; if they

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wish to redeem their country from the discredit which the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the civil war in Kansas, the attempts on Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua, the official blindness of the Executive to the Slave-trade, the conspiracy to legalise Slavery in the Territories, and the gross corruption of recent governments, have attached to the Government of the United States,—let them remember that success, least of all speedy success, is not the touchstone of true service; that they will have done far more for the nation by keeping themselves perfectly free to use every constitutional power which the Union possesses for the insulation of Slavery, even though years should elapse before they can take a single effective step for that end, —than if, by patching up a shameful reconciliation with the Southern States, they win for Mr. Lincoln the questionable praise of being quite as *safe* a President as Mr. Buchanan, and the unquestionable shame of having sacrificed, for the sake of an unreal armistice, the only condition which can ever secure a genuine Union,—which can ever cause the States of America to be United at heart as well as in name,—which can ever cement them by any deeper tie than the coarse compromises of external interests and common fears.

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BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

The Conduct of Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Author's Edition. Smith and Elder.

[The nine essays which compose this work by no means deserve the sweeping censure they have received. They are chaotic, and their philosophy, or pseudo-philosophy, is unsocial, but the shrewd rugged Emersonian thought is not enfeebled.]

The Genesis of the Earth and of Man; or, the History of Creation, and the Antiquity and Races of Mankind. Edited by Reginald Stuart Poole. Williams and Norgate.

[The object of this volume is to establish that the discoveries of geological and palæontological science are not inconsistent with Scripture. The author believes that the first chapters of Genesis present a series of visions, in which successive epochs of creative power are exhibited to the eye of the seer. He also believes that the earth has been peopled from two separate stocks, and that there is distinct indication of this in the Bible. These conclusions are defended with much learning and some ingenuity.]

The Limits of Exact Science, as applied to History: an Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Macmillan.

[One of Mr. Kingsley's ablest and finest essays. It is a protest against the attempt of the modern philosophies of history to teach us to look at "human beings rather as things than as persons," and at abstract laws "rather as persons than as things."]

On the Origin and Succession of Life on the Earth. By John Phillips, M.A. With Illustrations. Macmillan.

Romance of Natural History. By P. H. Gosse. Nisbet.

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Death of Olden Barneveld. By J. Lothrop Motley. 2 vols. Murray.

Debates on the Grand Remonstrance, 1641: with an Introductory Essay on English Freedom under Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns. By John Forster. Murray.

History of the Venetian Republic. By W. G. Hazlitt. Smith and Elder.

The Origin and History of Language, based on Modern Researches. By F. W. Farrer, M.A. Murray.

The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith: a Selection of the most memorable Passages in his Writings and Conversation. Longmans.

[A good selection, making a most amusing book.]

Memoir of George Wilson, M.D. By his Sister, Jessie Aitken. Macmillan.

Life and Times of Edmund Burke. By Thomas Macknight. Chapman and Hall.

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The Progress of Nations; or, the Principles of National Development in their Relation to Statesmanship: a Study in Analytical History. Longmans.

[An extremely interesting and thoughtful treatise, devoted to the same subject which occupied the speculations of Vico and Montesquieu, but written from a different point of view.]

Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier; with Original Letters from Lords Chatham, Nelson, Castlereagh, Mulgrave, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning, &c. Edited from Family Papers by Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from the Mission of Augustine to the Death of Howley. By the Rev. Dr. Hook. Vol. I. Bentley.

Studies from Life. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Hurst and Blackett.

[A reprint of slight and miscellaneous papers, among which are some lively and pleasant reminiscences of the author's childhood.]

My Life, and what shall I do with it? A Question for Young Gentlewomen. By an Old Maid. Longmans.

[A sensible and thoughtful volume; full, too, of observation.]

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle; containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Blackwood.

[Reviewed in Article X.]

The Story of Burnt Njal. A Translation from the Icelandic of the Njal Saga. With an Introductory Essay and Map of Iceland. By J. W. Dasent. Hamilton and Adams.

Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

Autobiography of the Earl of Dundonald. Vol. II. Bentley.

Shakespere: his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood. By John R. Wise. Illustrated by W. J. Linton. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1861.

[This is a very beautiful book. It throws all the light on Shakespere, his life, character, and writings,—his local allusions and forms of expression,—that could be collected by a mind thoroughly acquainted with Stratford and with Warwickshire, and capable of turning this knowledge to uses both deep and graceful. It is likely to take permanent rank as the classical guide to Stratford-upon-Avon, and to be in the hands of many generations of pilgrims to that shrine.]

Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Annotated by H. Walker Wilkins. Longmans.

Legends and Lyrics. By Adelaide Procter. 2 vols. Bell and Daldy.

A Book about Doctors. By J. C. Jeaffreson. 2 vols., with engravings. Hurst and Blackett.

The Horse and his Rider. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Murray.

A Journey in the Back Country. By Frederick Law Olmsted. Vol. III.: "The Slave States." Sampson Low.

[Reviewed in Article XI.]

Recollections of the Druses, and some Notes on their Religion. By the Earl of Carnarvon. Murray.

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Nineteen Years in Polynesia: Missionary Life, Travels, and Researches in the Islands of the Pacific. With Illustrations. By the Rev. George Turner. Snow.

[An interesting volume, full of all the excellencies, and containing some of the defects, of the evangelical missionary spirit.]

A Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah, 1824 to 1826. By Henry Gouger. Murray.

[Rather out of date, but full of very painful interest.]

The Discovery of Carthage. By Dr. Davis. In 3 vols. Bentley.

Travels in Canada, and through the States of New York and Pennsylvania. By J. G. Kohl. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. Manwaring.

Narrative of the Canadian Red-River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and of the Assinniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858. Copiously Illustrated. By Henry Youle Hind. Longmans.

Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

[Lively and interesting, though more sentimental than is quite accordant with English taste.]

Turkish Life and Character. By Walter Thornbury. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." 2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son.

[Reviewed in Article IX.]

Over the Cliffs. By Charlotte Chanter, Author of "Ferny Combes." 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

[Somewhat unequal and inartistic, but vigorous and original; just such a novel as might have been expected from the sister of Charles and Henry Kingsley.]

The Wortlebank Diary, and some Old Stories from Kathie Brande's Portfolio. By Holme Lee. 3 vols. Smith and Elder.

[A reprint of short tales of different degrees of merit, strung together upon a very poor thread manufactured for the occasion.]

Valentine Duval; an Autobiography. Edited by the Author of "Mary Powell." Bentley.

[A curious and pleasing biography of the last century.]

Popular Tales of the West Highlands. Orally collected, with a Translation by J. F. Campbell. 2 vols. Hamilton and Adams.

Lavinia. By the Author of "Dr. Antonio." 3 vols. Smith and Elder.

[The first two volumes are very clever, the third less so.]

The Shadow in the House. By John Saunders, Author of "Love's Martyrdom." Lockwood and Co.

[A painfully interesting novel, with considerable ability, but a want of force.]

Legends from Fairy Land. By Holme Lee. Smith and Elder.

[Pleasant tales for children, but a little too symbolic. "Deeper meanings" abound, which is objectionable.]

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1861.

ART. I.—M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

Œuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville, précédées d'une Notice par Gustave de Beaumont. 2 vols. Paris, 1861.

IT is a very difficult question to decide at what distance of time after a great man's death his biography should be given to the world. If it is put forth at once, as interest and affection would naturally dictate, while the world is yet ringing with his fame, and his friends yet grieving for his loss, when every one is eager to know more of a man of whom they had heard so much, the sentiments it excites will be more vivid, and the treatment it receives will be more gentle; it will be read more widely, and handled more tenderly; enmity will be silenced and criticism softened by the recency and the sadness of the severance. But, on the other hand, much must be sacrificed for the sake of those advantages. If the deceased has been a statesman, considerations of political propriety compel silence, or only half disclosures, in reference to transactions which perhaps more than most others would throw light upon his character; his reasons for what he did himself, and his judgments of what was done by others, have often to be suppressed out of generous discretion, or from obligations of promised secrecy: and thus only a mutilated and fragmentary account of his thoughts and deeds can be laid before the public. Or if, without being a politician, he has mixed largely with his fellows, as most great men must have done,—if he has lived intimately with the celebrated and the powerful, and poured out in unreserved correspondence with his friends his estimates of the characters and actions of those whom he has known and watched,—and if his abilities and op-

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portunities rendered these estimates of singular interest and value,—we are doomed to a still severer disappointment. For these, which are precisely the things we most desire to learn, and for which we should most treasure his biography, are precisely the things which must be withheld. His contemporaries and associates, the objects of his free criticism, and it may be of his severe judicial condemnation, are still living; their characters must be spared, and their feelings must be respected; the work must be garbled and impoverished by asterisks and omissions, and all the richest and most piquant portions of it must be postponed to a more distant day. If, in order to avoid these inconvenient and enforced discretions, the publication of the life be delayed till the generation to which it belonged has passed away, the necessity for suppression will be escaped, but half the interest in the subject will have died out. The man, unless he belonged to the very first order of great men, will have become one of the ordinary figures of history; his memory may still be cherished by many, but his name will no longer be in every mouth. The delineation of his character may be incomparably more complete and perfect than it could have been at an earlier period, but comparatively few will care to read it; it may be infinitely more instructive, but it can never be half as interesting, for those who would especially have drawn interest and instruction from its pages are gone where all biography is needless. If the subject of the narrative were a public man, his life may still furnish valuable materials for the history of his times; if he were a great thinker, or philosopher, or discoverer, the details of his mental formation and operations may throw much interesting light upon psychology and morals; but if he were only, or mainly, a good man or a social celebrity, it is often hard to see why after so many years any account of him should be given to the world at all.

But these are not the only doubtful questions which those who contemplate biography have to consider. It is not easy to decide who would be the fittest person to undertake the delineation of the character and the narration of the career—a widow, a son, or a brother, or a bosom friend—or an unconnected literary man, capable of full appreciation, but not disturbed by too vivid sympathies. The family of the deceased may of course be expected to know him more thoroughly than any mere acquaintance could do; they have watched him more closely and more continuously; they alone have seen him in his most unbent and therefore most natural, though not perhaps his best, moments; they, more than others, can tell what he was in those private relations of life which, usually but not always, afford the clearest insight into the inner nature of the man.

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But, on the other hand, they will seldom have known him in his younger days—his widow rarely, his son never; they will generally be withheld by reverence from any keen critical judgment of his attributes or actions; or, if not, their criticism will carry with it a semblance of unseemliness, and they will scarcely be able to estimate rightly the real space which he filled in the world's eye, the particular points which the world will wish to hear, and the degree and kind of *detail* which it will bear. They will be apt to fall both into indiscriminate and excessive eulogy, and into voluminous and wearisome minuteness. A very intimate and attached friend, especially if he be not also a man of the world, will be exposed to many of the same dangers, though in a less degree. On the other hand, if the materials are put into the hands of a professional writer, well chosen, and really competent by comprehension and just appreciation to treat the subject, the probability is that he will give the public what it wants to know, and will bestow that righteous and measured admiration which the general judgment can ratify; but it is certain that he will never satisfy the family, who will be pretty sure to condemn him as unsympathising, critical, and cold.

Again: how, and on what principle, is the biographer to hold a fair balance between what is due to his readers and what is due to his hero? The real value of a biography consists in its fidelity, fullness, and graphic truth;—in displaying the character in all its weaknesses as in all its strength; in glossing over nothing, and painting nothing in false colours; in concealing nothing and distorting nothing which can render the picture genuine as an honest delineation, or useful as a moral lesson, or instructive as a mental study. If, out of regard to the fame of the deceased, or the feelings of his family, events or materials are suppressed by which admirers are deceived as to their estimate, or psychologists misled in their philosophical inferences, integrity has been violated, and mischief has been done. The very facts concealed may be precisely those which would have explained the origin of perplexing anomalies in the character, and have thrown a luminous clearness on the dark places of metaphysic science. A "Life" that is not scrupulously faithful is a narrative only—not a Biography, and fails of its highest purpose as well as of its implied promise. An analogous moral question relates to the discretion which the biographer is called upon to exercise as to the literary reputation of his friend. Here, as in the points first referred to, he has to discharge tacit engagements to two parties, whose respective claims he must reconcile. In determining what remains he shall give to the public, is he to consider first and mainly what will elucidate the

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writer's character, or what will enhance or confirm the writer's fame, or what will be interesting and useful to the world? Is he to withhold what is eminently distinctive, and what would be eminently impressive and instructive, because it had not received the last perfection which the author, had he lived, would have been careful to bestow upon it, and because in comparison with his other writings it would have seemed unfinished and undressed, pleading that his friend set special store on the polish and form of his productions? In a word, is he to be guided by the principles which would have actuated the writer himself while upon earth, or by those purer and more unselfish considerations which may be presumed to animate him *now?*

These various questions M. de Beaumont, in his *Life and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville*, has had to deal with and decide; and, with the exception of the last, we think he has solved them rightly. A close and loving intimacy with his friend for more than thirty years; association with him both in literary labours and in public life; a position which enabled him to know thoroughly what Tocqueville *was* in domestic intercourse, and what he was thought to be in the world; a superiority of mind which qualified him fully to comprehend and analyse that rich nature, combined with a tried and proved affection which made it easy for him to criticise and judge without incurring the faintest suspicion of a cold or depreciating temper—rendered him unquestionably the fittest person that could have been selected for the task he has performed so well. The "Notice" which he has prefixed to the correspondence and unpublished remains has few faults except its brevity. It is simple, succinct, and clear; it gives a sufficient outline of the principal events in Tocqueville's somewhat uneventful life, with the exception of his political career, of which it would perhaps be difficult at present to speak fully and boldly, and of which it certainly would not answer to speak timidly or obscurely; and it thoroughly displays, and makes intelligible, a character of unusual beauty, subtlety, and delicacy. In this, which appears to have been the biographer's single and steadfast aim, we think he has perfectly succeeded. It is impossible to lay down the "Life" without feeling that you *know* the man.

The only ground on which we feel disposed to join issue with M. de Beaumont has reference to the literary remains which he has *withheld*. We fully admit that the gallery of portraits of the public men with whom Tocqueville acted or whom he closely watched, and which we are delighted to hear is in a sufficiently completed state for eventual publication, could not, without indecorum and unkindness, be given to the world during the lifetime of his more notable contemporaries. It

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was, moreover, his own special injunction that the publication of these "Souvenirs" should be delayed till the passing generation should, like himself, have gone to rest. We can even understand and respect, though inclined to regret, the motives which are assigned for the biographer's entire silence as to Tocqueville's speeches and proceedings during the ten years previous to 1848, when he was an active Member of the Chamber, though some of those speeches were singularly interesting, and all those proceedings did honour to the actor. But he usually opposed, and often with earnestness and severity, those ministers who, as leaders of the old Constitutional party, are now, along with his own more immediate friends, involved in one common proscription; and the circumstances were inopportune for what would have looked like a posthumous attack. It may even have been right to suppress the memoir which Tocqueville had prepared on the Indian Empire, though it must have been full of interest and suggestive value; since the author had himself appended a note to the Ms. to the effect that the work would only be worth publishing in the event of his being able to resume and terminate the needful researches. But we cannot acknowledge the validity of the reasoning which has decided M. de Beaumont to withhold from us those portions of the second volume of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, which he himself describes as nearly, if not quite, finished. He tells us that the volume was within a few months of its completion; that the order of the chapters and the sequence of the ideas was arranged from first to last; that some chapters were not only entirely written, but had received the last touch of the master's hand; and that, by collating those materials, and adding here and there a page or two, here and there only a word or two, a volume might have been legitimately given to the public. He tells us further that the notes and documents which were to furnish Tocqueville's materials, all written by his own hand, are "an immense arsenal of ideas;" that from some of these notes alone other authors might draw the substance for whole volumes; and that some of the preparatory "studies"—such as those on Turgot, on the States-General, on England, and on some German publicists—*sont autant d'ouvrages tout faits*. Yet he has decided, irrevocably he says, that all this vast intellectual wealth, all this knowledge which the prolonged and patient industry of his friend had brought together, all this treasure-chamber of political sagacity, shall be sealed to the public now and for ever!

The reasons given for this decision may be satisfactory to a Frenchman, but scarcely to an Englishman. We take leave to doubt whether they would have appeared satisfactory to

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the philosopher himself. All this invaluable matter, which Tocqueville had collected and digested for the enlightenment of the world, the world is to be denied access to;—and why? Because it would be "profanation to mingle an inferior style with the product of that glorious pencil," and inflict upon the author the responsibility of the faults and feebleness of his editor and continuator. In the first place, we would not have advised, and we are sure M. de Beaumont would have had far too much skill and taste to commit, the error of such intermixture. What was fragmentary we would have had given as a fragment, not cooked up into a finished article. Tocqueville was so precise a thinker, and so minute an investigator, that his detached *pensées* and *pièces justificatives* would have had more value, would have been more profound and suggestive, than the most maturely elaborated productions of almost any other man. We should have valued them as "remains," and should never have fallen into the ungenerous blunder of judging them as finished performances. And, in the second place, if we *had* so judged them, where would have been the harm? We should have been conscious of the casual imperfection while cherishing and admiring the inestimable jewel. The literary fame of so unrivalled a master of style as the author of the *Ancien Régime* could not have suffered in the eyes of any, because it was discovered that his condensed and pregnant phrases were not the *first* form that the thought had assumed in his mind. And even if it had so suffered in the fancy of some thoughtless reader, we say, what then? Is literary renown or public usefulness the weightier consideration? Is the first and paramount purpose of the statesman and the philosophic patriot, in handling these grave matters, to enhance his own reputation for genius and profundity, or to warn his countrymen, from the errors of the past, of the perils which await them in the future? Above all, what was Tocqueville's own estimate of these things? M. de Beaumont says: "Tocqueville ne comprenait une publication *qu'à la condition d'un accroissement de gloire pour son auteur:* il n'admettait pas qu'on fît un livre pour faire un livre." We believe that in saying this he has been guilty of great injustice to the high and unselfish nature of his friend. No doubt Tocqueville was about the last man to sit down to write a book for the mere pleasure of book-making, though he himself often tells us that one of the most effective causes that goaded him into literary activity was his incurable discontent and unrest whenever he had no great object of study and of work on hand. No doubt, too, he had too much of the genuine spirit and conscience of the artist to be content to turn out of his studio any piece of workmanship

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which fell below his severe standard of attainable perfection; and too sincere a respect for his readers to cast his thoughts before them in any but the most becoming dress and the most decorous attitude; and, more than all, too deep a sense of what was due to the great question he was investigating, and the pregnant principles he was labouring to elicit and enforce, not to spend his utmost strength to clothe them in the fittest words, and to give them forth in the most digested, polished, and effective shape. A slovenly sentence or a slipshod thought was equally his aversion: *ἀεὶ ἀριστεύειν* was his desire in every page he wrote—scarcely *ὑπείροκον ἐμμέναι ἄλλων*. At least we are sure that, though an *accroissement de gloire* from each new volume was far from indifferent to him, as proving that he had done his work well, and so far succeeded in his aim, yet it was by no means his actuating motive nor his prevailing and inspiring thought. He was an earnest and enthusiastic patriot, saddened to the very soul by the discreditable present and the gloomy future of his country, yet grieving less over her degradation than over the moral deficiencies and faults to which that degradation was attributable, and which, if not cured, would go far to insure its hopeless permanence; he saw that the roots of all that he deplored lay deep in the antecedent history and in the inherent nature of the people; he was bent upon penetrating to the very inner spirit and meaning of the Revolution, the causes to which it owed both its existence and its special features, and the enduring consequences it had left behind; and he was sanguine in his hopes that in a thorough comprehension of these things might be discovered some guiding light by means of which what was good in that mighty movement could be maintained and made productive, and what was evil modified and controlled. To this great work he resolved to devote those dark years of France's annals which condemned him, in common with all nobler and purer politicians, to retirement; and how, then, can we agree that any contribution towards its accomplishment which he had prepared ought to be suppressed merely out of deference to his credit as a consummate writer? We cannot believe that such considerations would have decided him while on earth: we are sure they will not influence him now.

However, it would be too much to hope that any arguments of ours can now influence M. de Beaumont to reconsider his decision on these points; though our regret is enhanced by the specimen he has given us to show what the work would have been had Tocqueville lived to complete it. *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* is in our judgment a far maturer and profounder work than the *Démocratie en Amérique*, deeper in its insight, graver in its tone, soberer, simpler and chaster in its

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style; and the two chapters now published, which would have formed part of the second volume of the *Révolution*, show an advance even on the first-named book in lucidity and in mastery of grasp. They are entitled respectively, "Comment la République était prête à trouver un maître," and "Comment la nation, en cessant d'être républicaine, était restée révolutionnaire;" and they depict, with a force and clearness which we never saw approached elsewhere, the profound lassitude, discouragement, and disenchantment which made the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Brumaire so easy and so welcome.

We wish our space would permit us to give an analysis of these two admirable fragments,—if, indeed, any thing so condensed is capable of analysis. But we can only find space for one paragraph—the conclusion of the first chapter:

"Quelque habitué que l'on doive être à la mobilité inconséquente des hommes, il semble permis de s'étonner en voyant un si grand changement dans les dispositions morales d'un peuple: tant d'égoisme succédant à tant de dévouement, tant d'indifference à tant de passion, tant de peur à tant d'héroisme, un si grand mépris pour ce qui avait été l'objet de si violents désirs, et qui avait coûté si cher. Il faut renoncer à expliquer un changement aussi complet et aussi prompt par les lois habituelles du monde moral. Le naturel de notre nation est si particulier que l'étude générale de l'humanité ne suffit pas pour le comprendre; elle surprend sans cesse ceux même qui se sont appliqués a l'étudier à part: nation mieux douée qu'aucune autre pour comprendre sans peine les choses extraordinaires et s'y porter; capable de toutes celles qui n'exigent qu'un seul effort, quelque grand qu'il puisse être, mais hors d'état de se tenir longtemps très haut, parcequ'elle *n'a jamais que des sensations et point de principes;* et que ses instincts valent toujours mieux que sa morale; peuple civilisé entre tous les peuples civilisés de la terre, et cependant, sous certains rapports, resté plus près de l'état sauvage qu'aucun d'entre eux; car le propre des sauvages est de se decider par l'impression soudaine du moment, sans mémoire du passé et sans idée de l'avenir."

The events of Tocqueville's life were neither many nor remarkable. He was the youngest son of an ancient and noble family of Normandy; his mother was the granddaughter of Malesherbes, and his father, himself a literary man of some pretensions, was at one time Prefect of Versailles, and Peer of France. Alexis received but an imperfect education, embraced the judicial career, and at the age of twenty-two was appointed *Juge-auditeur*, or Assessor to the Court of Justice of Versailles,—a post which he held for five years, and then resigned in consequence of the dismissal of his intimate friend, M. de Beaumont. Charged by the French Government to investigate the penitentiary system of the United States, he

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sailed to America in company with this same friend in 1831; and on his return, after presenting his official report to the authorities, devoted himself for some years to the preparation of his great work on the American Democracy. The first part of this book, which at once made him famous and placed him in the very first rank of political writers, appeared in 1835, and the second in 1840. In 1835 he married an English lady, than whom no one in mind and character could have been more worthy to be his companion through life; and in 1841 he was elected to the *Académie Française*. In 1839 he was chosen deputy for Valognes, and remained a member of all the successive Chambers till the *coup-d'état* in 1851. He felt immense interest in all parliamentary struggles, and took part in them so far as his health permitted, but found himself obliged always to act with the liberal opposition. He felt painfully and indignantly that the narrow electoral basis on which the Chambers rested precluded the great body of the nation not only from exercising any legitimate influence on political proceedings, but from feeling any vivid interest in them; while the trivial and unworthy party conflicts which made up the chief portion of the parliamentary annals of that time taught the people to regard that arena as a mere stage for the display of personal ambition. To Louis Philippe, in the first place, and to Guizot and Thiers in the second, to the disgust created by the corruption of the one and the squabbles of the other, he attributed both the Revolution of 1848 and the discredit which overshadowed constitutional government in France. In a letter to Mr. W. R. Greg, dated 1853, he says:

"The electoral system of the Constitutional Monarchy had one enormous vice, which, in my judgment, was the principal cause of the fall of that monarchy: it rested on too small a body of electors (there were about 240,000). The result was, that the electoral body soon became nothing but a small *bourgeois* oligarchy, preoccupied with its special interests, and separated from the people, whom it neither considered nor was considered by. The people, therefore, ceased to have the slightest sympathy with its proceedings; while the ancient upper classes, whom it jealously kept out of the administration, despised it, and impatiently endured its exclusive supremacy. Nearly the whole nation was thus led to regard the representative system as a mere political contrivance for giving predominance to certain individual interests, and placing power in the hands of a small number of families —an opinion far from correct even then, but favouring, more than any other cause, the advent of a new government."

M. de Tocqueville did not speak often in the Chamber, for his voice was feeble, and the form in which he instinctively clothed his sentiments was philosophic rather than rhetorical,

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and was too terse and polished to be as effective as the matter of them deserved; but whenever he did appear in the tribune, he always excited interest; and one of his speeches, delivered just three weeks before the catastrophe of February 1848, created an extraordinary sensation. He warned his audience, with all the earnestness of prophetic insight, that they were on the eve of a most formidable revolution; that, notwithstanding the absence of *émeutes* and street-disturbances, a profound perturbation agitated men's minds to their inmost depths; that the passions which would predominate over the coming outbreak would be social rather than political, and would assail society itself more than particular governments and laws; and that the worst danger of the volcano on which they were sleeping consisted in the *contempt* felt by the lower classes for those above them, as unworthy and incapable at once. The Chamber protested against such conclusions; but in less than a month came the Republic, and in four months, the frightful and sanguinary struggle in the streets of Paris.*

When the revolution which he had predicted with such a rare sagacity broke out, he prepared himself to do his duty to his country in that perplexing crisis with a courage and a clearness of vision still more unique and admirable. He saw that society and liberty as well as government were in danger; he had little faith in a republic, and little sympathy with the sort of men with whom republican institutions would infallibly mix him up; and he had no sanguine hopes that it would be possible to steer France through the perils she had conjured up around her. But he felt that it would not be the part of a good citizen or an honourable man to desert the helm because the sea was stormy, or the vessel damaged, or the crew dirty or disreputable; he was convinced that the only chance for liberty and order lay in making the Republic *work*, if it were possible to do so; and for this object, therefore, he sacrificed many of his own tastes and submitted to the defeat of many of his predilections and opinions. He sat in both the *Constituent* and the *National* Assemblies, and took an active part in framing the

* Not long before, he had written to M. de Corcelle from his country house in Normandy: "I find this country without political excitement, but in a most formidable moral condition. We may perhaps not be close upon a revolution, but assuredly it is thus that revolutions are prepared. The effect produced by Cubières' trial is immense. The horrible affair, too, which has filled every mind for the last week (the murder of the Duchess and the suicide of the Duke de Choiseul Praslin) is of a character to create an undefined terror and a profound uneasiness. I confess it does so with me. I never heard of a crime which has shocked me more from its indications as to man in general and the humanity of our day. What disturbance in the consciences of men does not such a deed proclaim! How it shows the moral ruin which successive revolutions have produced!"

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new and short-lived constitution. His opinion was to the last, that, if they had had fair play, there was wisdom and sober patriotism in those two Assemblies to have managed the political machine. In the letter from which we have already quoted he bears the following remarkable testimony to the working of universal suffrage, when perfectly free and genuine:

"It must be admitted that the two general elections conducted under this system were the most honest and unfettered that have been seen in France since 1789. There was neither corruption nor intimidation of any kind. Intimidation was indeed attempted by the Government, and by different factions, but without success. The great number of the electors, and especially their collection in great masses in the electoral colleges, rendered the action of the Government absolutely unfelt. On the contrary, the system restored, in most provinces, to the clergy and the rich proprietors more political influence than they had possessed for sixty years,—and they nowhere abused it. This became apparent when the genuineness of the contested returns came to be discussed in the Assembly. It was unanimously recognised that the influence of the clergy and the great landowners had been considerable. But there was scarcely a single complaint of the peasants having been either bullied or bribed;—the truth being, that, in a country where wealth is as much *distributed* as in France, intimidation or corruption *by individuals* can never be pushed very far under any electoral system. The influence, therefore, which was exercised over the peasant by the rich proprietor was entirely a moral one. The peasant, himself a proprietor, and alarmed for his property by the doctrines of the communists, applied for guidance to men who were more enlightened than himself, and had still larger proprietary interests at stake. I cannot say that this would have always continued to be the case. I merely state the facts I witnessed; and I affirm that the Conservative majority which predominated, first in the Constituent and then in the National Assembly, contained more rich and independent landed proprietors, more of what you in England term *country gentlemen*, than any Chamber in which I have sat."

In June 1849, Tocqueville consented to accept the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. He retained it only five months, when his disapproval of a step taken by the President on the 31st October compelled him to resign. But during his period of office occurred, we grieve to say, the expedition to Rome, and, we are glad to say, the support given in conjunction with Great Britain to Turkey in her resistance to the infamous demands of Austria and Russia for the extradition of the Hungarian refugees. From the time when Tocqueville left the Ministry till the *coup-d'état* in December 1851, he sat sad and disgusted in the Assembly, watching its long agony, and waiting for the obviously preparing and inevitable stroke. He was one of the 200 deputies who were seized and sent to

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Vincennes. His political life ended with the death of liberty in France. He retired to his beloved home, near Cherbourg—his ancestral Château de Tocqueville—and thenceforward till his decease occupied himself, as far as health permitted, in collecting materials for the great work which, to the regret of all, he was compelled to leave unfinished. Profoundly discouraged and sorrowful he certainly was; but he never altogether lost heart as to the final redemption of his country, and never for one hour ceased to ponder and to labour for it.

To the general world, however, Tocqueville is known not as the active politician, but as the profound and meditative writer on political science;—and as such he ranks, as at least an equal, with the three great modern masters in his own department, Machiavelli, Montesquieu, and Burke; possessing at the same time certain marked characteristics which distinguish him from each in turn. Machiavelli was a subtle and sagacious statesman, and his writings abound in ingenious deductions and suggestions; but his purpose in *The Prince* was mainly practical, and the ground ranged over in the *Discorsi sopra Tito Livio* was comparatively narrow. He was admirable in his faculty of large generalisation and of penetrating insight; but his materials were deplorably scanty, being confined to one Roman history of very questionable accuracy, and of very unquestionable incompleteness, and to what he had himself learned at first hand, or heard from others, of the political annals of the small Italian states. The truth is, he drew far more from his own intuitive sagacity, sharpened as it had been by active participation in political affairs and intimate intercourse with the ablest statesmen and generals of his age, than from any facts which the annals of other countries laid before him; and in reading his chapters we are perpetually disturbed by the contrast between his wide inductions and the apparently flimsy foundation on which they are made to rest.*—Montesquieu, we confess, we have never been able to appreciate—at least, not to any thing like the degree of admiration expressed for him by his countrymen. The *finesse* and acuteness of his mind render his *Esprit des Lois* a most entertaining book; but it is

* It is interesting to see Tocqueville's estimate of his great predecessor. He writes to Kergolay: "The Machiavelli of the *History of Florence* is, to me, the same Machiavelli who wrote *The Prince*. I cannot understand the perusal of the first work leaving any doubt as to the object and meaning of the second. Machiavelli in his History often praises great and noble actions; but with him this is obviously an affair of the imagination. The foundation of his ideas is, that all actions are morally indifferent in themselves, and must be judged according to the skill they display and the success they secure. For him the world is a great arena, from which God is absent, in which conscience has nothing to do, and where every one must manage as well as he can. Machiavelli is the grandfather of M. ****. I need say no more."

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impossible not to feel that you are dealing with an intellect too ingenious to be quite sound, and too distinct and positive in solving the great problems of society to have been fully conscious of their depth or difficulty; and moreover, the reader soon finds that no reliance can be placed on the facts adduced by the author to illustrate or to prove his positions. Any statement which answers his purpose is taken for gospel, however contemptible the authority on which it rests: if a philosopher or historian does not give him what he wants, a missionary or a traveller will do as well; the statistics of Meaco are quoted to exemplify doctrines which the statistics of France or England might have refuted; and any idle tale about Siam, Japan, or Timbuctoo which has reached his ears is eagerly pressed into the service if no solider materials are at hand. Both the *Esprit des Lois* and the *Grandeur et Décadence* are therefore rather clever disquisitions than works of real philosophical research.—Burke was a mind of a very different order. He was not a systematic or analytic thinker, like Machiavelli or Montesquieu, nor probably did he meditate over all he saw and knew as patiently and searchingly as Tocqueville; but his memory was stored with wealth of every sort; his genius was perhaps the very loftiest and finest that has ever been devoted to political investigations; his wonderful imagination, though it sometimes led him astray, and often tempted him too far, yet gave him a profound and penetrating insight, and an almost prophetic intuition, which mere reason and observation could never attain; and his passionate sympathies with all that was good and noble or suffering and oppressed, while they frequently made him intemperate and occasionally made him unjust, throw over his works a fascination and a glow which belong to no other writer. The more we study him, the more are we compelled to rank him as at once the wisest and most lovable of political philosophers.

Tocqueville had two or three characteristics as a writer and thinker which distinguished him from all his three predecessors. He was not a learned man, though no one ever took greater pains to make all the investigations and to amass all the information requisite to form a conscientious judgment on the questions which he treated; he had all the clearness and precision of thought which belong to the French mind; he had a faculty of patiently "chewing the cud" of his reflections and materials which was almost German; he was a *ruminating* animal;* he

* His mode of working is thus described in a letter to Duvergier d'Hauranne. "When I have a subject to treat, it is almost impossible to read any books that have been written by others on it: the contact of the ideas of other men disturbs and affects me painfully. But, on the other hand, I take incredible pains to find

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thing rather than democratic. He writes to Kergolay from the United States in 1831:

"Nous allons nous-mêmes, mon cher ami, vers une démocratie sans bornes. Je ne dis pas que ce soit une bonne chose; ce que je vois dans ce pays ci me convainc au contraire que la France s'en arrangera mal; mais nous y allons poussés par une force irrésistible. . . . . Dans les premiers temps de la république, les hommes d'état, les membres des Chambres, étaient beaucoup plus distingués qu'ils ne le sont aujourd'hui. Ils faisaient presque tous partie de cette classe de propriétaires dont la race s'éteint tous les jours. Maintenant le pays n'a plus la main si heureuse. Ses choix tombent en général sur ceux qui flattent ses passions et se mettent à sa portée. Cet effet de la démocratie, joint à l'extrême instabilité de toutes choses, au défaut absolu d'esprit de suite et de durée qu'on remarque ici, me demontre tous les jours davantage que *le gouvernement le plus rationnel n'est pas celui auquel tous les intéressés prennent part, mais celui que dirigent les classes les plus éclairées et les plus morales de la société.*"

The truth is, that Tocqueville had an essentially *judicial* mind; he adhered to no special political party; he had no political passion but that of liberty; and he had no political prejudice at all. His birth from an aristocratic family, and in a democratic age, made it, as he says in a letter to Mr. Reeve, easy for him to guard himself against the unreasonable likes and dislikes of both classes:

"On veut absolument faire de moi un homme de parti, et je ne le suis point. On me donne des passions, et je n'ai que des opinions; ou plutôt, je n'ai qu'une passion, l'amour de la liberté et de la dignité humaine. Toutes les formes gouvernementales ne sont à mes yeux que des moyens plus ou moins parfaits de satisfaire cette sainte et légitime passion de l'homme."

Alexis de Tocqueville had long been known over the world as one of the profoundest political thinkers of this or any age: it is only from his correspondence that those who had not the privilege of knowing him personally could learn how unique and how superior he was in his inner nature, and in all the relations of private life. This correspondence is extraordinarily rich and interesting; for to Tocqueville not only was constant intercourse with his friends, and a real interchange of sentiments and ideas, an absolute necessity, but it was a positive pleasure to him to develop his views and the workings of his mind in writing when he could not do it in conversation. He wrote, too, moreover, with the greatest openness as well as with singular clearness and care; and he wrote on those subjects which most especially for the moment occupied his thoughts; so that in reading his letters we not only learn to know the man, but are admitted at once to a treasure-house of political

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sagacity and pregnant suggestions almost as rich as his published works. We see his opinions in the process of formation; we see the infinite pains he took to collect and to consider dispassionately all that could throw light upon them; we see them slightly modified, indeed, by time, but on the whole growing firmer, clearer, and more constant, as his experience became wider and his meditations deeper. But, above all, we see into the innermost recesses of his character; we learn the relative value at which he appraised all earthly blessings; we learn the estimate which he formed of life, its enjoyments, its obligations, and its meaning, the purposes to which he determined to consecrate it, the objects for which he was willing to resign it. Domestic felicity, the serene delight and strength of married life, he considered beyond all price; he sought for it with singleness of aim, and he secured it in rare perfection. "Plus je roule dans ce monde, et plus je suis amené à penser qu'il n'y a que le bonheur domestic qui signifie quelque chose," he wrote in 1831. Four years later he married an English lady to whom he had been long attached. The lady had neither rank nor fortune, and many of Tocqueville's friends, therefore, objected to the connexion as undesirable. Nevertheless, as M. de Beaumont observes, he never hesitated for a moment. Where was the use of being superior to ordinary men in intellect, if he was to sink to their level in his sentiments and character, and to marry for money and promotion, instead of making it his wisdom and his pride to consult only his reason and his heart? In acting as he did, too, he not only followed his nobler instincts, but he was profoundly convinced of the surpassing moral influence which must be exercised on the entire existence of a man by the character of the woman he has selected as the companion of his course. He always counted his marriage as the wisest action of his whole life. Scarcely a year passes that we do not find in one or other of his letters some sentence like the following:

"La petite gêne que sous ce rapport [want of wealth] j'eprouve ne m'empêche pas de bénir Dieu tous les jours et de tout mon cœur d'avoir pu acquérir à ce prix la femme admirable avec laquelle je vis. Assurément je ne puis pas dire que la Providence m'ait maltraité dans ce monde; mais de tous ses bienfaits, celui que chaque jour me montre plus grand, c'est d'avoir placé Marie sur mon chemin. J'abandonnerais tous ses autres dons pour conserver celui-là. Adieu, mon bon ami; mon cœur s'adoucit et s'ouvre toujours lorsque je suis sur ce chapitre."*

* His estimate of the singular value of a good wife to public men is well worth quoting. "I have a hundred times in the course of my life seen weak men display real public virtue, because they had beside them a wife who sustained them

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Tocqueville had three or four intimate friends, besides numbers with whom it was a constant pleasure to him to hold cordial and unreserved intercourse. Friendship with him was not so much an addition to the other enjoyments and embellishments of life as a first necessity of life. He says more than once that he is at a loss to conceive how a man *can* live without some sister-soul into which he can pour all his own. He threw into this sentiment all the tenderness, delicacy, and warmth which pervaded his entire nature, and formed for it a very high ideal. To his earliest bosom friend, Kergolay, he writes:

"Pour en finir sur ce point, je te dirai qu'il n'y a rien de plus précieux pour moi que notre amitié. J'y vois une source inépuisable de sentiments élevés et énergiques, de belles émotions, de résolutions généreuses, un monde à part, un peu idéal peut-être, mais où je me repose, mon point comme un paresseux, mais comme un homme fatigué qui s'arrête un moment pour reprendre des forces et se jeter plus avant ensuite dans la mêlée."

His estimate of existence, its value, and its uses, was as lofty and generous as religion and philosophy could combine to make it. Among his scattered manuscripts is found this sentence, which, as his biographer observes, is in itself a *résumé* of his whole life: "La vie n'est pas un plaisir, ni une douleur; mais une affaire grave dont nous sommes chargés, et qu'il faut conduire et terminer à notre honneur." Again, he writes shortly before his marriage:

"I feel more and more as you do as to the joys of conscience. I believe them to be at once the deepest and the most real. There is only one great object in this world that deserves our efforts; that is, the good of humanity. . . . As I advance in life, I see it more and more from that point of view which I used to fancy belonged to early youth, viz. as a thing of very mediocre worth, valuable only as far as one can employ it in doing one's duty, in serving men, and in taking one's fit place among them. How cold, small, and sad life would become if, by the side of this every-day world, so full of cowardice and selfishness, the human mind could not build for itself another in which generosity, courage, virtue, in a word, may breathe at ease! . . . . Ah! (he concludes) que je voudrais que la Providence me présentât une occasion d'employer à faire de bonnes et grandes choses, quelques périls qu'elle y attachât, ce feu intérieur que je sens au dedans de moi, et qui ne sait où trouver qui l'alimente."

in this course, not by counselling this or that action in particular, but by exercising a fortifying influence on their views of duty and ambition. Oftener still I have seen domestic influence operating to transform a man naturally generous, noble, and unselfish, into a cowardly, vulgar, and ambitious self-seeker, who thought of his country's affairs only to see how they could be turned to his own private comfort or advancement;—and this simply by daily contact with an honest woman, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public *duty* was entirely absent."

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A quarter of a century later, about two years before his death, he writes to a friend who had dissuaded him from spending too much of his time in the solitude of a country life:

"You know that my most settled principle is, that there is no period of a man's life at which he is entitled to *rest;* and that effort out of oneself, and still more above oneself, is as necessary in age as in youth—nay, even more necessary. Man in this world is like a traveller who is always walking towards a colder region, and who is therefore obliged to be more active as he goes further north. The great malady of the soul is *cold.* And in order to counteract and combat this formidable illness, he must keep up the activity of his mind not only by work, but by contact with his fellow-men and with the world. Retirement from the great conflicts of the world is desirable no doubt for those whose strength is on the decline; but absolute retirement, away from the stir of life, is not desirable for any man, nor at any age."

It is always extremely interesting to know the estimate formed of mankind in general by those who have studied them profoundly as well as acted with them in the most trying relations of life. Tocqueville's opinion of his fellow-men was indulgent, but not high. When a young man, he tried to love them, he says, but without much success. "I like *mankind;* but I constantly meet *individuals* who repel and disgust me by the meanness of their nature. It is my daily effort to guard against a universal contempt for my fellow-men. I can only succeed by a minute and severe analysis of myself; the result of which is, that I am inclined, as a rule, rather to condemn men's intelligence than their hearts." In 1840, when immersed in public life, he says to Stoffels, "It is a sad side of humanity that politics uncovers. We may say, without making any exception, that nothing there is either thoroughly pure or thoroughly disinterested; nothing really generous, nothing hearty or spontaneous. There is no *youth,* even among the youngest; and something cold, selfish, and premeditated may be detected even in the most apparently passionate proceedings." And, as the summary result of his experience, he speaks thus to a somewhat misanthropic friend:

"You make out humanity worse than it is. I have seen many countries, studied many men, mingled in many public transactions; and the result of my observation is not what you suppose. Men in general are neither very good nor very bad; they are simply *mediocre.* I have never closely examined even the best without discovering faults and frailties invisible at first. I have always in the end found among the worst certain elements and *holding-points* of honesty. There are two men in every man: it is childish to see only one; it is sad and unjust to look only at the other. . . . . Man, with all his vices, his weaknesses, and his virtues, this strange mixture of good and bad,

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of low and lofty, of sincere and depraved, is, after all, the object most deserving of study, interest, pity, affection, and admiration to be found upon this earth; and since we have no angels, we cannot attach ourselves to any thing greater or worthier than our fellow-creatures."

Our space is limited, and, as we have been chiefly anxious to display the character and inner nature of Alexis de Tocqueville as revealed in these volumes, we have been obliged to pass over nearly all his judgments and reflections on the events of his day both at home and abroad, though these are every where replete with interest and instruction. If we had been able, we should have wished to cite his views as to the change in the literary temper of his country; as to the moral retrogression since the epoch of 1789; his vivid picture, in a letter to Madame Swetchine, of the transformation of the young conscript from the peasant into the soldier, and *vice versâ;* his profound remarks on the mischief which in France religion has always suffered from the alliance between the church and the government; and his sound and sagacious notions as to the peculiar perils and difficulties of our Indian empire. But for all these we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves, of which an English translation by a most competent hand is about to appear. We must, however, be allowed to extract his remarks as to the "political selfishness of England," and the singular impressions on this head which prevail in every part of the world, and which so friendly and acute an observer as Tocqueville could not help avowing that he shared. He had noticed what few others on the Continent seem yet to have perceived:

"The gradual change which has come over the English temperament, which is daily becoming more pacific, less irritable, and less proud, than at any previous period of modern history. This I believe to be only the result of the grand revolution which has been at work there, slowly indeed, but as irresistibly as every where else,—the predominance of the middle classes over the aristocracy, and of the industrial element over the agricultural and real-property one. Will this be a good, or an evil? Your grandchildren will discuss this question. A society calmer and duller, more tranquil and less heroic,—such, no doubt, will be the spectacle for our successors."

But in 1856 he writes to M. de Beaumont:

"Mme. Grote nous envoie quelquefois des journaux anglais qui font ma joie. Ils ont une espèce de naïveté ravissante dans leur passion nationale. A leurs yeux, les ennemis de l'Angleterre sont tout naturellement des coquins, et ses amis de grands hommes. La seule échelle de la moralité humaine qu'ils connaissent est là."

And to Mrs. Grote herself he says:

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"Aux yeux des Anglais, la cause dont le succès est utile à l'Angleterre est toujours la cause de la justice. L'homme ou le gouvernement qui sert les intérêts de l'Angleterre a toutes sortes de qualités, et celui qui la nuit, toutes sortes de défauts ; de sorte qu'il semblerait que le *criterium* de l'honnête, du beau, et du juste doit être cherché dans ce qui favorise ou ce qui blesse l'intérêt anglais. . . . . En France, on a fait souvent en politique des choses utiles et injustes, mais sans que l'utilité cachât au public l'injustice. Nous avons même quelquefois employé de grands coquins, mais sans leur attribuer la moindre vertu. Je ne suis pas bien sûr qu'au point de vue moral cela vaut mieux, mais elle montre du moins une faculté plus grande de l'esprit."

Finally, he calls the attention of M. Senior to the painful fact that the Indian crisis, even more than our sufferings in the Crimean war, showed how little sympathy and liking for England can be found among foreign nations. Our discomfiture in that fearful conflict, he observes, could have profited no one and no cause but that of barbarism ; yet it was generally wished for. No doubt, he says, this universal sentiment was partly attributable to malice and envy, but also in part to a less discreditable reason,—"to a conviction felt by all people in the world that England never considers others except from the selfish point of view of her own grandeur ; that all sympathetic sentiment for *what is not herself* is more absent in her than in any nation of modern times; that she never notices what passes among foreigners, what they think, feel, suffer, or do, except in reference to the advantage that England may draw therefrom,—occupied in reality only with herself, even when she seems most occupied with them. There is certainly some exaggeration in this notion, but I cannot say there is not much truth in it."

It is well, no doubt, that we should be aware what harsh things are thought of us, and especially that we should hear them from a man so candid and so fair, and usually so well inclined to admire and love England, as Tocqueville assuredly was;* for it is a proof that, however unjust the accusation, we must have given some grounds for it by our language and our manners, if not by our actions. But as to the charge itself, we must avow our conscientious conviction that it is monstrously overdrawn, if not utterly unfounded, and as coming from a Frenchman absolutely astounding. We may readily admit that England has often done unjust actions, and has shown curious ingenuity in blinding herself to their injustice ; we may even

* His admiration of our country was earnest and sincere. On his return from England in 1857, he wrote to M. de Corcelle : "C'est le plus grand spectacle qu'il y ait dans le monde, quoique tout n'y soit pas grand. Il s'y rencontre surtout des choses entièrement inconnues dans le reste de l'Europe et dont la vue m'a soulagé."

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allow that, like other nations, she is disposed to judge her friends and servants more leniently than her foes,—to

> "Be to their faults a little blind,
> Be to their virtues very kind;"—

we may confess, with shame, that the language of our statesmen, especially of late, when they have had occasion to explain or justify the measures of their foreign policy, has often been calculated to give an air of truth to this accusation of unsocial selfishness; and that, if we could consent to be judged by the coarse and ferocious manifestoes of Mr. Bright, we should not have a word to urge in our defence;—but that England in these respects has been worse than other nations, that she has not, more particularly during the last half-century, been much better than other nations, that she has not of late years been the one Power which has habitually proclaimed the principles and held the language of generous sympathy and unselfish public morality,—we must emphatically and deliberately deny. She has hailed the progress of civilisation and prosperity every where; she has expressed the warmest appreciation of the efforts and aspirations of liberty wherever they have broken forth; she has been the first to denounce the acts of injustice and oppression occasionally exercised by her own agents and proconsuls; and she has steadily opposed and protested against the grasping and intriguing iniquities of France, the cynical immorality and selfishness of whose public conduct has been written in sunbeams on every page of recent history. We need look no further than Italy to be able to form a comparative judgment of the relative capacity for disinterested sympathy displayed by the two nations. Republican France, without the faintest vestige of a just pretext, sent an army to crush the republican liberties of Rome, within eighteen months after she had turbulently seized her own; she replaced the worst government of Europe on its throne by force, and has acted as its sbirri ever since; she did this simply and avowedly to prevent Austria from gaining additional influence in Italy by forestalling her proceeding; and, we grieve to write it, she committed this enormous and unblushing crime while Alexis de Tocqueville was Minister for Foreign Affairs. Italy has now recovered her liberties, thanks to *Imperial* rather than *French* assistance; she has formed a united country under a constitutional monarch; she bids fair to be free, happy, and progressive. What does England say to the prospect?—she is wild with disinterested enthusiasm and delight. What does France say? Why, every French publicist or statesman, with scarcely a single exception besides the Emperor,—Liberal, Orleanist, Despotic, Legitimist,

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Republican, Catholic, Protestant—are grinding their teeth with dishonourable envy and more dishonourable rage. "*It won't suit France,*" is their unanimous and shameful cry, "to have a great and independent Italy beside her; she may become our rival; and what title has Italy to be free while we are whining or fawning under despotism?"

We must draw to a close. The great charm of these volumes, as we have already said, lies in the complete and distinct picture they present of the real nature and being of the man, without drapery and without disguise. No man was ever more worth seeing in this unreserved disclosure than Tocqueville, and few men's characters could bear it so well. Every fresh revelation of his most intimate sentiments and thoughts only serves to make us love him better and admire him more. He was not exactly a perfect character, and yet it was impossible to wish any thing changed or any thing away. You might imagine something more absolutely faultless, but you could not imagine any thing more attractive or more noble. Perhaps his most unique and characteristic distinction was that, while perfectly simple, he was at the same time unfailingly high-minded. You felt at once that no sentiment mean, ungenerous, prejudiced, or shallow, *could* gain entrance into his mind or find utterance through his lips. A profound moral earnestness pervaded every thing he did, or thought, or wrote. He could not separate either public from private morality, or patriotic from personal affection. With all that delicate chivalry of honour which belonged to the purest of the old *noblesse* he blended a far loftier code and a far sounder judgment as to the truly right and good than the old *noblesse* ever dreamed of. He threw his whole soul into both his philosophic investigations and his political career. He loved his country as he loved his friends: its misfortunes grieved him like a domestic calamity; its crimes and follies weighed down his spirits like the sin and dishonour of a brother or a son; the clouds and dangers that hung over its future haunted him like a nightmare. Partly from this cause, and partly from a delicate organisation and frequent suffering, he was often sad, and at times melancholy almost to despair. His intellect was sensitive and restless in a remarkable degree for one so sober and moderate in all his views; work, actual labour for some great aim, was absolutely necessary to his comfort and tranquillity, while, alas, it was often too much for his strength. To him every thing in life was serious; he felt too keenly and he thought too deeply not to be habitually grave, though his elegant taste, cultivated intelligence, and natural sense of humour prevented this gravity from ever becoming oppressive, except to the most frivolous

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and shallow minds. The grace of his manner and the charm of his conversation were, by universal admission, unrivalled in this day; while to the intercourse of daily life the exquisite polish of his spirit, mingled with a most affectionate and caressing disposition, lent a fascination that was strangely irresistible. In the midst, too, of all his rare refinement and maturity of wisdom there was a fund of enthusiasm which gave relief and animation to the whole; and there were few changes in France which he deplored more than the cold and passionless materialism which seemed to have absorbed all classes and all ages. In 1858 he describes a visit which he paid to an enthusiastic old Benedictine of ninety-six, who had shared in all the hopes and efforts of 1789; and then goes on to say to M. Freslon, his correspondent:

"J'ai déjà remarqué qu'en France la quantité de calorique intellectuel et moral était en raison inverse du nombre des années. On est plus froid à mesure qu'on est plus jeune; et la température semble s'élever avec l'âge. Des hommes comme vous et moi paraissent déjà des enthousiastes bien ridicules aux sages de dix-huit ans. Suivant cette loi nouvelle, mon centenaire devait être tout feu. Et il l'était en effet quand il parlait des espérances de 89 et de la grande cause de la liberté. Je lui ai demandé s'il trouvait la France bien changée sous le rapport moral. 'Ah! monsieur,' m'a-t-il repondu, 'je crois rêver quand je me rapelle l'état des esprits dans ma jeunesse, la vivacité, la sincerité des opinions, le respect de soi-même et de l'opinion publique, le désintéressement dans la passion publique. Ah! monsieur (ajoutait-il en me serrant les mains avec l'effusion et l'emphase du xviii^me^ siècle), *on avait alors une cause: on n'a plus que des intérêts.* Il y avait des liens entre les hommes: il n'y en a plus. Il est bien triste, monsieur, de survivre à son pays.'"

We are naturally desirous to know the sentiments of a man at once so good, so wise, and so free, on religion—that great matter on which wise and free and good men differ so marvellously, if not so hopelessly. Neither the Memoir nor the Correspondence is very specific on this head. This much, however, appears clearly, that the subject was one that occupied his intentest thought, and that he held faith to be a possession of first necessity to individuals as to States. He often laments the indifference and infidelity of his countrymen, and their apparent inability to do as England had succeeded in doing,—to unite belief and liberty. Among memoranda and reflections written early in life and found among his papers, is the following:—"Il n'y a pas de vérité absolue," and a little further on, "Si j'étais chargé de classer les misères humaines, je le ferais dans cette ordre: 1°. Les maladies; 2°. La mort; 3°. Le doute." Many years afterwards, when he was about forty-five years old, he

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writes to M. de Corcelle: "Je ne sais d'ailleurs si les dernières circonstances dans laquelle je me suis trouvé, la gravité plus grande que l'âge donne à la pensée, la solitude dans laquelle je vis, ou toute autre cause que je ne sais pas, agissent sur mon âme et y produisent un travail intérieur; la vérité est que je n'ai jamais plus senti le besoin de la base éternelle, du terrain solide sur lequel la vie doit être batie. Le doute m'a toujours paru le plus insupportable des maux de ce monde, et je l'ai constamment jugé pire que la mort."

From this doubt, however, which he so deprecated, it was impossible for a spirit at once so searching and so honest as his ever quite to free itself; but it remained speculative merely, and though it might disturb his religious creed, it never for one moment weakened his religious sentiment; and in all that is essential, eternal, and indisputable, no sincerer Christian ever lived and died. In this, as in other matters, Tocqueville grew more tranquil with years, if not more happy. Serenity, indeed, could never be the portion upon earth of a temperament so tremblingly sensitive as his; and his later letters are filled with the most touching expressions of the growing sadness which gathered over him as he found himself becoming more and more isolated in feeling and opinion, in aspirations and in aims, from most of those around him. What his contemporaries worshiped and followed had no dignity or charms for him; he despised what they desired; he cherished what they had neglected and forsaken; they seemed hurrying down a steep incline of which he saw the inevitable abyss, but could not induce them to listen to his warnings. The past, containing so much that was beautiful and noble, was daily becoming more dead, more remote, and more forgotten; and in the immediate future, as far as human eye could penetrate, no dawn of hope was to be discerned. Much as we mourn for his untimely loss, deeply as we grieve over his empty place and his unfinished work, we can well believe that he would himself have discovered some consolation for all that he was leaving in the thought that he was "taken away from the evil to come." He died peaceably at Cannes on the 16th of April 1859: the purest, noblest, truest gentleman it was ever our privilege to know. Over no death-bed might the lofty language of Tacitus be more fitly spoken: "Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placidè quiescas:—nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis, ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est; admiratione te potius et, si natura suppeditet, emulatione decoremus."

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Art. II.—THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

Correspondence relating to the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1861.

It would appear that only a certain amount of public interest can be generated in a community at any given time: that this may be distributed pretty equally over many objects or concentrated on a few; but that in proportion as it is directed to some, it must be withdrawn from others. The palpable indifference to even important subjects of home politics at present prevailing among us, becomes thus a measure of the amount of interest absorbed in foreign questions. Nor is this interest likely to be allowed soon to subside. Hitherto—at all events, until very recently—Parliament and the public have, on the whole wisely, abstained from interfering in any very direct manner in the foreign policy of the country, as a subject necessarily more within the cognisance of the Executive, and more suited to its unfettered action. But the three last ministries have successively fallen on what were virtually "foreign" questions; and it is in the nature of things, that as the public interest becomes, as it most probably will, more and more absorbed in such questions, and public opinion more defined and more confident, a more direct and more sustained influence will inevitably be exerted on the actual conduct of our foreign policy. Perhaps it is well that it should be so,—and the figure we have not unfrequently cut under the guidance of those to whom its direction has been hitherto almost irresponsibly confided, makes us the less inclined to regret the change; but it is the more important that on every point connected with questions in which the public will have so direct a concern, the best information should be brought to bear. The instinctive distrust which destroyed the last Government of Lord Derby has given place to a certain amount of reliance on the sympathies of the leading members of the present Cabinet upon the Italian question—a reliance, on the whole, well grounded. There exists, nevertheless, and that among the most moderate and best-informed portion of the public, an uneasy sense that even now the undoubted feelings and opinions of the country are not adequately represented abroad, or its dignity fully sustained in the conduct of its foreign relations at home. This may be traced in the sneers at the action of diplomacy constantly recurring in the press—in the hearty aversion to the mere mention of congresses or conferences—in

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the occasional outbursts of mistrust so easily provoked during the recess. It may not be amiss, then, to inquire to what extent this uneasiness is justifiable.

The diplomatic, including in the term the Foreign Office, is a branch of the public service which has been naturally, perhaps studiously, more withdrawn from public observation and criticism than any other; and it is not easy for the uninitiated to obtain any very reliable data on which to found a judgment of its efficiency. The "papers" occasionally "laid before Parliament" on foreign questions of special interest, necessarily, perhaps, selected with reserve, appear generally compiled rather to conceal the action of our diplomacy and its agents than to lay it fairly open: they give, at all events, but a very superficial and restricted view of its operations. An intelligent study of even these, however, the now rather frequently provoked "explanations" of Ministers, the somewhat overflowing but not unimportant contributions of "our own correspondents," and other sources of information open to observers going to and fro on the Continent, afford a certain insight into the working of the system. From this, we think the conclusion is pretty clearly to be drawn, that, though our action in it has not been all too well directed, diplomacy has, and must for some time to come have its uses when exercised in a broad and enlightened spirit; and that our diplomatic agents abroad, while they might undoubtedly be better, are not so much at fault as the want of a rational, bold, and consistent foreign policy at home, and of Ministers capable of carrying it out.

Canning alone, of the Foreign Ministers of our times, has seemed actuated by any comprehensive and consistent principle of policy. He was the first who had a conception of the moral power of this country. Having struck out a line for himself, he heartily and spontaneously used publicity in the House of Commons as a lever on foreign cabinets. Had he been spared longer, he might, perhaps, have made their course clearer to his successors. We have only lately discovered what difficulties he had to contend with in his own court and cabinet, in baffling the arrogant pretensions of the other great powers. A well-informed public opinion did not then exist to support him; and he died before he could form one, or rather before it could form itself.

Lord Aberdeen, although well acquainted from one point of view with the affairs of Europe, moderate, and with great liberality of *intelligence*, was, by political *feeling*, sympathy, and personal relations, far too much bound up with the leading continental statesmen to take a broad or independent view of the position this country ought to assume, or to exert its influ-

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ence frankly in favour of the legitimate wants of the European communities, as opposed to the prejudices, passions, and fears, of their governments.

Lord Palmerston, originally raised to the position of Foreign Secretary more from his accidental command of French than from any intimate acquaintance with foreign men or things, and, later, reinstated in it by an influence to which it is not necessary to refer, endeavoured to take up Canning's cloak where it fell; but, with far greater advantages than Canning, was far less able to carry it; had far less genius, less initiative than his model. Bold, masterly, and occasionally successful as was his policy on some points, as a whole it was inconsistent and unsatisfactory. This, partly, because he never seemed to have formed for himself any comprehensive scheme, but rather to be animated by passionate prejudices on individual questions; partly because he was often baffled by the obstinacy or stupidity of his subordinate agents, whose sins he was almost too ready to take upon himself, but whose power to aid or to thwart him in his objects he always, in his overweening self-confidence, underrated; not a little because he was constantly obliged to sacrifice some important principle abroad to the difficulties of his position at home,—difficulties very greatly of his own creating. Canning used what public opinion he had in his day at command in furthering his action abroad. Lord Palmerston, to all appearance at least, made his action abroad too subservient to a kind of popularity at home. He never, like Canning, had the art of taking the House of Commons with him. Before it constantly, not unfrequently before his own Cabinet, he *began* by being on his defence, thereby greatly weakening his influence abroad; and this, too, when mainly right as to his objects, if wrong in the manner of carrying them out. Even when more seriously wrong, however, as in his restless interference in the internal affairs of other countries, he was not alone to blame; for, if rather obeying its hasty impulses than its higher sense, he was representing a large body of the gradually ripening public opinion of the day. With some great qualities, and many great faults, he undoubtedly did much to increase our influence abroad, and to bring the foreign policy of the country more into harmony with its interest and honour.

Lord Granville was chopped before he fairly broke cover, and my Lords Clarendon and Malmesbury, the one a well-meaning bungler, the other a feeble finesser (to use no harder term), were but amiable administrators in Downing Street—scarcely Foreign Secretaries of England.

Lord John Russell has had the great advantage of having a better-informed and more defined public opinion to support—

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indeed, impel him; and he is far from having altogether misused the advantage. If he has not been in advance of public opinion, or capable of guiding it, often rather lagging behind it, he has had the wisdom to obey it and to appeal to it in good time, and, on the whole, fairly well. He seems rather less bound by the set formulas of the craft; at all events, on one or two other points besides the Italian question he has given indications of an inclination to take a more rational course than has been persistently followed by most of his predecessors. But he does not seem thoroughly to comprehend the full bearing of the principle of non-intervention laid down by public opinion for his intelligent use, or he would assert its letter less often, but act up to its spirit more steadily, and show himself, perhaps, more inclined to impose it upon others. Even with regard to the Italians he seems rather actuated by his sympathies—sympathies doubtless based on his innate sense of right and justice—than by a full appreciation of the infinite importance to European interests of their entire success in establishing a united and independent kingdom. If not, why should he be perpetually placing our Government in the position of having vainly attempted to oppose every step in the progress which it is ready to applaud when made,—a progress which has been instinctively and heartily hoped for throughout by his countrymen, and which he, as a statesman, ought to have been the first earnestly to desire? Surely the system of alternate warning, if not menace, and applause is not consistent with our dignity, nor with the interests of any concerned.

Again, in the more serious questions touching the Danube and the Rhine, now fast approaching, why are we made so reiteratively to pin our faith to a wornout creed,—that creed not our own, but preached to us by those interested in making us swallow it? Lord John himself laid down clearly enough last year the difference between *the* balance of power and *a* balance of power. There was a time when the integrity of the Austrian empire might fairly be considered to be necessary to the balance of power; but, whether by the malignant stupidity of its bureaucratic absolutism, or in the inevitable course of things, it has become a permanent disturber of the balance. Indeed, its continued existence in its present form appears the main impediment to the formation of a really effective balance in the establishment of a strong and homogeneous German Power in the centre of Europe. It is not for us to endeavour to hasten a solution fraught undoubtedly, under the present government and in the present temper of France, with very grave dangers; but why, in the name of common sense, at the very moment that this empire is, to all appearance for the benefit of mankind, dissolving before our eyes, are we to be made ostentatiously to

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connect ourselves more closely with its fortunes by the reappointment of an ambassador at Vienna—and such an ambassador? Lord Bloomfield, although a kindly, genial gentleman, is scarcely, unless much belied, the man to hold the Austrian empire together. If intended as a menace to France, it is an unwise and an impotent one. What kind of compliment or encouragement can it have been to northern Germany? If the object was simply to urge a transaction with regard to Venice, and the actual minister had not influence enough, why not appoint another, and a better? Position and access to the sovereign are advantages greatly exaggerated; being little more in these days than excuses for plate and more salary. If but the right man, an English envoy will always have influence sufficient when known to be the spokesman of his government. But if absolute need there was for a more influential agent, why not send one specially accredited for the occasion? Failure in such case would only have been to put on record that we had done our best to bring a friendly Power to a sense of its danger, without unnecessarily involving us in a catastrophe we cannot prevent—which there are many doubts whether it is our duty or our interest, or any body's interest, to prevent. Why, indeed, are we perpetually throwing ourselves into sinking ships, which we are obliged almost incontinently and ignominiously to quit? What we want at this time is a policy of guarded, perhaps almost menacing, reserve,—a determination not to fritter away our influence in futile protests and ineffective interferences,—not to meddle nor to mar, save when prepared in defence of some really vital interest to put forth our strength.

At the Foreign Office we want a man who has—what so few of our statesmen seem to have—a full conception of the great power of England and of the influence it can on occasion be made to exercise on European politics, but who will be chary of that influence; who is not content to be impelled fitfully by public opinion, but is able to form it, to guide it, when necessary to moderate it, and who, while ready boldly to appeal to it, will not waste it on small objects; who, without in the slightest degree encouraging the disruption of political relations going on in Europe, can conceive it possible that, after all, if the more purely German provinces of Austria should be welded into a German unity of some kind,—if the Danubian provinces, with or without Hungary and Croatia, should contrive to coalesce into some form of State independent of Turkey,—if the Russians should be kept out of Constantinople by the extension to the Bosphorus of their enterprising commercial rivals, the Greeks,—that if, besides the formation of an independent kingdom of Italy, these things should be evolved out of the present

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confusion, a better barrier might possibly be found, because a more natural, and consequently more lasting one, to the preponderating power of France and Russia than the so-called balance now existing; and who in the mean time will carefully avoid committing this country to an empty semblance of opposition, but husband all the resources of our power and of our influence for the time when it may be necessary to exert them boldly in defence of the evident interests of Europe and of our own. We want more foresight and less activity; or at least more concentration of purpose. If there was much cynicism in Talleyrand's "surtout point de zèle," there was some wisdom too. Do not let us, as each rent in the great political edifice of 1815 becomes visible, be made to run about offering a small trowelful of plaster, but decide whether the work is to be stayed up, or consider how a better may be built out of the materials.

With a Minister steadily and intelligently pursuing some such policy in Downing Street, good agents, if but honestly and judiciously selected, even among those we have, would not, we believe, be found altogether wanting to his hand. And here we may consider what our diplomatic agents are, and what they should be.

Notwithstanding the undoubted discouragement to talent and to merit which has generally prevailed in their promotion and selection, and the many absurdities of the system on which, until very recently, at all events, the Foreign Office and diplomatic services have both been conducted, the English Government has been and is better served, *on the whole*, by its agents abroad, than any other Government. The reason we believe to be, that the English agent is by nature, by the political relations existing in his own country, by the frequent changes of his chiefs, more independent, more individual, than the agents of most other Powers can possibly be. Indeed, his natural and laudable independence apart, the superior English agent knows—or rather has hitherto known, for it would appear that the exigencies of the present Foreign Secretary's family affections are shaking this confidence—that no carelessness, no incapacity, no insubordination—scarcely any thing short of absolute crime, which he may do to shock the prejudices of the country he is in, or the just sense of propriety of his own countrymen—will cost him his place. This blamable indifference of the English Government to the character and qualities of its agents, which arises partly from ignorance of their effects, but mainly from the dislike to do so ungentlemanly a thing as to turn any body out, so strong in our governing circles, though carried much too far, begets a confidence which to some extent balances the mischief undoubtedly, in many cases,

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produced by it. The English representative abroad holds more to being a gentleman than a diplomatist, is often lazy and indifferent to manifest duties, and yet, almost in spite of himself, has better means of information, a better point of view for judging of the affairs of the country he is in, than other foreign agents generally. We refer here to foreign agents abroad. Here in England, where society is composed of men of many grades, opinions, and parties,—where information of every kind is poured out for him through the press and so many other sources of publicity,—the foreign agent who is not well informed must be supine indeed. It is far otherwise abroad. In no country but this, save perhaps the United States, can there be said to be a press, in the sense in which we know it; while the society into which the diplomatic agent is naturally thrown—to which he is, indeed, almost necessarily confined—is that of a small exclusive class, which, however pleasant in many respects, is invariably prejudiced and ill-informed, living in a fool's paradise as regards the affairs of its own country and of all others. In this society the foreign agent usually makes it a leading aim to succeed, is soon at home in it, and by it is almost invariably influenced. The English agent, on the contrary, partly from characteristic shyness, partly from a want of regard for small social amenities, partly from a sense of its nothingness, rarely succeeds in this society; gets ill at ease in it; becomes, it is to be feared, greatly bored by it; consequently lives much less in it, gradually draws to himself certain waifs and strays on the borders of society; and just because he stays, perhaps in one sense too much, at home, information comes to him in the mouths of native *frondeurs*, intelligent English engineers, contractors, merchants, travellers of all kinds. The very farm which he alone, of all the diplomatic corps, possibly cultivates, and is always burying himself on, brings him in contact with many sources of information unknown to his colleagues. Then there is generally felt great confidence in an English Minister; much information is freely offered to him which is not easily ferreted out by the more active, and sometimes more capable, agents of other Governments. As a general rule,—and this is an important advantage,—he is far less frequently moved; he has always time to correct many an erroneous first impression, to inspire confidence if he is deserving of it, and to acquire a far wider and more reliable range of information. Above all, the *Times* and *Galignani* give him daily an infinitely better measure of the movement of the great world without than the *Journal des Debats* and the *Indépendance Belge*, which mainly serve as political barometers to his colleagues.

In fact, although there are many very indifferent specimens

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of the class, our superior representatives abroad want little to make them valuable public servants. What is wanted by this country in our times, as its representative at each important capital, is not a busy intriguer, a restless newsmonger, or merely a careful executor of instructions; but a cultivated, intelligent English gentleman, who will recollect that he is there not only to fulfil the orders of his Government, but to uphold the character of his country; to forward, where legitimate, the interests of all classes of his countrymen, and to befriend and be courteous to all, not merely to exercise hospitality to one; that he is cheerfully to listen to the suggestions and information with which they will all be too prone, perhaps, to ply him, and good-naturedly to turn off the exigencies to which the vulgarity or fanaticism of many will be sure to expose him; in fact, in this respect to accept the pains with the privileges of his position. He should set at their real value, neither exaggerating nor underrating their importance, the little social etiquettes less regarded in England; but, while duly cultivating the society into which he is thrown by his position, lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with every person of intelligence within his reach. He should seek more to be well acquainted with the character and resources of the country he is in than with the mere political gossip of the town—this will come to him of itself. While taking a warm interest in the progress of that country, and to a certain extent representing its interests with his own, he must be careful to avoid identifying himself with any particular party or minister, however worthy of his support; and, moreover, learn not to over-estimate the importance of the country in which he is resident in the general scheme of European politics.

More than all this, perhaps, he should keep steadily in view the general policy of his own country,—happily, in our day, identical with the true interests of Europe,—and be able to attach their due weight to the instructions he may receive from his own Government, as the necessities of party warfare, the exigencies of Exeter Hall, the character or incapacity of the Foreign Secretary of the day, may warp them from what he ought to have the judgment, nay the instinct, to discern as the true line to be pursued; and this with modesty and tact, neither seeking nor fearing responsibility, and making allowance for the difficulties of those set over him at home.

He should be well informed as to the affairs of his own country, and able and willing to impart his knowledge to those among whom he resides; alive to public opinion at home, as regards its bearing on the course of events, not on the miserable interests of his personal position; not over-sensitive to criticism or restlessly desirous to be before the public, but content to do

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good service and bide his time, even for promoting the interests he has at heart, until the turn of the political wheel at home or abroad gives him the power efficiently to help them.

In addition to the many requisites indicated, he must, almost above all, be without vanity; for in the diplomatic service, more than in others, vanity is the source of all incapacity. Diplomacy demands great discrimination in dealing with men; now, in dealing with men, the vain man is always the man dealt with—at least the most unsafe of dealers.

Men combining so many qualifications are not easily to be obtained. When they exist, they are not always the relatives of Cabinet Ministers,—not members of White's,—not even always of the Traveller's. Their qualities must be developed and find exercise in their youth. When a diplomatic agent has once had the opportunity of proving himself a good public servant, our Government has generally shown itself glad enough to employ him,—has perhaps found it difficult not to do so: but it has almost invariably been favour, or at the best, accident, not discrimination, judicious selection, or even fair promotion, which has in the first instance given him the chance of displaying his powers. Yet men who have not been specially trained for the duties rarely make good diplomatic agents. The late Lord Granville, among those of recent years, is the only exception which rises to the pen; and he had the advantage of being schooled in the confidence of Canning. Assuredly my Lords Durham, Clanricarde, and Normanby, scarcely came up to the standard indicated. Wyse, Shiel, even the late Lord Lyons and Charles Murray, though the two last named more nearly approached it, do not contradict the assertion; while the far superior qualities of Heytesbury, Lamb, Stratford-Canning, Hudson, and, to a certain degree, the present Lord Cowley, go far to confirm it; for each of these was brought up in, or early introduced into, the service. Even for a special mission, save on a mere object of parade, it is doubtful whether a regularly trained agent, if, as he ought to be, a man of capacity, is not a superior instrument: Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone did not do much, at least, to shake our impression in favour of trained diplomatists at Vienna and Corfu! In truth, it requires an early and intimate conversance with foreign men, things, and modes of thinking, to deal well with the former, and surely to measure and appreciate the latter; to acquire the tolerance for differences of action as well as thought—the freedom from narrow English prejudices—which, without the slightest sacrifice of important principle, is requisite in an English representative to fulfil properly his functions.

There is undoubtedly a danger that such pliability may de-

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generate into an undue cosmopolitanism,—to an indifference to the healthy influences of home modes of thought and action; but there is little fear of this at any time with the Englishman. He is all too apt, wherever he may go, to encircle himself with a hedge of English prejudices which impede his appreciation of what is superior or valuable in the form of civilisation around him. Moreover, this danger is easily met by making allowance for it in the training of the agent. In the early part of his career he should be employed nearly as much at home as abroad; in the later part, perhaps, by some modification of the French system of having a certain number of men *en disponibilité*, he might be given the opportunity of reinspiring himself at the source of English life.

The Diplomatic Service, from a variety of causes not necessary to enumerate, is perhaps the only one restricted to selection from, not the exclusive, but the upper classes properly so called. No one should be allowed to enter it before the age of twenty-one, nor till he has by a *bonâ fide* examination, competitive or other, shown that, in addition to the best university education of the day, he is thoroughly conversant with European history, master of two Continental languages, and cognisant of the broad principles of public law,—this last rather to open up his mind to the kind of questions with which it will have to deal, than as likely to afford him much practical assistance in dealing with them. Once admitted into the service, he ought, up to a certain point in his career, to exchange his duty abroad with that in the Foreign Office at home; and when he has attained the rank of Secretary of Legation, to be drafted permanently into the home or foreign service, according to fitness or preference. To make this interchange of duties beneficial to both services, that of the Foreign Office ought to be in some important respects remodeled. In fact, up to a certain point, the home and foreign branches of the service ought to be identical. The great mass of the copying drudgery of the Foreign Office ought to be done, as in other offices, indeed in a portion of itself, by regular copying clerks, leaving the head-work to be done by fewer and better-trained men, whom a higher education and proper circulation abroad have fitted for higher duties, instead of the whole staff of clerks at least running the risk, as at present, of having their intellects positively deadened by years of mere copying. However efficient the staff of the Foreign Office may be, and undoubtedly in many respects is, it can be no disparagement to it to suggest that its service would be far more valuable if its members entered it only at an age when they could by some possibility have acquired a good general education, and afterwards, by some years of well-regulated in-

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terchange of home and foreign service, have superadded other qualifications for their special duties.

Until very recently, with very few exceptions, and those testifying to the value of the change suggested, the Foreign Office clerk entered the office about seventeen or eighteen, and simply copied, docketed, and entered, his way up to the head of a department, with no time afforded by the really great amount of drudgery to which he is subjected for any thing like self-culture. Now we believe he enters rather later, and undergoes some kind of entrance examination; but the other disadvantages of the position remain the same.

Another important change required in the Office is the appointment of a legal secretary of its own to sift and decide upon an infinity of questions now always referred in an undigested form to the "Law Officers of the Crown;" and when such as still require the farther weight of their opinion, to put the questions to be decided in the form of a proper *case* before them. At present, as such questions arise, bundles of papers are sent home by the Missions abroad; these are simply transmitted to the law officers, to be in course of time by them returned to the Office and retransmitted back to the Mission which sent them, with an opinion on which frequently, if not generally, it is impossible to act: and after, sometimes, years of referring and bandying about of this opinion, the Minister (not unfrequently his not immediate successor) is authorised to compromise the matter in a practical manner, which he ought to have been empowered to do much more advantageously at once.

No doubt, even from a bad system good men are evolved, sometimes out of its very defects, and, with a good one, many bad men will be found. Nevertheless, with some such changes as those indicated, a good choice will be secured. To give us the full benefit of the change, must still lie with the Foreign Secretary of the day; but he will have less excuse for making a bad selection, at least for seeing no merit save in his kinsfolk and acquaintance. He ought to make it part of his duty quietly to ascertain who are the most capable men at his command,—and they are not always those who, when at home, are either hanging about the Office, or contriving to keep themselves continually before him in "society;" unhesitatingly to recall any incapable or disreputable agent, however excellent his connexions; and to see that some kind of discipline among the junior portion of the service is maintained. Hitherto whether a Secretary or an *Attaché* has taken his share of the necessary, but often irksome, duty of a *chancellerie*, has depended pretty much on his own good sense and feeling: more than one good-natured chief has been left to copy, not only his own despatches, but their enclosures

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and translations; and such a thing as a young gentleman being reported on as incapable or inattentive has been almost unknown. Such discipline might be easily enforced without any detraction from the mutual confidence and affection that generally distinguishes the members of our Missions from those of other governments.

Let the Foreign Secretary but show honesty and discrimination in their promotion and selection, and prove himself capable of directing, appreciating, and supporting them, and he will be served as the Minister of no other country can possibly be served.*

Postscript.—While the foregoing article was actually in the press, the last discussion in the House of Commons on the affairs of Italy was bearing out in a remarkable manner some of the remarks contained in it.

Lord John Russell's almost childish hankerings after his little pet scheme of Italian duality, and impolitic professions of attachment to Austria north of the Alps, with Mr. Gladstone's almost unconditional committal of his Government to its support, are far more alarming than the impotent howls of the few ultramontane members, or even the unwise disclosure of their predilections by the leaders of opposition. They open up a vista of future errors and inconsistencies, and show that even the younger among our regular stagers are as incapable of forgetting and of learning any thing as the powdered Pigtails of the French Restoration. It is clear that, unless the common sense of the public interposes, the game is again going to be put into the hands of Louis Napoleon, possibly with a subsequent reaction against his policy, but not until we have been involved in a course discreditable to ourselves, and detrimental to the real interests of those very governments we shall be attempting to defend.

Art. III.—NATIONAL EDUCATION.

Reports and Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, with Appendices, from 1856 *to* 1860.

A QUARTER of a century has passed by since the Estimates for the Civil Service first contained a grant for the purpose of national education. That modest vote of 20,000*l.* has rolled up by a steady annual increase, until in the Estimates for the last year

* Throughout this article no reference has been made to the Consular service, which is kept almost entirely distinct from the superior Diplomatic service: many of the remarks, however, might apply equally to it. The Consular body contains many able and most valuable servants, and, although there are difficulties in the way, it is a question whether these two branches of our foreign service might not be more blended together with benefit to both.

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or two it has been approaching the large sum of 800,000*l.* on the public education of Great Britain.

These figures might well claim the attention of the tax-payer, even if the object of the vote were not of itself sufficiently important to be interesting to every intelligent Englishman. But in fact there can be no question of much greater moment than this,—how those who have been appointed trustees of public funds, to be spent in aiding public education, have acquitted themselves of the trust. For in this case it is not a mere question of economy,—whether or not the work actually done might be done at less expense; but it is also a question of results,—whether or not what is done is worth doing. A question this which digs down to the very root of the system, and asks whether there is any unsoundness there.

That the whole subject of popular education has been exciting far more interest than has formerly been the case during the last few years, must be well known to our readers. It is not very long since a debate on the Estimates was made the occasion of a fierce attack upon the present system, under the leadership of Mr. Edward Baines; while Lord Brougham's exertions to bring middle-class schools under inspection, and more recently Dr. Guthrie's crusade on behalf of ragged-schools, are no slight testimony in its favour. Among all the signs of awakened interest, however, perhaps none are so satisfactory or so important as those given by Government itself. Two Commissioners have been appointed, as our readers are probably aware: one to inquire into the general state of popular education in this country, the other to report upon its condition in some parts of the Continent. It seems, therefore, to be a fitting time in which to offer a few remarks upon the present results of state education in Great Britain,—for the vexed question of Irish education requires separate treatment,—with the view of estimating some of its advantages, and of pointing out a few defects in matters of detail, which, we believe, militate in some degree against its success.

Before entering upon our inquiry, we must premise that there are two points in which the working of the system has been found to differ from the theory upon which it was founded. That theory is, that, by helping those who try to help themselves, the public money is most usefully and deservedly bestowed. This seems to be, theoretically, the best possible way in which a state can interfere in the education of free citizens; and, supposing that poverty were the only hindrance to the spread of knowledge, a system founded on this theory could hardly fail in due time to succeed, provided the help given were sufficient and the machinery good. But unfortunately this condition of success does not exist. The persons directly *helped* are not the

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same as those directly *benefited*,—the former being educators, the latter those whose children are sought to be educated; and it is found practically that the very ignorance and apathy of the one class prevent the other from making full use of the help which they have themselves received. In short, the machinery is there in fair working order, but the grist is not sent to the mill. Schools and teachers are supplied, but how to get and how to keep the scholars is in great measure a problem yet unsolved.

Again, Government, according to theory, simply providing funds, and not interfering with actual education,—so resembling not so much a state-schoolmaster to teach, as a state-parent to pay the bills,—has come by degrees to exercise very great influence upon the teaching itself. This influence has grown up of necessity, by imperceptible, and probably unintentional steps, from the general similarity in the training of teachers, and hence in the teaching of pupil-teachers and scholars; while the system of inspection necessary to guarantee the right appropriation of grants, and to report to head-quarters on the work actually done, has produced a kind of semi-centralisation probably far greater than was at first intended.

The questions, therefore, how the system has really answered, what improvement it has made in the social state of the people, and for how many of the deficiencies which its enemies parade against it it is in fact responsible, become highly important.

There are two means by which we may attempt to arrive at a fair judgment,—one by inspecting the *material* improvement, in the shape of school-buildings, increased teaching power in all its branches, and increased percentage of children brought under instruction; the other, by investigating the *moral* improvement, as proved by a wider distribution of useful knowledge, greater average intelligence, advanced civilisation, and diminished crime. Of these two means, the former is easy and satisfactory, so far as it goes, and so far as any statistical information can be called absolutely satisfactory; the latter can be adopted only partially by any one, and scarcely at all by any who do not make themselves personally acquainted with the mental and moral condition of the lower strata in our social formation. Reports of school-inspectors are a fallacious guide at best. This problem admits only of a practical proof: like the old fallacy, "solvitur ambulando."

1. Let us turn first to the former of these means of judging. The Minutes and Reports of the Committee of Council and their inspectors, and especially the tabulated statements,—which enable us almost at a glance to ascertain any required particular as to the disposition of grants and other matters,—will afford us abundant information upon this point. We have before us these

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Minutes and Reports for the last five years, commencing with the volume issued in 1856. By comparing these one with another, we shall be able to form a fair idea of the present rate of advance in that which we have called *material* progress.

Turning to the Report issued last year, and containing the history of the proceedings of the year 1859, we find the following summary:

"During the year 1859, as compared with 1858, the number of schools, or of departments of schools under separate teachers, which were actually inspected was *increased* by 171, and the number of children by 58,387; the number of pupil-teachers by 1,200; of certificated teachers, by 990; of students in training to become schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, by 85; capitation grants were paid on 52,199 more children; 247 new school-houses were built, comprising (besides class-rooms) 393 principal school-rooms, and 178 dwellings for teachers; 230 other schools were enlarged, improved, or furnished afresh; accommodation was created for 58,070 children, exclusive of the schools improved or newly furnished, but not enlarged.

During 1859, fifty-seven inspectors, including twenty-two assistant-inspectors, were employed in visiting schools and in holding examinations. They visited 9,555 daily schools, or departments of such schools under separate teachers. They found present in them 880,131 children; 6,222 certificated teachers; and 14,176 apprentices. . . . . The inspectors also visited 38 separate training colleges, occupied by 2,794 students in preparation for the office of schoolmaster or schoolmistress. In December last, these students and 2,768 other candidates were simultaneously examined for the end of the first, second, or third years of their training, or for admission, or for certificates as acting teachers. The inspectors also visited 469 schools for pauper children, containing 34,911 inmates; and 102 reformatory, ragged, or industrial schools, containing 7,305 inmates." (*Report*, pp. ix.-x.)

Turning now to the financial statements, we find that the total expenditure for 1859 was 723,115*l.* 10*s.* Of this sum, 137,207*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* was spent in building, improving, and furnishing schools and training colleges; 6,144*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* in books and apparatus; 345,572*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* in salaries and allowances for teachers; 61,183*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* in capitation grants; 89,587*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* in grants to training colleges; 18,027*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* to reformatories and industrial schools; while inspection figures for 41,229*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*; and administration (office in London) for 18,260*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* Pensions and grants for drawing and night schools together make up 2,610*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*; and the balance consists of charges for agency and the costs of post-office orders.

In these items we find a decrease, as compared with the previous year, in the grants to reformatories and industrial schools, in pensions,—a wise and humane provision for masters who are

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past their work and have satisfied certain conditions,—and in the building department. In all others there is an increase; the net increase over the previous year being 54,242*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* Looking back to the expenditure of the four preceding years, we find a total increase since 1855 of 396,713*l.*

We have little opportunity of ascertaining whether this prodigious annual increase might not be considerably lessened by greater economy in administration; but we are at least assured that attention is now being given to the subject, that some steps have been already taken,—as in the wise withdrawal for the future of grants towards building training colleges,—and that inspection has been denied to many establishments owing to the lack of inspectors. At all events, we can offer to those who complain of the expense the twofold comfort, first, that the building charges, at least, are already beginning to exhibit signs of a *decrease*, which will probably become more conspicuous from year to year; secondly, that there is a good deal to show in return in a corresponding increase in school-material. The figures before us prove in the five years an increase in schools inspected of 2,589; in children, of 311,055; in teachers, of 3,416; and in pupil-teachers, of 6,016.

Perhaps these items of information may be sufficient to indicate the decided material progress which has taken place in the last few years. Expenses have very largely increased without doubt; but we apprehend that few persons, who calmly consider the benefits conferred upon the country at large by such increased facilities in the instruction of the poor, will think that they have been incurred without an equivalent. Provided that the results of all this material progress are found to be in any sense as satisfactory as the machinery for producing them, we think the country has no great reason to be dissatisfied with the cost. This of course is the question which the upholders of the system must endeavour to meet, not only because the whole value of the material progress depends upon the results, but because here alone is the joint in their armour through which their enemies can hope successfully to injure them. When, for instance, Mr. Edward Baines asserts, as he did in Parliament, that the National system has done little or nothing for the cause of education, because the increase in day-scholars from 1818 to 1833 was 89 per cent, and from 1833 to 1851 only 68 per cent; let him be ever so correct in his statement that there is no evidence to prove one of the 821,000 children in schools under Government inspection to be "new," still if in that time the *quality* of instruction has improved as largely as is generally stated, and its results are to be seen in a better and more enlightened condition of the country, the mere argument as to numbers would be worthless. It is,

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however, clearly a most fallacious argument in every way. In the beginning of the century scarcely a villager could read or write; in the year 1808 a considerable movement began with the foundation of the British and Foreign School Society, and was still further excited by the establishment of the National Society for Educating the Poor, in 1811; while in 1819 the Charity Commission began to prepare its reports upon education. To select, therefore, a period when the people were first generally beginning to send their children to school at all, and expect the increase in percentage of day-scholars to be maintained at the same rate after the movement had been gaining ground for some time as that at which it began, is manifestly unreasonable. As well might we expect to see a stream, suddenly let loose from a mill-dam, continue for all its length with the same impetuosity. In order to prove that the National system has not increased the percentage of scholars, Mr. Baines would have to show that, *without its aid*, it would still have equalled 68 per cent for the period he names.

2. We prefer, however, to waive the mere question of numbers, and to turn our attention for a few minutes to the far more important one of the character and results of the education actually afforded.

In that education no very unimportant part is played by the mere outsides of the system. It is by no means of small moment that the children should be taught by persons properly educated, in light, airy, and comfortable rooms. No one who has ever visited the old-fashioned village-school, held by an illiterate old woman, or a poorly-paid parish-clerk, has not pitied the disorderly, obtuse-looking, uncomfortable group, gathered together in some dark and dirty cottage, or at best a dismal, badly arranged, and worse ventilated schoolroom. Recollecting the influence which scene and character of occupation have upon the mind, and especially upon the youthful mind, who can doubt the evil effects of such abortive attempts at education—monotonous, uninteresting, and irksome? Such scenes and such training are but a mental crank in a prison, producing effects on the mind as different from those of the well-conducted National school as the actual crank produces compared with the healthful labour of the fields. Who, then, contrasting these with those to be found in our National schools, where children,—not usually perhaps over-brilliant, but at least actively engaged, with a master accustomed by a special course of training to preserve order and keep up attention among his pupils,—are arranged in a large, cheerful, and wholesome schoolroom, can doubt that, even were proofs of any after-results wanting, such an improvement in system *must* produce improvement in the rising generation?

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That improvement, however, has actually taken place very largely indeed in the public condition, is a fact so notorious that we need not dwell upon it. Probably none of the opponents of the system would deny the results; they only deny that they are to be attributed to the National schools. But this case appears to be one in which the fallacy, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, may be considered a sound argument. At all events, our adversaries must take upon themselves the burden of proof that these results are due to any other cause. Where is any other adequate cause? And how can they satisfactorily account for the fact that public improvement has uniformly kept pace with public education? No church-building or chapel-building, taken by itself, could produce such effects; for the clergy and ministers are always the first to obtain the offered aid for the instruction of their flocks, knowing well that for the most part the precepts of religion are lost upon uneducated ears. Moreover, the most marked improvement has taken place in exactly those ways in which, a better system of education being the reputed cause, we might expect to find it. The most ignorant parts of the country,—such as most of the purely agricultural districts,—marked with black in the old maps showing the comparative enlightenment of different divisions, are those in which now most advance is to be found. Parishes in which almost all the inhabitants above thirty or forty years of age are unable to read or write, possess now very few children of seven or eight who have not these accomplishments, and the rudiments of others besides. It may be amusing to compare the following compositions, quoted by the Rev. F. Watkins, Inspector of Schools for Yorkshire. The first is an answer to a question on the Catechism, written by a girl in a National school:

"*Question:* 'Show what you mean by love, honour, and succour your mother.'

'To show my love for my mother, first, I do what she bids me generally. If she sends me an errand, I try to make all the haste back I can; I do all I can to assist her; I pray for her, and love her better than any one else in the world; if my mother is ill, I wait upon her, because I know that she cannot do it for herself; and if I did not, I know that it would be disobeying the commandment of our Lord's apostle when he said, "Children, obey your parents."' M. H."

The second is a notice written by the overseers of a village in the East Riding:

"A Vestry Meeting whill be held In The scoolrum on Fraiday the 20th at 7 ocloch, for the Nomenation of Gardians and overseers for the in suing year."

The third is a letter about a dog, written by a respectable labourer:

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"Sir, i recived your noat About the dog, and i have got a very good one, a tarrer e is about 18 Months ould, he as been bred and brot hup in ——, and the Gentlmn that e beloned to, e Swaped me for my bitsh, for he had wanted her before, and hi hae a youn one of her for my Self, and as you wanted one i cannot recommend to you a beter, so pleas ser rite me a faw lines back, for he hase beean huse to children and is a good house dog. The prise of the dog is ten shillines, he his clear of the distemper. Pleas send Wither you will send for him, or i must bring him hover if e will Suit, it will be on Saterday, if you dond Send for him. (Signed) Mr. W. B."

And this improvement is to be noticed in these hitherto most ignorant districts, not only in better manners and general enlightenment, but also in diminished crime. Those violent crimes especially, which are always to be expected in a rude and ignorant population, have in several parts of the country always hitherto rather remarkable for them,—the county of Norfolk, for instance,—diminished to such an extent as to call for the repeated congratulation of the judges. On the other hand, the offences against morality, which depend less upon ignorance than other causes,—and which probably are found among the lower orders more than in the higher, only from their greater freedom from restraints, less decent manner of living, and smaller penalties in case of exposure,—are not found to be materially lessened in any part of the country.

We are not disposed, however, to say more upon this part of the subject, because it is impossible to convey by any number of assertions of this kind, however true and borne out by testimony, an idea of the actual improvement in the country; still less to convey the impression that this improvement is due mainly to the National system, to those who have not the opportunity of personally investigating the state of the case. We should desire no better means of making the benefits of the system known than that of persuading every one to judge for himself; to go into various districts, and compare those which have no National school with those in which the children are being brought up on that system, and, above all, those where the system has been long enough at work to claim as its pupils some already fathers and mothers of families, and old enough to have influenced the society in which they live.

It is perhaps unfortunate that our defence against attacks, not on the after-results, but on the actual state of education existing in the schools themselves, must be taken principally from the reports of the school-inspectors. It is unfortunate, but certainly not for the reason which might suggest itself to the opponents of the system, that we were using the officers of the department as independent apologists; for in reality the

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inspectors have no interest whatever in misrepresenting or colouring facts; and as their very business is to criticise, perhaps, like all critics, they may be more likely to err on the side of fault-finding than on that of over-praise. But it is somewhat unfortunate, because inspection, however honestly and even however ably conducted, must be a fallacious guide. So far as relates to the material condition of a school, of course an inspector's eyes can enable him to form a judgment; but it is not the case that his ears are equally trustworthy guides in his examination of the scholars, and his subsequent testimony to the progress it has made, and the value of the teacher's service. Every body knows what an uncertain test *vivâ-voce* examination is in any rank or position. In the highest-class schools, where boys are well educated and accustomed to meet many strangers, —so gaining a self-reliance and ease of manner which National scholars never can be expected to reach,—and in the habit generally of being frequently examined, it is by no means always the best boy who passes the best *vivâ-voce* examination. In the Universities paper-work is the real test, not the *vivâ-voce* questioning. So that, with any class of pupils, an examiner could form no satisfactory opinion from a few questions asked and answered orally and on the spur of the moment. But those who have had any thing to do with teaching the children of the poor must well know how much this difficulty is increased in their case. Their minds run in a circle so narrow, that impressions take some time to fix themselves. The same question may look quite different to them if put in different words, or in a different manner; above all, if put by a stranger. If it is, as it certainly is, a hard task to drive knowledge into their minds, it is often nearly as much so to draw it out. Some examiners have the gift of doing this successfully, and even easily; but it is no insult to the great mass of them to say that they have no such gift. It is a very rare gift indeed among any of the children of men, and school-inspectors are but human.

We think, therefore, that it speaks highly for a system which, upon the whole, is reported of so satisfactorily by those who have such unfavourable opportunities of seeing the *best* of a school, but to whom the *worst* is so easily exposed. The *town* schools of course would have the best chance in this way; but even in their case the evil must exist; in the country districts it is no uncommon thing for the inspector's report to praise the really weakest, and blame the strongest point in the economy of a school; and consequently to be equally unjust to the virtues and the failings of the teacher. If, then, we find these schools, and especially country schools, upon the whole well spoken of, we may be pretty sure that no very serious fault is to be found with them.

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It is of course impossible to do more than select here and there out of the mass of reports some few general opinions of different inspectors engaged in examining the various schools of all denominations in the island; but these opinions may, we think, be taken as a fair, or at least as a not too high, estimate of the improvement that has taken place in the five years now under review.

The first of these reports,—that for the year 1855,—is, taken by itself, not very encouraging. It was a "bad year" more or less every where; in many parts of England a general depression was felt, and this operated unfavourably upon education. Taking the reports on some of the districts in the order in which they appear in the volume, we may notice, first, that Mr. Watkins, inspector for Yorkshire, remarks:

"Let me state summarily the impression which last year's inspection in Yorkshire leaves on my mind. It is not, on the whole, satisfactory, nor is it satisfactory in the most important points."

But even in that year we shall form no slight idea of the value of the National system, when he continues:

"We may, I believe, assume that the school-instruction of working children is much more intelligent than it was, that it is more fully and heartily given by the teacher, more thoroughly received and digested by the scholar. This must needs be so; the increase and improvement of the training-schools must needs effect this, though a very large portion of the good that would arise from the improvement of the teacher is altogether lost by the tender age of the children in his school."

And this value is all the more manifest when we find, from a tabulated statement in this same report, that out of 369 boys admitted into the St. George's Boys' National School, Sheffield, —*not* intended for infants, but supplementary to infant-schools, —there were 139 who could not tell their letters, and 226 who had never been to infant-schools. One strange instance he gives of the apathy of the people in Yorkshire at that time in the cause of their children's education. An exhibition of 25*l.* per annum at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, was left to the best qualified youth in a given district; in the year in question, only *two* candidates came forward out of a population of 30,000, and of those one was found to be under the required age.

In the following year we find some improvement.

"With regard to the *working power*, I can report a satisfactory increase in quantity, and, it is not unfair to add, improvement in quality."

And in a classification of 231 schools inspected, he observes:

"With regard to condition, they may be thus classified: good, 75; fair, 94; moderate, 42; bad, 20."

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In the year 1857 there is a still further advance. Out of 210 schools inspected, 61 are good; 58 very fair; 74 fair and moderate; and only 17 very moderate and bad; giving 29 per cent of absolutely good, and only 5 per cent of bad: upon which classification he remarks:

"It will be seen from the above that more than half of the schools which I have inspected during the last official year may be considered in a very creditable state, both of attainments and discipline."

The next report is even more favourable than the foregoing:

"Under circumstances of such difficulty as those mentioned above,—the tender age and short stay of the children at school,—it seems unreasonable to expect either large or rapid progress in the subjects of instruction. But I think that, under these circumstances, the progress of the children is satisfactory. There is a marked improvement in this year over the last; and the improvement is in those subjects precisely where improvement, if not most needed, is at least the most important, in religious knowledge, and in the three time-honoured and universal subjects—reading, writing, and arithmetic."

And it is highly satisfactory to find that the last report, especially on annual-grant schools, speaks of a still further advance.

Mr. Mitchell's reports on the schools in Norfolk and the adjoining counties for the same periods will show a similar improvement.

In that for the year 1855, the best that could be said was:

"The attainments of the children have, on the whole, improved in the best schools. Reading, writing, geography, grammar, English history, and, in some cases, music and drawing, are well taught, and the scholars exhibit a fair skill. The reading of even the best schools in the district still remains hardly satisfactory; and I think, too, that greater accuracy in getting up the subjects of instruction should be attained."

And of Norwich the unfavourable opinion is expressed, that in that city there seems to be less general educational progress than in any other large town in the five counties of the district. In the following year Norwich still held its bad preëminence, but out of 205 schools inspected,

"Forty-one may be reported as being really efficient, and many of them excellent, offering not merely an ordinary education, but as good an education as I conceive to be possible, taking all the circumstances into consideration."

Of the rest, however, thirty-five are reported as being in a very bad state. In the year 1857 Mr. Mitchell says:

"The report that I am able conscientiously to make this year respecting the schools inspected is generally more favourable than at any former period. There are more schools that are decidedly doing a true

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school-work ; and of those previously well reported of, there are some that have gone back, while most of them have advanced."

But the *aliquid amari* rises up in the confession that there were still,

"Out of 301 schools inspected, 87 at the least which must, from various causes, be considered inefficient, and some of them even positively worse."

The next report, however, is again better:

"I have to report considerable progress in most of the schools inspected, and that education in this district is making satisfactory advances. The education having been improved, the result equals expectation : and in those schools where the teaching is really good, the number of the scholars is ordinarily much increased ; in fact, in some cases, so much so that the rooms are inconveniently crowded."

Respecting Norwich itself, we are left to hope that no news may be good news, both in this and in the last report, which is very satisfactory.

It would be tedious to take every district in the country and trace the steps in the improvement which seems to have taken place more or less decidedly every where ; but a very cursory glance at the reports for the year 1859 will show how general and satisfactory the improvement is, allowing for many drawbacks, and very great difficulties, and remembering the point from which every district started only a few years back. In almost every case, the advance is most marked in the condition of education in 1859 from that of 1855, and some of those most in arrears now show the greatest improvement. We have already mentioned Yorkshire, Norfolk, and the eastern counties; we may add to the list almost all the agricultural counties, such as Cheshire and Bedfordshire, and the whole of Scotland and Wales. Wales, from various causes, seems still to be in a very unsatisfactory condition; but the reports of the rest are generally really encouraging, and especially so, as every report refers the improvement solely to the advance of the Government system.

Mr. Norris, one of the ablest and best qualified of all the inspectors, thus bears testimony to the improvement in the counties of Chester, Salop, and Stafford:

"The annual-grant schools are so confessedly superior, as a rule, to the schools which do not avail themselves of this kind of assistance, that the number of the former may safely be taken as a measure of the progress of education. Judged by this criterion, the education of the district appears to have been steadily advancing during the last nine years."

And again:

"I am glad to observe that the returns of average age and con-

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tinuance at school are higher in annual-grant schools than in non-annual-grant schools. Some have feared that the effect of improving the school and stimulating the progress of the children would only be that they would be withdrawn still earlier. The statistics of my district prove that the reverse has been the case."

In Bedfordshire Mr. Stewart remarks that

"The number of schools claiming annual grants has increased, and great improvement has taken place in many of those already included in that class."

Of the British schools, and the Wesleyan and other Denominational schools inspected by him, Mr. Arnold remarks:

"With the progress of the body of schools under my inspection I have abundant cause to be satisfied."

And Mr. Bowstead gives nearly as favourable a report.

On the Roman Catholic schools in the Southern Division, Mr. Marshall writes:

"Speaking generally, the progress of the schools in my district has been fully sustained, with rare exceptions, during the past year. More interest, as well as a more active supervision, has in many cases been displayed; while the great majority of the teachers, both male and female, have continued to perform their duties with zeal and energy."

In Scotland, Dr. Woodford reports "a decided appearance of general improvement;" Mr. Gordon says:

"It has been gratifying to find more of their [the aided schools] number very noticeably improved, both in the style of the instruction and in the progress attained, during the last year than at any former period."

And Mr. Middleton gives the following satisfactory summary of 215 inspected schools or departments of schools: 30 very good, 71 good, 67 very fair, 37 fair or pretty fair, and only 10 moderate or bad; adding the emphatic conclusion in favour of Government schools:

"Those marked moderate or bad were *all* conducted by uncertificated teachers, with inadequate salaries."

These latter quotations are from the Reports issued in 1859.

We think, then, that our readers will agree with us that these reports of school-inspectors, certainly not highly coloured, or betraying any spirit of partisanship, show sufficient cause to uphold the present National system as one which, though not perfect, has, upon the whole, done its work well. Faults may be found with it, and no one denies that in many points it may be amended. Some say that its teaching is not sufficiently sound, some that it

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is too high, some too low, some that it retains no hold upon its pupils in after years. That there may be reason in some of these complaints we acknowledge, and we propose now to devote the remainder of our space to a short consideration of some weak points in the system, and to offer a few suggestions towards their removal. The last charge, however, is manifestly unfair. Granting that the state of education, even among those supposed to have been educated in Government schools, is still very defective, the cause is well known, and it is one not justly chargeable on the National system. Children forget, as they grow up, the little education which they have received at school, partly because they are sent very irregularly, but principally because they are taken from school and sent to work at very early ages. No wonder that boys of ten, eleven, and twelve years old forget in the daily round of labour their two or three years of elementary schooling, during which their minds have not been sufficiently enlarged to make them carry on in any degree the task of self-education. It is more than probable that arguments founded on the Registrar-General's reports have led to an exaggerated estimate of national ignorance, because it is a well-known fact that, among the lower orders, many reasons operate to prevent them from signing their names to registers, besides that of inability to write; but, nevertheless, such facts as the following speak for themselves:

"It is asserted by clergymen of experience that boys who had been in the higher classes of the day-school are found a few years afterwards unable to sign their names. For example, a boy who was at the head of the practising school at Chichester was removed to go to work. After three years, he appeared again in the night-school, unable to read an easy sentence without difficulty; nor could he work the simplest operation in arithmetic." (*Minutes for* 1858, p. 123.)

This is unquestionably the great evil to overcome; but with what justice is the National system blamed for not curing a disease for which no satisfactory remedy has ever been suggested, and with which no other system has ever attempted to grapple? To this subject we shall recur at the conclusion of our remarks, at present only deprecating the folly of those who would kill their goose which lays so many golden eggs, because now and then one of baser metal is dropt instead; who would cut down the tree which bears so many noble pippins, because one or two are rotten at the core. Surely such a useful bird deserves a kinder and more patient treatment: surely such a tree can hardly be said to be a cumberer of the ground.

Not ungrateful, then, for the blessings, but not blind to the failings, of our present system, let us note a few of the latter,

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with the hope of making or repeating some suggestions which may possibly be useful. Perhaps the simplest way to do this will be to make our remarks separately upon each of the four natural divisions of the system:

I. Government Grants.
II. Inspection.
III. Training Colleges and Certificated Teachers.
IV. Education.

I. *Government Grants.* The foundation of the whole system is of course the aid given in grants for different purposes. We shall here, however, only refer to grants for buildings.

We have already expressed our opinion that the plan of giving grants-in-aid to those who raise a certain proportion themselves, is, perhaps, the very best that could be devised. Nevertheless, this very system gives unmeasured annoyance almost every day. Every application costs so much trouble, and frequently takes so much time, that it is a common thing to hear those who are forwarding the work of education declare that nothing should induce them to go to Government at all, if it were not for the impossibility of raising funds without its help. It is a very easy answer to say that "beggars musn't be choosers," and that if people want Government help, they must take it on Government terms. But in reality there is no reason why the Government *should*, and every reason why they should *not*, fence about their apportionment of national money with such objectionable obstacles. They are only trustees for the nation at large, and are not intended to bully all applicants into accepting their terms, but to grant money where it is needed, and, so that all reasonable precautions are taken against abuse, to encourage rather than check *bonâ fide* applications. Their rules, in themselves, are generally excellent, as is likely to be the case, considering the care and ability bestowed upon them. It is in carrying them out too inflexibly, and in allowing no deviation from them under any circumstances, that the evils alluded to are chiefly caused. Not a wall, not a window, not a fireplace, must on any account, for the sake of any advantage, or any economy, be altered from the fixed routine of "their Lordships' architect." Some unhappy incumbent, with 100*l.* a year, writes to say that, if certain alterations in the plan are insisted on, the whole scheme must fall through for want of funds; the only reply vouchsafed is, "*When* the plan has been altered according to the directions, it must be returned to this office." And so, for the sake of two small windows instead of one large one, or some such alteration, a whole parish is deprived of its school, or kept in suspense till better times bring larger sub-

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scriptions. The question is not whether or not the Government plan is the better, which it may be often assumed to be; but whether, entailing, as it does generally, increased expense, it is better to delay the establishment of a school, or burden those more heavily who have already taxed themselves as highly as they can afford, or to waive a point for the present, trusting to a future opportunity of making the required improvement? We think the latter. Or, at least, if the Government insist on the change, they ought to enlarge the grant.

We see no reason, moreover, why buildings should, even in the main plan, size, and stability, be every where uniform. It is doubtless desirable that good, solid, well-arranged rooms should be built, and this desirable end is best attained by having a fixed standard of proportionate dimensions and strength; but in many a poor place there is no schoolroom at all, because no grant is forthcoming to fit up a temporary room, or even to supply a cheaper permanent building. Indeed, the rule that under no circumstances more aid will be given than is equal to the sum *locally* raised, seems altogether inexpedient. The poorest places, naturally most in need of help, are virtually cut off from all chance of sharing in the national gift; and so ignorance is perpetuated in many a moral wilderness, because the law of their Lordships is like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

An amusing instance of this kind of routine,—though this particular case is not chargeable upon the Committee of Council on Education,—is the following. A certain society gave a grant to build a parsonage-house. Among other things a well was to be dug, and the society had a regulation depth for their wells. Long before this depth was reached, a perpetual spring of excellent water was found, but found in vain. The regulation depth *must* be reached, and *was* reached. The water was not very good, but the unhappy parson was obliged to drink it. After a time he became seriously unwell, when it was discovered that the well-sinkers had dug into a spring of mineral water, and the poor man had been drinking a *tonic* every day of his life, because his benefactors were too conservative. This is no bad specimen of that fixity of purpose from which Mr. Lowe decides that it is impossible to deviate except into a deluge. Why this should be so it is hard to tell. Government officials are not usually of such melting moods that they cannot give an inch without following it up with an ell. If they would occasionally shut their ears to their inspectors, and listen to the wants of those who ought to know them best; or if they would occasionally inquire into any special circumstances which might properly call for indulgence, they need bind themselves to no precedents, and

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would, we are convinced, take one step in advance in carrying out the object they have in view. At present that object is really hindered by a policy which seems based upon the principle, "He that hath, to him shall be given," and to him alone. We are happy to say that some years ago this necessity was brought before the notice of the Committee of Council, though hitherto it has been without effect. We may particularise Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Douglas-Tinling, English inspectors, and Mr. Longueville Jones, inspector in Wales, who strongly express their conviction that some alteration must be made in the existing rules, if we are to hope at all to bring the improvements of the system to bear upon those poor and helpless districts which at present are famished with plenty at their doors. We earnestly hope that, when the report of the present Commission is issued, we shall find some suggestions upon this important head.

Before leaving this point, we would remark, that though probably the estimated increase upon the present yearly cost of this system is largely exaggerated, still this is worth looking at as one means of diminishing it. We believe it to be exaggerated, because the calculations respecting it seem to be based upon a simple rule-of-three sum: If 880,000 children cost 720,000*l.*, how much will 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 cost? But the present schools under inspection contain accommodation for at least 1,150,000 children, and the present staff of teachers could teach, for the most part, very much larger numbers than they now have in their schools. It is most highly improbable that 3,000,000 children, or in future years one-sixth of the existing population,—the estimated amount who ought to be under national instruction,—or any thing approaching that proportion, will be found at any time in National schools; and even if they were, the expense would be a very much smaller proportionate increase than has been stated. Still economy is admirable at all times, and we should be well pleased to see in some places a less expensive system of building substituted for the standard now adopted.

II. *Inspection.* The system of inspection by officers appointed for the purpose is called, in the first Report of the Committee, "the keystone of the present system." It is without doubt absolutely necessary that there should be a well-organised means of inquiring into the working of the system, and of checking any misapplications of grants. We doubt, as we have already said, whether the inspectors' reports are as absolutely to be depended upon as it would be desirable should be the case. Still we are willing to believe that the work is, upon the whole, fairly done; that the staff is a means of encouraging good schools, and stirring up bad ones; of acting as a mouthpiece

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for the public to the distributors of the public money; and of keeping both the Committee and the country at large, and, not least, the masters and managers of schools all over the country, informed of the general state of education, and the points to be aimed at in the different districts. We have, therefore, not much to say upon the question of inspection, more especially as the faults to be found with inspectors are more commonly due to their personal imperfections than to the machinery of which they are the springs.

In one point, however, it is the duty of those in whose hands lies the appointment of these officers to exercise a greater degree of circumspection in selecting them. We are very far from wishing to undervalue the services or depreciate the merits of a body whom we believe to be a conscientious and hard-working class of public servants. There are many names among them which belong to men eminently qualified for their task; but when we consider what the requirements of a good inspector must be, we shall not be surprised to find many not well qualified for their post. We do not mean to infer that the Government act so suicidal a part as to appoint actually inefficient men for this office; but a man may be of great learning, great ability, and good report, without being fitted for an inspector. Granting that no man would be appointed without a fair share of these qualifications, we fear that inspectors, like every other branch of public servants, are appointed too much after the old fashion in which Herodotus tells us the criers used to be chosen in Persia,—not because they had loud voices, but because their fathers had been criers. So inspectors may be appointed, not because they are the best men to be found, most naturally fitted to examine, and most accustomed to school-training, but because they have inherited some claim upon official countenance.

At all events, it is a notorious fact, that some of them are wanting in the most obvious requirements of the service. An inspector should, first of all, after being a man of approved ability, be of kind and conciliatory manners. There is no position of importance in which, *cæteris paribus*, a perfect gentleman will not do better than one who does not consult the feelings of those over whom he is placed, for the time, in a position of authority. We are not by any means supposing that any of Her Majesty's inspectors are *not* gentlemen; but only are obliged to confess that some would do much better if they never forgot the fact that they are so. It is not the way to improve the prospects of the system to march into a school in a cavalier manner, bully the children, snub the masters, and ignore the managers. Many men are too frail for the exercise of "brief authority;" and again we say, inspectors are but men.

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One more objection we may take to present inspection in some cases is, that the inspectors seem to be unable to bring down their minds to the capacities of the children of the poor. In towns, where a certain sharpness of brain is imparted by the mere attrition caused by living in a crowd, questions put without regard to simplicity may frequently be answered. But in the country schools, at least, this is not so. And, therefore, remembering the youth and denseness of the *examinees*, we can but laugh at much of the style of questioning patent among *some* of the *examiners*. What sense, for instance, is there in asking a class of rustic urchins, of nine or ten years old, a question which is rather a favourite one with inspectors—"What is the chief water-shed of the European continent?" If the inspector in question had asked them to *spell* "water-shed," he would probably have failed in gaining an answer; and an inquiry into the meaning of the word might have produced some allusions to the rain-water spout.

III. *Training Colleges and Certificated Teachers.* If inspection is the key-stone of the system, certainly the training college bids fair to be considered the foundation upon which the whole superstructure rests. Upon the fitness or unfitness of certificated teachers,—upon the soundness or unsoundness of the training which the future masters or mistresses undergo, first as apprentices, and then as students,—must, in very great measure, depend the success of the system of mental drilling of which they are the drill-sergeants. Upon the whole, the work done is satisfactory. Turning first to the training colleges for males, we see emerging from them daily a staff of teachers for the poor, the like of which, take them for all in all, have never been seen before. They are a totally new class and profession in our society, and are already forming a most useful and admirable link between the lower and the higher classes. It is rather the rule than the exception, to find the village schoolmaster,—what he *used* to be we can all of us remember,—the friend both of the clergyman of the parish and of the children, by whom he is frequently looked upon in a far more agreeable light than that of the mere master; and it is not easy to calculate the good which may ensue when the clergyman and schoolmaster mutually work together for the good of those under their charge.

Nevertheless, the system pursued in training colleges seems capable of very great improvement. It is, we believe, the common opinion, that the training is often far too wide and high, and as often far too shallow. The stream of knowledge which flows from the college-doors is noisy, and sparkling to look at, but nothing larger than a minnow can swim in it. On

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the other hand, some of the teachers sent out of the training colleges are really far too highly educated for their work. Opinions differ upon this point, of course. Some maintain that a man cannot be too highly educated for this work, and that the best-educated man would necessarily make the best teacher. We do not think so. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* We believe that, with equal gifts of teaching, the middle-class or lower-class man, with a sound but moderate education, would teach lower-class children better than a senior-wrangler. At all events, the question is practically settled by two facts; of which the first is, that if we educate beyond the needs of the position to be filled, we produce a natural desire in the teachers to escape into a higher position. Doubtless, such aspirations are frequently very praiseworthy, and it is a pleasant task to raise the youths of the lower classes to an honourable ambition. But business comes before pleasure, and this is not the business,—at least, only the indirect business,—of training colleges. That business is to provide the best and cheapest teachers of the most useful, general knowledge; and if we find, as we do find by many already perceptible symptoms, that our training system tends to rob us of our most favourable results, surely it is but a wise step to consider what is the proper point to aim at; what is the golden mean which will sufficiently enlarge the minds of teachers to raise them above the danger of becoming mere machines, mechanical grinders of knowledge-boxes, without making them dissatisfied with the position to fit them for which so much trouble has been taken, and so much money has been spent.

The second fact is, that the best schools now in existence are very seldom those under the charge of first-class certificated masters. Every where there seems to be a preference, and a growing preference, for second-class certificates over first, and even third over second. That this opinion is very generally held, it only needs a little conversation with those practically concerned with national education to discover. To prove, however, that it is an opinion not confined to ourselves, we will quote the following extracts from the reports of Mr. Brookfield, inspector for some of the southern districts; one being from his report for the year 1857, the other, much the stronger of the two, from that for 1858:

"Upon a very careful investigation of the results effected by teachers holding a third-class certificate, and by those of a higher diploma, I do not find any such difference in favour of either division as would justify a general inference to the disadvantage of the other. The utmost that I can safely say is, that there is no such superiority on the side of the higher classes as would seem to be indicated by their designation, and as might not unreasonably be exacted in consideration

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of the higher emoluments which they receive. The preponderance of efficiency, indeed, is somewhat, though very slightly, in favour of the third or lowest class of certificates." (*Report for the year* 1857, p. 387.)

This is, at worst, a negative argument in favour of the *cheaper* class of teachers; but the following is positive and decided:

"It is important to remark that my colleagues and myself have arrived at the *independent* but *unanimous* conclusion that of the schools in this district marked "good," not only the absolute majority but the major *proportion* are conducted by teachers holding not the higher but the third class of certificates of merit." (*Report for the year* 1858, p. 88.)

We seem, then, to find our required golden mean somewhere about the mark of the present third-class certificate. This is one direction in which the friends of economy should labour for reform. If a cheaper article answers the purpose absolutely better than a dearer one, it is but a foolish and inexcusable waste of resources to provide the latter at all. This is a practical matter, and, whatever theory may say, practice has declared in favour of a reduction of the training standard.

We would, then, abolish the present first-class certificates altogether, retaining only two classes,—one for exceptional cases, the other for ordinary schools. If additional pecuniary encouragement is needed to keep up a proper stimulus in the teachers, it is far better bestowed as a reward for after-usefulness in the improvement of a school, than as a premium upon useless cram. What use are such subjects as "mixed mathematics" to a National schoolmaster? If an education of that elevation is solidly acquired, it is at least more than practice proves to be needful to obtain good results; if, as is the case in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is acquired only superficially, it simply causes a most pernicious amount of self-conceit, without one redeeming advantage. Doubtless improvements may be made in many ways, especially in greater solidity, and an increased attention to practical matters, in this lowered standard; but at least we seem to have a tolerable stand-point from which to move our little world.

Before quitting the subject of masters, we would draw attention to the following remarks of Mr. Watkins, in his report for the year 1857, upon the average salaries of certificated teachers. We must express our surprise that he should have put into a report, which he well knew would find its way into the hands of every certificated master in the country, sentiments so calculated to cause discontent, and,—as we cannot help saying,—so uncalled-for.

"I do not think that this table [of teachers' salaries] points to a

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satisfactory state of this important question, for it must be borne in mind that the sums specified in it include Government grants and all professional sources of income. And to what do they amount in the case of a man who has had a good but inexpensive education, who has very frequently a wife and young family to support, who is by the letter of the law under which he lives (your Lordships' Minutes) precluded from any employment by which he might add something to his income, and who is expected to live, to dress, and to conduct himself as a gentleman,—I do not mean the gentleman of the fashionable world, but the man of cultivated mind, of respectable position, and of unembarrassed circumstances? All that he receives is less than 90*l.* per annum,—a sum not equal to that which is won by the brawny arm and hard hand of many a day-labourer in our Yorkshire iron-works; which is much below the salary of clerks of divers kinds, whose attainments are much inferior to his own, and which places him on the same pecuniary level with the butler or valet in a gentleman's family." (*Report for* 1857, p. 292.)

There is much more of the same kind, but this will suffice. Surely Mr. Watkins must forget that many clergymen, after an *expensive* education *at their own cost*, have incomes altogether not exceeding 90*l.* a year, and that many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of them have no such sum coming to them professionally, or much hopes of improvement. How long does a lawyer or a physician work, with a continuous exertion to which a schoolmaster's daily occupation is mere child's-play, for absolutely no return at all? How long has it been a maxim of political economy that because a man has been publicly assisted in his education, he can make that education a ground for demanding a larger remuneration than is found to be the market-value of his calling? And it is mere nonsense to say that he has to live "like a gentleman;" he has to do so like a gentleman, doubtless, in the best sense of the term, but not in any sense in which being a gentleman increases expenses. The schoolmaster *may* be as much of a gentleman as the parson, but the former on 70*l.* or 80*l.* or 90*l.* a year, living in a house rent and taxes free, is a richer man than the latter on three times the amount. We should be glad to see the salaries of schoolmasters higher; but the salaries of all classes are generally low, and those of the schoolmaster, who cannot be called a very hardly-worked man, must take their place in the market like the rest. And, after all, Mr. Cook estimates that a young man beginning with 70*l.* to 80*l.* a year, will, by the age of forty, "be in the clear receipt of 150*l.*," in some cases reaching nearly 200*l.* with a comfortable house.

The remarks we have made upon training colleges for males will apply to those for females, but even more strongly. We need not therefore dwell much upon the point, beyond expressing a hope that greater attention has begun to be paid to practi-

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cal matters, needlework, in some places cookery, and other "common things," by a knowledge of which the usefulness of a schoolmistress is so largely increased. Needlework especially requires a much greater degree of attention than it has yet received. It has been taught too much by the making of small *models* of articles of dress, and too little by the actual practice of useful cutting-out, making, and mending. The consequence has been, that mistresses have been frequently incapable of either doing or teaching children to do really useful needlework, and that we find girls' schools filled with crochet-workers and worsted-work performers, but few knitters, or darners, or shirt-makers. Yet these are the things which, as much as any other secular branch of study, make girls grow up into useful women, mistresses of happy homes, and wives of contented husbands. We should say that, upon the whole, the girls' training is inferior to that of the boys, and our remarks upon the mistaken standard for the higher certificates will apply to the former with still greater force. We know of one mistress with a first-class certificate from one of the best managed of our training colleges, who was quite unable to teach the children to knit a child's sock, or to do the plainest sewing, but could flourish upon a black-board, and hold forth to the astonished village olive-branches in sesquipedalian words. She was nearly useless as a teacher, but declared to a lady visitor at the school, that she was "passionately fond of geometry"! Geometry!—such a useful study for a woman, such a preëminently useful kind of knowledge for one whose life-business is to

> "—— teach the orphan boy to read,
> Or teach the orphan girl to sew;"

to raise from the dead level of brute ignorance those whose too probable practice of geometry will be confined in after-years to their own "dull, mechanic pacings to and fro."

IV. *Education.* We must now devote our concluding observations to the point to which of course all others are subordinate,—the improvements needed in the actual instruction afforded by the graduates of the training colleges. No doubt good training can do a great deal towards making good teachers, but still very much must remain to depend upon the individual master or mistress. Some may be quite at home in the theories of tuition, but not possessed of the rare gift of being able to impart it satisfactorily, to succeed in maintaining discipline and yet winning the affections of the scholars, and to teach the dullest subjects in an interesting manner. But besides the quality of instruction and the manner of bestowing it, we have to take the question of *getting* and *keeping* scholars; for it seems to be commonly admitted that the greatest difficulty with which educators have to contend is the apathy of the poor in their children's educatio

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the irregularity of their attendance, and the early age at which they are withdrawn.

What, then, is the kind of instruction given? and what points seem to call for especial attention?

The *religious* instruction in National schools gives, we suppose, general satisfaction. That it does so is mainly owing to the fact that grants are denominational, and not confined to the Church of England. The result of the absolute freedom from dictation in this respect is that, although practically the vast majority of schools are necessarily in the hands of the Established Church, it is very seldom indeed that a question is raised about the matter; and it is most usual to see the children of Dissenters and Churchmen alike attending the Church school. Out of the whole grant more than two-thirds are appropriated to Church of England schools, the remainder comprising the grants to the whole of Scotland and Wales, and all denominational schools in England; so that, considering the influence which this fact throws into the hands of the clergy,—for the percentage of schools whose management falls *exclusively* upon them is estimated at 37, and those where it lies with the clergyman in combination with others at 52, leaving only 11 per cent where it is entirely in lay or nonconformist hands,—it is satisfactory to think that it is so well used. Of course, when the clergyman holds extreme views on either side, those views will probably be reflected in teacher and scholars; but in general the religious teaching is simple, moderate, and practical. We quote an amusing instance of the mystification produced in a boy's mind from the injudicious inculcation of some of the opinions of one party of religionists, from a report of Mr. Brookfield's. He had given to a boy under inspection "The Race-horse" as a subject upon which to write an exercise. It ran as follows:

"'The race-horse is a noble animal used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know any thing about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. I'Anson's Blink Bonny, a beautiful filly by Melbourne, rising four. The odds were twenty to one against her; thirty started, and she won by a neck.'

I handed this dissertation to one of the managers. He returned it to me with a very perplexed look, saying, 'I am very sorry indeed for this. He was always a very good little boy—*till now.*' I found that he was the son of a respectable groom." (*Report for* 1857, p. 395.)

Which is the more amusing, the little boy's innocent self-condemnation, or the state of mind which makes sins out of harmless things, and perplexes children by sweeping condemnations before they can understand the reason of them?

In the secular education, the chief fault seems to be a loose nd smattery way of teaching, especially in the simplest things,

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such as spelling and reading. The best remedy is to be found in the constant care that when children say the *words*, they understand their *meaning;* a patient determination to allow of no *slurring* in reading or repeating; and, especially, care that no children *shirk* their answers. That which is called the *simultaneous* method leads much to this evil. The quicker children answer, and the others take the words from their mouths; thus an appearance of comprehension and vivacity is kept up, without the reality. A still worse system, however, than the simultaneous is that of taking each child singly through a lesson, leaving the others to vacant staring about meanwhile. The best plan is that of making each child speak by itself when pointed to, the others being ready to catch the teacher's eye and correct an error at an instant's notice. In this way attention and emulation are kept up, and, if the plan is carefully followed, no child gets neglected. We believe this is the system most generally adopted in National schools. In a word, we may sum up the requirements for imparting a useful education in these few words,—never pass from one subject to another until the former is thoroughly known; teach few things rather than many, simple things before the more difficult, useful things in preference to the ornamental. The feeling of the day seems tending in this last direction rather too rapidly. Schools of Art are very good things, but art is useful only to the few. It will be a mistake if art is ever allowed to take the place of more useful and practical matters in the lower-class schools, just as music is always a part of a young lady's education, even though nature should have prescribed the contrary. We trust to see useful "common things" become more and more staples of our national education; and in teaching these and all other things we would introduce, as much as possible, a *light* and *amusing* element. School-books are too dull, and school-training too much mere drudgery. A little of the pleasant mingled with their tasks will at least tend to make the children fonder of their school, and therefore more likely to take an interest in what is taught them. The degree in which it is necessary to attract their notice and fix their attention would be incredible to those unacquainted with the fact. Their minds seem to retain no ideas whatever, even of the most common kind, until they have been drawn out by training. In a country school not very far from foxhounds, not one child had any notion what a fox was like; one of the nearest approaches to a correct answer being, "that it was like a pig, only it had horns." As a means of at least exciting their interest, one of the inspectors suggests that *Robinson Crusoe*, or some other books of the kind, might be substituted for the dull uniformity of the present school-books,—we think, with advantage.

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No wonder, then,—when children are kept at school only for a very few years, even if they are sent at all regularly for that time, and taken away as early as twelve, eleven, and even ten years old, before any system can have had time to train into habits of thought and self-education their minds, so void of any power of either observation or retention of ideas,—that too often little is learnt, and what is learnt is forgotten. There can be only two plans to amend this evil,—one to provide an efficient substitute for a proper systematic training; the other to devise some means of keeping children longer and more regularly at school.

With the hope of providing the former of these desiderata, night-schools have been established. In some few places these are found to work well, and their efficiency is increased by a grant from the Committee of Council, on the condition that "the sum received in fees at the night-school, during the year ending at the date of the inspector's visit, must equal or exceed the government grant." And, perhaps, if the suggestion of Mr. Norris be acted upon,—that this restriction to the grant be removed,—night-schools may be made more generally useful. But, at present, as in very few places the fees reach the required amount,—*5l.* at least,—Mr. Norris considers the condition as "an effectual bar to the success of the measure."

We are of opinion, however, that, even at the best, night-schools, though on the whole productive of good, and therefore worth the trouble of establishment, can afford but a very poor remedy for the evil complained of. Even in towns, and parts of the country most favourable for the development of the scheme, it is unlikely that more than a very small proportion of young persons will be found sufficiently alive to the benefits of education as, after working their bodies all day, to give up their time of rest to working their minds. And in the more scattered parts of the country, where, as a rule, the greatest ignorance is found, coupled with the least willingness on the part of parents to keep their children a reasonable time at school, and where, therefore, the greatest need of night-schools is felt, it is impossible in most cases to maintain them. It is not improbable, indeed, that in one respect these schools do more harm than good. Mr. Watkins remarks:

"Another expedient has been the establishment of night-schools; but this, so far from averting or remedying the evils which all educators deplore so much, tends rather to increase them. One great cause of the tender age of children in schools is the value of child-labour; the parent desires to receive something for his child, not to pay any thing. He therefore takes him away from school and sends him to work. He knows all the while that the child is not half taught, that he can just

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'read a bit, and write, and cast accounts,' but that his character is altogether unformed; not one good habit is fixed in him when he is thus snatched away from his teacher. But a night-school acts as a safety-valve to the parent's conscience. It helps him to get the child's work and the child's pay by day, and then to rob his child of necessary relaxation when the day's work at length is done. . . . That night-schools thus tend to draw away the first classes of day-schools cannot reasonably be doubted. But they are also, and, from the nature of the case, must needs be, very deficient in discipline. The majority of attendants there are so-called young men, who attend, as it is said, 'quite voluntarily.' Any pressure upon such material always brings on an explosion." (*Report for* 1855, p. 349.)

Where opinions differ so much, we may hesitate in pronouncing positively; but we are disposed to think that even if, for the sake of *some* advantages, night-schools are still maintained, it should certainly not be with the hope of finding them in any perceptible degree a substitute for regular schools.

Two other schemes have been proposed in addition to night-schools,—secondary schools, and schools on the half-time system, both aided by Government; the former directly, by grants on certain conditions, the latter indirectly, by the offer to accept half the appointed number of times of attendance in children over a certain age, as enough to qualify them for the capitation grant.

Secondary schools, being intended to furnish a more advanced education to boys who have left the elementary schools, would clearly only be used by the very best of the scholars, principally by those who are children of parents somewhat removed above the lowest rank; and, therefore, being an aid to the energetic rather than a spur to the apathetic, manifestly do not touch the evil in question.

Half-time schools are a far more valuable suggestion, and in some places,—notably at Acton, in Cheshire,—seem to be answering well. By their means children can work half the day for the parents, and be at school half the day for their own education. Generally, however, especially in rural districts, the results are not at all favourable; and we fear that even this concession will not go far to surmount the invincible ignorance and avarice of the labouring classes, and still more of the petty farmers, who, as a class, are even more apathetic and avaricious than those socially below them.

These means failing, then, as fail in great measure they do, educators are compelled to try whether parents can be persuaded in any way into a more satisfactory performance of their duties to their children.

The capitation grant, or an allowance made for every child in a school who has attended for a certain proportion of days,

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was intended to further this end, but in vain. It would fail, we believe, even were the money all given to the parents. That it *has* failed when it is applied, as it commonly is, except perhaps a certain portion, to increase the pay of the teacher and to augment the general funds of the school, can be no subject for wonder.

Free instruction has been proposed, but clearly does not apply a remedy at all, because, as the Registrar-General remarks in his report on the census of 1851,

"It is not for the sake of *saving a penny* per week that a child is transferred from the school to the factory or the fields, but for the sake of *gaining a shilling or eighteen-pence* per week; and the mere opportunity of saving the penny by sending the child to a free-school would not restrain the parents from making a positive addition to their weekly income, if the absence of the child from school could insure it."

An education-rate has been suggested, with educational relieving officers appointed to give relief for this purpose to necessitous persons. But, even if this remedy were not hopeless for precisely the same reason as that just given,—since it would merely amount to a free education, and people too poor to pay for their children's schooling would scarcely be more likely than those better off than themselves to sacrifice their earnings for that purpose,—it would fail, unless the rate were compulsory, from the niggardliness of those who would have to vote the supplies. If, on the contrary, it were made compulsory, it would be the most objectionable and unpopular form of an approach to compulsory education. Moreover, who that knows the jealousies, squabbles, and follies of Bumbledom in general, would wish to delegate the care of popular education to a Committee of Council of parochial authorities?

Various prize-schemes, and the presentation of certificates to pupils attending a school after a certain age, may have had some partial effect among the more honourably ambitious of pupils and parents, but not one of them has yet proved a specific for the disease. All are quack medicines of greater or less harmlessness, but all are impotent to cure. The only bribe which would be likely to have a general effect is one impossible on account of the expense, and undesirable in many ways. It is to pay not only the school-fee, but also the earnings of the child after a certain age. Of course such a proposition, seriously made, would be absurd. We mention it chiefly to show our estimation of the hopelessness of overcoming by fair means,—if bribery in this cause may be called fair,—the neglect of ignorant parents. We can well believe that even this measure would fail in many cases. We can conceive that, even on such terms,

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many a parent would rather send his child to work than to school, on the ground that, though he would not lose his present wages by sending him thither, the child would lose that practice in hand-labour which would enable him to earn better wages in the future.

There is but *one* remedy, and that one to which we are almost unwilling to give our assent. Until we can teach parents their duty, and open their eyes to their real worldly interests, we are convinced that a thousand plans of persuasion may be tried, and tried in vain. Perhaps a later generation may see the fruits of the labours of this, in a population wise and forecasting enough to sacrifice a present paltry gain for an incalculable future good to their children, and therefore to themselves. Until that generation shall see the light, until such a sentiment as this shall pervade all classes of society, we fear that *compulsion* alone will educate the masses around us. Several of the inspectors seem to have come to the same conclusion, and acknowledge that they find the notion spreading more and more. It is not to Englishmen a very pleasant idea, but the good of the commonwealth stands above sentiment. It would be premature to discuss at present the methods in which such a result might be brought about; perhaps the Commission now sitting may have turned their attention to the subject, and may throw out some useful hints. Meanwhile, we must state our own opinion emphatically, that it must come in the end to a comprehensive enactment, *compelling* all classes to have their children educated up to a certain age. Better this than progressive measures and half-measures. Let the law be that the British people be no longer a bye-word for ignorance, and let good subjects obey the law. The *Times*, indeed, in a leading article upon a former Registrar-General's Report, says that the way to make people send their children to school is to teach them the *necessity* of doing so, and that when once they see that it is *necessary*, they will do it of their own accord. True: but how can we make them see the necessity? It is improbable that an illiterate generation ever will see it. We must teach people before they can see the need of teaching. And, at all events, there seems to be no sound reason why a nation which makes vaccination and the removal of nuisances compulsory for the prevention of disease, and which makes tolls compulsory for the maintenance of high-roads, should not, by the same right of self-government, make it compulsory to check the contagion of ignorance, and to mend the ways of knowledge.

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ART. IV.—ROMANCE IN JAPAN.

Sechs Wandschirme in Gestalten der Vergänglichen Welt. Ein japanischer Roman im Originaltexte, sammt den Facsimiles von 57 japanischen Holzschnitten, übersetzt und herausgegeben von Dr. August Pfitzmaier. Wien. Aus der kaiserl.-königl. Hof- und Staats-Druckerei, 1847.

"MAN must live," and he lives even in Japan. The Japanese is cradled amid earthquakes and hurricanes. A conflagration of some of the slight wooden houses which he inhabits is of nightly occurrence. He feeds mainly on rice, and his only liquor is rice-beer of a very fiery and unwholesome quality. His highest sartorial effort has only achieved a dressing-gown without pockets, and he has no shoes for himself or his horses, except such as are made of straw! But as Pinto found that the Japanese, who had never seen a musket before his arrival, had made a considerable number of such fire-arms before his departure, so, in later times, they have fabricated first-rate horse-shoes of iron for Europeans. We are told that seven-eighths of the entire surface of his native islands are naturally barren and mountainous. Until yesterday, and for the last 200 years, to leave his country was a capital crime, and to prevent his escape all ships must be left open at the stern. Then he is subject to an omnipresent *espionage*. Nobody knows who may not be "wanted," and nobody is free. For example, the Nemesis of absolutism seems to have won its greatest success in the person of the Emperor of Japan. He is styled Mikaddo, or Sublime Porte. He is the fountain whence flow all Japanese honours and titles, both lay and ecclesiastical. He is the lineal descendant of a chief who founded the insular monarchy nearly seven centuries before Christ! Nay more, while all the Japanese claim kindred with the gods who once ruled in visible presence in Japonia, the "Great Door" is the direct representative and heir of the supreme sun-goddess herself! While he lives, all the prayers of the faithful are supposed to enter the unseen through the Sublime Door; and, at his death, he receives honourable apotheosis. Nevertheless, so long as he occupies the mortal body, the Mikaddo dwells in a charmed circle, environed by inexorable ceremonials—as idle as a painted Jupiter in painted clouds, and launching only painted thunderbolts. In traversing his palace courtyard he is not allowed to touch the profane earth with his sacred foot; but is borne shoulder-high in a palanquin. To remind him continually of the sanctity of his person, every dish

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out of which he eats is broken immediately, lest any one less holy should make use of it; and the subtle spirit of control affects to be so reverent that it will not cut the august father's nails or shave his head unless he is asleep. Poor imperial Gulliver is pinned down through excess of worship, and may not stir hand or foot except as the worshipers please. When will Italy have done as much for the Roman Mikaddo?

Nor has the so-called secular emperor—the Taycoon—in reality any autocratic power. At highest he is the mere organ of the supreme council, and at the meetings of that council two super-vigilant spies, who are ready to swoop down upon any innovation, always "assist." For it appears that the decisions of even this privy council are not final. We have read that the ultimate authority in the country is lodged with a committee of three. This triumvirate—the heir apparent being always one of the three—when a disputed case is handed up to it, can set aside even the finding of a majority; but woe to the councillor who mooted the proposal rejected by the committee! He is ordered immediately to become his own executioner; and should the unhappy Taycoon have expressed his approval of the reprobated measure, he too must die, or, at least, forfeits his throne. The sixty-eight great feudal barons are no less strictly looked after. They must reside in Jedo every alternate six months. Their wives and families are never allowed to leave the metropolis, but are detained there as hostages for the good behaviour of the lords when the latter have gone down to their provincial estates. Then, as we descend lower in the social scale, we find arrangements for carrying out the most thorough-going inquisition. Not only is registry made of the usual domesticities, but the movements of each humblest person are honoured with the publicity which, in this country, is reserved for the migrations of Belgravia, or the frequenters of our watering-places. The agents of the demon of suspicion are every where, and assume all kinds of disguises. For aught that you can tell, that meek-looking gentleman who is presiding over the institution in which you can regale yourself on a slice of whale (*sic!*) is a functionary who is duly and daily sending his reports to head-quarters; and that stolid-looking palanquin-bearer, who is sitting on his heels opposite the whale cook-shop, is very possibly taking diligent notes as to how the mammal-fishmonger is managing his trust. In fact, there is around every man in Japan a thread of the one vast spider-web.

Poor flies! we exclaim, and certainly not without reason, for Japan is not quite the paradise, either physically or morally, which it was represented to be some two years ago in the newspapers. On the other hand, there are not a few contrasting

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and compensatory elements in Japanese existence. In the first place, in the matter of the *espionage* itself, the reader will have remarked that there reigns a grand equality—an impartiality of pressure, like that of the atmosphere. In the intervals of the earthquakes and deluging rains, there is a glorious sunlight shed over the majestic mountains,—wooded most of them to their summits,—over the deep blue lakes, the noble rivers, the green rice-fields or slopes of purple barley, and gardens exquisitely cultivated and replete with growths both rich and rare. And notwithstanding his "heavy laws," the Japanese himself is wondrously gay and good-humoured,—jolly, we might say, if the expression be allowable. In industry he is surpassed by no member of the human family. There are some thirty millions to maintain in Japan; yet Japan is quite independent of the harvests of other countries. Nor in other respects is the empire less sufficient unto itself. Indeed, Japan is so rich in mineral and vegetable possessions, and so ingenious and dextrous in working these up into both the useful and ornamental, as to stand in less need of foreign supplies than almost any other country with which we are acquainted.

Since the extirpation of Christianity, Buddhism has been increasingly leavening all Japanese thought and feeling. But side by side with the grossest superstition the highest science takes a place of its own. The more abstruse mathematics, astronomy, and geography, have their diligent and successful cultivators. It is, for example, to a Japanese geographer that we owe the discovery that Sagalin is an island, and not a peninsula. Again, every body in Japan is taught to read and write, and the literature of the country is at once abundant and various. There are encyclopædias, scientific treatises, translations of European works on science, histories, almanacs in thousands, poetry, and prose fiction.

What the Japanese really *thinks* concerning God, the universe, and the human soul, we can but vaguely guess. We suspect that not a few are haunted occasionally by a doubt as to whether Christianity and Japan have finally closed accounts with each other; and, judging from the quality of the objections urged by the priesthood against the Christianity of Xavier, we cannot but believe that a more comprehensive gospel than that proclaimed by "the Apostle of the Indies" would be cordially embraced in Japan. But on this subject we need not enlarge here.

In the absence of information as to the deeper Japanese convictions or aspirations, there is lying beside us a Japanese romance by a native author, from which we seem to have gained a better acquaintance with every-day life in "the land of the

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rising sun" than from all the books of travellers—and these are not few—which we have read.

The romance in question bears the title, *Six Folding-screens, with Figures of the passing World*, and the following is the quaint preface of the novelist:

"In this book the writer makes no mention of heroic services against the enemy, nor does he handle such matters as the arts of the magician, faëry-discourses, jackals, wolves, and toads. Family pedigrees, jewels, and other such losable property, will not be found here. Here is no 'Comedy of Errors,' arising from the identity of the names of father and son, or of an elder and younger brother; nor will the reader discover any reference to sealed chests or hair-pins, to revelations granted by the gods, or Buddha, in dreams, or to the clash of death-doing swords—things which make the blood run cold. Persuaded of the falseness of the proverb, 'Men and folding-screens cannot stand straight,' we have here put together, and adorned with new figures of this passing world, these six folding-screens which will resent being bent—we mean these perishable paper pages, provided with illustrations. On the margin of each screen we have hastily written these few words of good counsel, and now publish them to the world.

The manuscript was finished during harvest, in the seventh month of the seventeenth year of Monsei. In the spring of the eighteenth year (1821), and in the first month, the work appeared in the book-shop.—RIUTEI TANEFIKO."

From this preface it will have been gathered that the author is witty in the choice of his title, seeing that the story does not relate to the common folding-screen; and, in order to appreciate the point of Mr. Riutei's wit, the reader must be informed that the original work consists of *six* divisions, each division containing five double leaves,* or ten pages, while each page, excepting the two last, is illustrated with a very characteristic woodcut. These illustrations, though by no means samples of the highest Japanese art, are very spirited and life-like; but if we are to derive due edification from what is represented on a given page, we must call in the help of the opposite one, and, ignoring the *inner* margin of each, lay the contents of the two closely together; otherwise we shall find a one-armed man on one side, and a solitary arm flying through space on the other. Mr. Riutei clearly makes out a very good case for his "screens." True, we can only see two compartments of one of his screens at one and the same time, but then these two, to be of any service, must be kept in *a straight line;* and this was our author's Q. E. D.

* The Japanese print only on *one* side of the paper, and the leaves of their books are not intended to be cut, as those of our Western books must be. Hence it is, that in a Japanese book a double leaf (or four pages) of paper contains only two pages of printed matter.

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In the management of the story itself, the writer shows a great deal of genuine human-heartedness, and very decided literary skill. He does not try to make "the blood run cold:" but his quiet prose idyl from the first awakens our interest, and sustains that interest to the close. A touching tale of faithful love and womanly self-sacrifice, this romance has the further merit of being popular in the best sense of the word. We hear in it but little of the "upper ten thousand" in Japan; on the contrary, it reveals to us the affections and mutual helpfulness which are to be found in the humbler levels of society. We think that "the figures of the passing world," here introduced to our notice, do, on the whole, "stand straight;" and Mr. Riutei's "words of good advice" might be read aloud in our family circles with fewer omissions than a *pater-familias* would deem desirable in the majority of our English novels. We shall only add further, by way of preface, that Buddhism is the creed of the chief actors in the story, and that the scene lies mainly on the south coast of the largest of the Japanese islands, Niphon. We shall now give the reader an abridged version of the *Marginalia* of the "Six Screens"—availing ourselves of the German translation by the distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Pfitzmaier.

It fell on a day, that Abosi Tamontara Kadzujosi, a scion of the great house from which the eight provinces around the capital receive their hereditary lord, having resolved to undertake a shooting expedition, issued from his stately palace, at Kamakura, which overlooks, from the west, the entrance of the glorious bay of Jedo, and led the way to one of his hunting-castles down by the great sea-shore. Contrary to his expectations, our chief had not reached his destination by the close of the day, but found himself, surrounded by his followers, in the most lonely and desolate of regions. As far as the eye could discern, in the twilight of a late harvest evening, no human dwelling was visible, save an old cross-road inn, which bore for its "sign," in Chinese characters, "*The Swamp of the Rising Snipe.*" The distinguished poet Saigio had sung the wonders of this snipe-haunt; and, in apparent confirmation of the truth of its name, a veritable snipe was beheld by one of Tamontara's retainers, who immediately proclaimed his discovery. "Snipe!" exclaimed the chief, with a smile; "there are no such birds in this neighbourhood. The sign-painter has made a great blunder. He has used the symbol for 'snipe' (sigi), whereas he ought to have employed that which represents the death-tree (siki)." Tamontara's words were not convincing; but at the same time, whether the swamp was that of the snipe or the death-tree, it was not quite clear that the bird just seen was

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not a partridge. On this point a discussion arose between two of the attendants, which might have lasted till the famous horse came back again which ran a thousand miles a day, had not an audacious boy, who had barely attained his fourteenth year, presumed to put a stop to the controversy. The rash arbiter was the son of one of Tamontara's truest followers, and bore the name of Midzuma Simano Suke. Approaching the disputants, Simano begged them to suspend the debate until they should see what results might come from shooting an arrow across the fen. Silence having been obtained, our youthful hero fitted an arrow on the string, and off sped the shaft, grazing, ere it dropped among the reeds, the back of a wild fowl, which shrieked and flew away. Simano's lord grew wroth. It was unheard-of irreverence, that one who had not yet reached the years when a man is privileged to shave off his front-locks should dare to meddle in a matter about which he was not consulted, and that, too, in the presence of his chief! It mattered not, that when the arrow was fetched back by a swift henchman, it bore on its tip an unmistakable snipe-feather. There would be an end of order in Japan, and no end of reproach would be heaped on the head of Tamontara, if forwardness so flagrant were not visited with due chastisement. Poor Simano was dismissed—his chief, the while, looking unutterable sternness; and the sense of his disgrace burnt in him so deeply, that he fled from the presence of all friends and acquaintances. He went and dwelled among strangers; but whither he had gone, no man could tell.

Eight years pass away; we hear no more of the ill-starred expedition, and the reader is now carried to Utsino-Sima.* In Utsino-Sima lived a rice-merchant, by name Kadzijemon. Having no heirs of his own name, Kadzijemon, in his declining years, adopted as his son a certain man, called Sakitsi, whose character greatly pleased him. The old man died in his eightieth year. His widow became a nun; took the "spiritual" name of Miosan; spent her days in the temple; meddled no more with secular affairs; and left the entire charge of the house to Sakitsi. Sakitsi, however, had not a very robust constitution, and his health broke down under his painstaking and conscientious endeavours to order the business of the household in such ways as might best gratify the widow-nun, whom he honoured as if she had been indeed his mother. Medicine and pleasant companionship were provided, but proved comparatively unavailing. The spring had already touched the cypress-hill,

* This place, called also Simano-Utsi, is a suburb or section of the town of Naniwa, and is situated on the coast south-west of O-ösaka—the last called the "Paris of Japan." Very recently O-ösaka was all but totally destroyed by an earthquake.

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and had set free the ice-bound rivers; but Sakitsi still remained a prisoner at home. Ere long, the good mother urged him to try the effects of travel. Her counsel was listened to, and as Sakitsi had a commission to execute in the province of Jamato, he resolved to go thither, and visit its remarkable places, famed from of old. Accordingly, having secured a substitute to wait in the rice-shop, the adopted son "took his walks abroad"—and kept himself quite "straight" until his return? We shall see.

By the temple of Nanjen, in the city of Nara, stood a certain tea-house, wherein was daily to be found a beautiful and amiable young woman, some seventeen years of age. Attendant upon her was a little maiden only in her fifth year. The beautiful one, by name Misawo, played the guitar, and her little follower held out the "fan" to receive the contributions of the guests. As Misawo was possessed of great talent, not few were the listeners who gathered round her, charmed by the music of her voice and lute. Oh, world! what wondrous things were uttered by men who fell passionately in love with her; and Sakitsi, too, when he arrived in Nara, must needs be taken to hear the gifted musician. He saw, he heard, and was conquered. It was not, however, Misawo's beauty and music only which attracted him, and led him daily to the tea-house, to the neglect of the remarkable "sights" and antiquities of the place. He found out some particulars of the lady's history which showed him that she was fighting the battle of life right nobly (*brachte sich auf diese edle Handlungsweise durch das bedrängte Leben*), and that both by her birth and her behaviour she was distinguished from the class of "gift-receivers" to which she apparently belonged. Misawo, on her part, "was not disinclined to an inner relationship;" but how could she dare to think of one in rank so raised above her present estate? She could not utter her feelings, nor did Sakitsi speak definitely; but, under the inspiration of their mutual love, the days rolled away for the happy pair. But in Japan, as elsewhere, a certain condition is not always granted to the "course of true love," for one evening, after the sunset-bell had scattered to their several homes the groups of men assembled here and there, and when all was still, the well-known host of the harbour-tavern, at Utsino-Sima, came to Misawo, and in the retirement of a leafy arbour whispered in her ear, "Did you fully understand the terms I proposed to you yesterday? and are you now prepared to become my bondservant, on condition of your receiving an hundred taels?" "Yes, I perfectly understand. I part with my freedom, and no one can hinder me from doing so, while the gold with which you purchase my services will help to repair the fallen fortunes of my aunt—my mother's sister."

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By a little artifice of her own, Misawo had obtained her aunt's signature for the "agreement" by which she sold herself into slavery. Saizo, her future master, was much impressed by her adroitness in the matter; and it was finally arranged that, early next morning, a palanquin should be waiting at her door to carry her thence to her new home. Good night, brave Misawo; but with thy heart so full of conflicting feelings, we may not dream of rest for thee.

The aunt alluded to, Fanajo by name, had her own share of troubles. She had made a runaway marriage with Tofei, a foot-soldier in the service of her brother-in-law; and Tofei, to make both ends meet, had become a palanquin-bearer in his native village, Nara. But the times were hard, and, with all his industry, Tofei could scarcely keep hunger from his door, for, besides Fanajo, he had a little daughter and a blind old mother to provide for.

To add to the household difficulties, Misawo came on a visit to her aunt. Since her flight, four years ago, the latter had secretly corresponded with her sister. She had, however, been careful to say nothing of her poverty, but had on the contrary reported a rather prosperous home exchequer. So little, indeed, was the real state of the Tofei finances suspected that, when Misawo's father forfeited his lord's favour, and with that the main portion of his income, it seemed as if the best thing that could be done for the comfort of our heroine was to send her to Aunt Fanajo. No murmur was uttered by either aunt or uncle on the arrival of the niece. Tofei bore up stoutly. He was daily, and all day, at his post; but the earnings did not suffice for the home-wants, and he had even to sell the house furniture. This was more than Misawo could bear. She must try and help the struggling; and so, under the pretext of having made a vow to visit daily, for a hundred days, the Temple of Nanjen, and there read the Prayer-book of a hundred chapters, she became the musician at the tea-house, carrying with her, as collector and purse-bearer, her small cousin Kojosi. Kojosi was, of course, charged to keep silence. The small copper coins gathered in the garden were duly exchanged for gold pieces, and these, represented to be remittances which Misawo was receiving from home, were all handed over to Aunt Fanajo.

The morning came. It was the day specially devoted to the amusement of little girls—the Feast of Peaches; and Kojosi (qu. *small tub?*) was up betimes, busy, notwithstanding the home-poverty, with her small picture-book, and her little dolls, for whose benefit she read aloud, and "expounded." Tofei went early off to the cross-road, palanquin on shoulder; but he had no sooner gone than Misawo addressed to her aunt the following

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request: "As the unusually cold weather has made me feel rather unwell to-day, would you do me the kindness of going in my stead to the temple, where I have daily offered up prayers for you all, especially for your restoration to the home of your fathers, and for the removal of the grandmother's blindness?" Fanajo at once complied with the petition, and leaving instructions with her niece about the grandmother's medicine, set out in all simplicity for the temple. She had scarcely left the house when Saizo (Misawo's future master) arrived. Putting his head in at the door, he learned in answer to his dumb-show inquiries that all was right and ready. But he must devise such a story as will quiet any misgivings on the part of the blind grandmother. Accordingly he gave her to understand that Misawo was going to be lady-in-waiting in a hall of great estate, while Misawo, to complete the fiction, drew across her knees an old-fashioned table-cover that was hanging before the domestic shrine of Buddha, and caused the grandmother to pass her hand over the texture in order that she might be fully assured that the daughter of Kadzumura would enter on her high office in fitting raiment. Kojosi, who happened to come in at this juncture, shouted out in her childish way, "Oh, mother, what a funny apron!" But her further comments were checked, and the grandmother was none the wiser.

At last Saizo intimated that it was time to begin their journey. Hiding her tears as best she could, Misawo said farewell. Kojosi accompanied her to the "four-handed" palanquin, and before finally taking leave of her cousin, the latter said to her: "When your parents return and miss me, tell them they will find out where I am if you read and explain that passage in the picture-book out of which I have given you your evening lesson. Remember!"

Tofei, utterly ignorant of what had happened, came home to look for his tobacco-pipe, which he had either lost or forgotten. He found his pipe; "but, alas! somebody, in lack of tobacco, had smoked away his green plant in his absence." So he exclaimed, "And the grandmother, too, was wide awake: how could it have come about?" The blind Kutsiwa repeated what had been said to her. But Tofei was incredulous. *He* had never given his consent. "And now," he added, "I understand why the curtain of that palanquin I met was so closely drawn." He was about to rush out of doors when Kojosi stopped him and said, "I know where Misawo is." "Well, then, where is she?" Kojosi at once began to read: "Once upon a time—" "Nonsense, child," her father called out. "Tell me where is Misawo?" "The book, father, will tell you. Do let me read." Tofei at length consenting, his daughter read aloud

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these words: "There was a man who saved the life of a little puppy-dog, and brought it up very tenderly. When the dog was full grown, it said one day to its master, 'If you will go out with me to-morrow morning, and dig in the place where I shall fall down'—upon this the master awoke from his dream, followed the dog, and found a number of gold pieces." The father listened very patiently as Kojosi read, in a slow sing-song way, the above passage. He vehemently protested against it as utterly without meaning for him, and was again in the act of dashing into the street to commence his search for Misawo, when he stumbled against the dog-chest,* and upset it. As the chest fell a packet of gold rolled out on the floor. Whereupon Tofei said, "I now understand the riddle of the dog and the money." Beside the gold lay a letter, which turned out to be written by Misawo. While Tofei was breaking the seal, the grandmother called out, "Did you say this is a letter left behind by Misawo? Do read it to me." Tofei, however, extemporised a version of his own, such as he thought would please his mother, and then, leading her to her sleeping apartment, drew out the folding screen, lest the cold from the ante-room should prove hurtful.

When Fanajo returned from the temple, she overheard her husband making sad moan over the fate and flight of Misawo, "as he sat alone and wept," and called out in her amazement, "Has Misawo left us, then?" "That question needs but a short answer," replied Tofei; "but here is her letter, which you can read." In the letter, Fanajo found simply stated what the reader already knows. Tofei listened while his wife read aloud; but, in the middle of a sentence, he snatched up the packet of gold, and was about to carry it straight to Misawo, when Fanajo held him back by his coat, and gradually convinced him that it was no good trying to break her engagement at present, adding that the far better course was to make the most of the money which had so unexpectedly come into their possession. Above all, they must not lose heart in the matter. By good management could they not save as much as would redeem their niece from bondage? The impulsive Tofei grew calm, and in course of time the bequest of Misawo had been applied to such good purpose that the grandmother's blindness was cured, and the entire household, with fairly ample funds at their disposal, removed to Naniwa.

In the Naniwa suburb of Simano-Utsi, Misawo became established as *virtuosin;* and, ere long, Sakitsi, unable to ascertain whither she had gone, returned in despair to Naniwa. After his home-coming, our rice-merchant found that his health

* *i. e.* a piece of furniture resembling a recumbent dog. Both in the illustrations and in the text the *Hundekästchen* occupies a very prominent place.

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necessitated his making sundry excursions into different parts of the country. But nowhere could he gain tidings of his lady-love, and fully five years passed away before he discovered that she was living in the same town with himself.

One evening, at the end of these five years, as Misawo, with many other worshipers, was returning from the temple of Aizen, she met her aunt, and accompanied her home to the "Flowery House." As they crossed the threshold, a little maid was singing the touching words of a school-song which called up the memory of bygone days. On hearing the lines, Misawo sighed, and almost mechanically said to herself, "After the sorrow will come the joy." Scarcely had her hope been thus uttered, when Tofei and three guests were seen getting out of a river-boat. One of these was the far-famed physician Tsikusai, who lived in the hall of "Tongue-volubility," close by "the Teaspoon;" the second was the upsetting fine gentleman Fukazen, with bare feet and silk robe; and the third was none other than our rice-merchant Sakitsi. Little suspecting who was listening behind a screen, the guests exchanged a good deal of banter and small talk, while Sakitsi expressed a very decided opinion as to the character of the *virtuosin* in general, including in his estimate a certain Futatsugusi Komatsu, whose name was mentioned by the physician, and who happened just at that time to be in the "Flowery House." "For my part," said Sakitsi, "I will have nothing to do with such marketable commodities. Money is all they care about. Of that I am thoroughly persuaded." This persuasion, however, had very soon to undergo considerable modification, for this Futatsugusi proved to be Misawo herself; she, like every body else in Japan, having assumed a new name* on attaining her twentieth year. And, indeed, the words had scarcely been uttered by Sakitsi when his eye fell suddenly on Misawo; while in his confusion of astonishment and delight he spilt his cup of saki, and then dashed the vessel on the floor. Somewhat recovering his self-possession, Sakitsi thus soliloquised: "Hearts, like the heavens, change, and the flower that was lately blooming in the still retreat may be found draggled in the dust; but Misawo may still be true." On her part, Misawo fancied she could read Sakitsi's secret thought, and, rather abruptly, invited him to accompany her to her "lowly home."

Notwithstanding the invitation, one heart seemed to have "changed" in the lapse of days, for, on their arrival at the inn,

* A symbol of the new name is generally worn for some time after its assumption. *Ko Matsu* means, "small fir-trees," and in token thereof Misawo adorned herself with two combs, probably made of fir. The neighbours, however, called her in addition *Futatsu-gusi, i. e.* "the two-combed."

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Misawo spoke no word of welcome, but sat down in silence on a resting-seat in the porch, and turned her back on the bewildered man. Sakitsi kept at a distance, and smoked his pipe; but at last he said, "I do not know whether you think it necessary I should recall the past to your remembrance. During my sojourn in Jamato, I listened daily for a season to your music; but in the midst of my rapture you suddenly disappeared, and no one could inform me whither you had gone. I heard only a vague rumour that you had sold yourself; but it never occurred to me to seek for you in this my own immediate neighbourhood. To-day, for the first time, we have met again; but I am too little skilled in such matters to be able to conjecture whether your former interest in me has quite died out. To free me from my uncertainty, would you do me the favour of exchanging a few words with me?" Having thus spoken, he gracefully handed her a paper containing ten taels, requesting her at the same time to pay a part of the money to her aunt, and purchase with the surplus some article of dress for herself. In reply, Misawo merely laid aside the tobacco-pipe, and, with averted face, made him a profound bow.*

"But why don't you speak to me?" Quite unexpectedly, she at last deigned to take Sakitsi's hand; but with true womanly pride, and in a very emphatic tone, she quoted some of the words she had overheard, and added, "Misawo scorns the imputation of such behaviour as your language insinuated against her." "You cannot believe I ever meant to apply such language to you?" Sakitsi made answer; "and, indeed, supposing that you were still the maiden Misawo, with name unchanged, I forswore woman's society, and my one anxiety was to find out your new abode." Still affecting incredulity, Misawo adverted again to the unfortunate words, begged him to give her a few copper pieces, as of course, "she only cared about money;" and then said, "If this is the height to which you would raise me, it were far better that you gave up all thought of converse with me. Little suspecting that your heart was so corrupted, I went to-day, as I had gone a hundred times before, to the temple of Aizen — but look at this." She hurriedly gave him as she spoke a piece of her own writing; and Sakitsi read as follows: "My prayer is that I may learn if there is one who loves me. Six-and-thirty times the response was, *Kitsi* (*i. e.* fortunate or propitious). Is there one who will abide with me to my latest day?" &c. Whatever might be Sakitsi's private opinion of the value of the paper of questions

* It seems that, unlike our court-etiquette, one of the highest forms of showing respect is that of knocking the ground with the forehead, and then turning the back upon the honoured person.

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and oracular answers, it occurred to him that Misawo had in her own heart the best testimony as to whether or not she was really dear to some one else, and under this conviction he tore the manuscript in pieces.

Misawo did not seem to heed, but, while the thunder was pealing loudly, she suddenly turned her face to Sakitsi, and looked at him thoughtfully. "If it is really thus now," said Sakitsi, "what am I to expect?" "I am wholly yours." "But tell me, will you share this life with me, and never part from me more?" "Yea," she answered softly. That answer was the dawn of an inner relationship, and, our author adds, when a bond is once knit between kindred souls, no power can ever sever it. The covenant exists *within*.

A dream-time of delight was all the following year—the beautiful spring had come back with Misawo. But with his palanquins and picnics, his endless goings hither and thither, hand and hand, with Misawo, and he at times more like a demon than a mortal man, Sakitsi made himself the talk of the world. At last, however, the careful mother heard rumours of the doings of her adopted son, and, being sorely afflicted thereby, would not suffer him to go out of her sight, and "shut him up." Sakitsi's first comfort in his imprisonment was the letters of Misawo, which the physician cleverly secreted in a flower-vase; but, in addition to the letters, he contrived to secure a visit from Misawo's aunt, who came to him in the character of a sorceress to lend her counsel, and specially to burn some bamboo-leaves in order to ascertain if he was not bewitched! While the widow-nun retired to her devotions before the domestic Buddha chapel, the feigned sorceress unfolded to Sakitsi the story of Misawo's life. She further informed him that Misawo's father had regained the favour of his chief, that prosperous days had returned, and that in consequence her foster-brother had just arrived in order to effect her emancipation, and carry her back with him to Kamakura. To his no small dismay, Sakitsi learned besides that Misawo had been betrothed—a circumstance which would quite suffice to free her from her present servitude on repayment of the sum for which she had sold herself. "But," added aunt Fanajo, "when I told her why her foster-brother had come, she threw herself into my arms, and amid falling tears exclaimed, 'I would fain go home and behold again the loved and long-unseen faces there; yet would I far sooner die than break my engagement with Sakitsi, and be wedded to another.'"

In spite of the maternal interdict, it was arranged that that evening the lovers twain were to meet; and this arrangement having been effected, Fanajo took her departure. Immediately

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after she left, the mother came into the room, and begged to know what the enchantress had said: "At the same time," she continued, "I do not need the information. I know all, without being told. I have found out the secret of all your ailments. There *is* a faëry in the matter—one Komatsu (Misawo) by name. It is she who has caused you to forget yourself, to forego your former archery-practice, and to dream away your time on a cushion formed of the two-branched bamboo—pleasure and wine. Your very name is a theme of laughter at the 'Palanquin-stands.' You have given her gold and silver by the shovelful. I hoped that a short period of seclusion would be enough to take the thorn out of your eye; but, alas, I might as well believe that I could convert the shadow of my fan into sunshine. All is topsy-turvy, the wagon is in the sea, the ship is on the mountain. Amid a million prayers and bodily mortifications, do think seriously of your position."

The above screen-lecture must, no doubt, have made a lasting impression, at least, on the nun herself, as she followed up the delivery of it by taking from her sleeve a packet containing 100 taels,* and throwing it to Sakitsi. Sakitsi fancied he must be dreaming, and could scarcely trust his own ears when Miosan said, "For this one night I will allow you to go." "The motherly tree spared no pains in order to impart to the young plum-tree, with its opening buds, a colour and fragrance such as might not be surpassed by any clusters of fairest flowers, or any swift-blooming shoot."

Without making any further inquiry of the aunt, Sakitsi, when nightfall came, went directly to the house where Misawo was that evening to be in attendance. For some time he walked up and down on the path between the house and the river, when, to his joy, he caught sight of Misawo, who was apparently in a restless mood. Straightway Sakitsi smote his hands together, to apprise her that some one had come to speak with her. Even in the darkness she knew the face of the beloved man, and gave him to understand that they could now meet without interruption. Her reviving spirit, as on self-created wings, seemed to fly through the sundering space, while Sakitsi, in his eager anxiety, called out to her to direct him, otherwise he should not be able to find his way into the house. But, at the sound of his voice, a dog began to bark angrily. Our hero threw a stone at him. He threw a second time; but now, alas, it was not a stone, but the very packet of money which had fallen from his dress while he was stooping! The packet missed the dog, but smashed the lantern of a boat that was moored by the river-bank. "He" (*i.e.* hallo), "woman," called out a sleepy voice, "what are you

* The tael seems to be about equal in value to a dollar.

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throwing in here?" Whereupon the disturbed boatman withdrew to a safer position.

Without any further adventure, Sakitsi at last reached the apartment where Misawo was. The latter approached him, and said, while her tears fell fast, "The day of our companionship is over. Already, indeed, I am half dead. My fate is to be severed from you. I beseech you to kill me outright and at once." Sakitsi prayed her to speak less distractedly. Their union could be speedily consummated; and why should she return to her parents in bitterness of soul? "Ah me!" the fair one replied; "you cause my tears to flow afresh when you remind me of my half-forgotten home. The very 'rod' I can now recall with pleasure, and ever must I cherish the memory of those parents who always showed so much compassion if their hand had to inflict chastisement.* Then my foster-brother, although he does not remember my features, will be sure to discover the sad-heartedness with which I discharge the duties of this position of servitude." That discovery would inevitably lead him to others quite fatal to their hopes. But here her strength failed her, and she sank down in the depth of despair. Sakitsi did what he could to comfort her,—told her of his mother's liberality,—and was about to produce the 100 taels for her to carry to her aunt as an anonymous contribution, when, to his utter confusion, he found they were gone. Misawo, perceiving his consternation, exclaimed, "Our misfortunes do not come singly, and I can do no otherwise than die. If my freedom is procured by any one else than you, then, if I remain alive, I must go home; but, rather than that, will I die by your hand. I am the daughter of a soldier. I have a sword for the hour of need; and by that sword you can let me go to the gods of death: *there* our union will be perfected." On his part, too, Sakitsi resolves to die, that immediately their joy may be one.†

The arrival of an expected guest necessitated the breaking off of the conference at this crisis, and Sakitsi was led to a place of concealment. The guest proved to be none other than Misawo's foster-brother, Riusuke. Amid her confusion, consequent on learning who the visitor was, and on being found by

* The "rod" is very sparingly used in Japan. All travellers speak in commendation of the kindly manner in which the Japanese treat their children.

† The suicidal mania crops up here, as in other parts of our tale, very unmistakably, and it might be inferred that human life is held very cheap in Japan. As far, however, as we have been able to ascertain, that inference is not justified by fact; and though, as we have seen, Buddhism has gradually been gaining the ascendant, still, thanks to the genius of the people, and to the virtue of the elder faith of the country, there is no such mocking indifference to be found as is met with in Buddhist Burmah, where a multitude will stand convulsed with laughter in presence of a falling edifice, which is about to bury hundreds beneath its ruins.

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him in her present position, she exclaimed, "Oh, I am dreadfully ashamed; but surely you will never let it be known that I have come to this!" Riusuke assured her that she need have no misgivings on that score. But, at any rate, her servitude was over now. He had paid her ransom to her master, and, in fact, had the "agreement" in his possession. Misawo was not to be moved from her determination. "The world," she said, "must know what the spirit is which belongs to a soldier's daughter. Full of longing all day to behold again the home of my youth, I must remain, in the body, *here*. You can say, 'I am sick; I am dead.' Only leave me in Naniwa." Wringing her hands, and sighing painfully, Misawo uttered these words. The foster-brother wept in return, and after other appeals to her heart, employed this one: "Listen to what your noble mother said to me: 'Being far advanced in years, I was minded to shave off my hair, and become a nun; but as Misawo is about to return, it is fortunate I did not follow my inclination; she would have been so saddened by my changed appearance. Bring her quickly to me. I rely wholly on you, Riusuke Sama.' Your father spoke in similar terms. How, then, can I possibly return without you? The disappointment might tempt him to take his own life, especially as your non-appearance would thwart his purpose in the matter of your betrothal, and cause his statement as to that betrothal having been effected to appear a falsehood. Your father has arranged that his daughter shall be given to a wealthy rice-merchant, who possesses 10,000 taels; but your mother knows nothing of this transaction, and (only for other reasons) counts the days on her fingers, wondering if to-day, or to-morrow, you will come back. Thus she waits. But here is a letter from herself."

Misawo took the letter from Riusuke, and looked wistfully at the address: "To the Maiden Misawo, from her mother." The sight of her mother's handwriting quite overcame her. She pressed the letter to her heart, and burst into tears. It seemed, too, as if her resolution not to return was shaken; for, after apparent mature consideration, she said to her foster-brother: "I shall go back to-morrow." Riusuke with joy heard the words. At daybreak the next morning the palanquin was to be ready, and, nothing doubting, he withdrew.

No sooner had the foster-brother left than Sakitsi came from his concealment, and, without loss of time, he and Misawo betook themselves to flight. As they passed through the pines which border the river, from the balcony of a neighbouring house were heard the following words of the monthly song:

"The world has departed,
To darkness departed,
Downwards to death.

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What is our life in this body?
It fades like the hoar-frost,
That melts from the field paths:
All is but dream upon dream,
Coming in sequence,
Swift as at dawn of the morning,
When the clock is striking 'seven,'
The seventh stroke falls on the ear,
Drowning the ring of the sixth."

Without comment on the words, which seemed to echo their own feelings, the faithful pair journeyed onwards. But, by the timely appearance of a lantern, they were saved from fruitless wandering, and discovered that they were still close to the "Flowery House" of Aunt Fanajo! Here there was no one at home, save our old small friend Kojosi, her father and mother having gone out to search for the fugitives. Retiring to an inner apartment, and drawing out a folding-screen after them, Sakitsi and Misawo began to prepare for departure from this world. Nevertheless, Misawo wept over the inevitable destiny before her; while Sakitsi, on seeing the "dog-chest" in the room, was reminded of his recent misfortune, and, in a paroxysm of despair, exclaimed: "With my fist I shall hurl this dog-chest into the realm of Buddha!" Suiting the action to the word, he overthrew the chest, when, behold, out rolled the packet containing the 100 taels! "Ei, ei," cried the astonished man, "here is my lost money; and having found it again, I do not now so much fear that your betrothal will involve our death. But read your mother's letter, and see what it says." "I lay it on my heart now, and shall read it in the next world," she replied. "*There*, should I find that it contains any reproach, the eye will be closed, and the syllables will melt into mist. I shall read, as though I read not (*vergebens*), and this world will have gone for ever."

However, she at last broke the seal, as if severing the bond between the daughter and her parents, and unfolded the letter. It was an unusually long one for her mother to write, and this was one of its more urgent sentences: "In the hope that you will have safely arrived, I mean to celebrate the 'festival of the dead.' Your father is now sixty years of age, and all his associates are invited. As soon as I have finished these lines, I shall begin to prepare the cakes."*

"If I am present at this feast," said Misawo, "it will be as a

* The remarkable festival in honour of the dead, at which, indeed, the departed are held to be present, is celebrated on the 15th day of the 7th month. The lanterns used on this occasion are meant to direct the invisible guests, while, at the close of the ceremonial, the rooms devoted to the entertainment are beaten with rods, and stones are promiscuously thrown about in order to drive away any spirit who may have lagged behind.

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spirit. O my loving father, O my never-to-be-forgotten mother!" Again she utterly broke down. Sakitsi, however, took the letter from her hand, and read as follows: "Further, Simanosuke, the son of Ugenda, to whom I betrothed you in your third year, has obtained the forgiveness of his offence—'shooting the arrow,' as our readers will remember—and if he should return, I shall certainly bring about his union with you. Meanwhile—"

"What!" abruptly exclaimed Sakitsi, "are you the daughter of Kadzumura Teidafu, and have never told me your name?" "But how do you know who my father is?" And while she was looking inquiringly at him, her uncle Tofei drew aside the screen and walked in! Tofei had followed them in their flight, had come home after them, had overheard their talk, and was in a very bad way indeed: Sakitsi, however, begged him not to take matters so much to heart, for, in fact, *all had ended well*—Sakitsi himself, the adopted son of the rice-merchant, having been the youth who incurred his lord's displeasure by firing the arrow, and being in very truth now the betrothed of Misawo!

On hearing this wonderful disclosure Misawo leapt for joy, and Tofei became quite another man. He, in his turn, had to tell how the 100 taels thrown at the dog fell into *his* boat;* and while he was, with delighted heart, recounting his share in the events of the evening, his wife and the foster-brother returned from their vain search, but only to be overjoyed on learning how the crooked had been made straight. A betrothal-song from the neighbouring balcony proclaimed the hope that happiness might reign through the lapse of ages; and ere long, Sakitsi, Misawo, and the foster-brother, reached Misawo's home, in which the rapture of the long-sundered was more than could be measured. Nay more, the great feudal lord shared in the gladness. He himself took care to give all possible *prestige* to the nuptials of the pair so true and so tried. Tofei and Wofana (another form of Fanajo) undertook the rice business in the place of Sakitsi; while all, distinguished by their filial piety, were blessed with both sons and daughters, and henceforward knew only happy days. Joyful! joyful!

Our readers can now judge for themselves as to the uprightness of the "figures" on the screens. By some of them it may be urged that the Japanese author does not reckon a tolerable amount of equivocation inconsistent with integrity. Others may think that appearances, at times, tell against the hero, and heroine too. But all may note, for we have omitted

* The reader will note that by means of this incident the passage in the *Picture Book* about the dog and the treasure had its complete fulfilment—concerning which passage Tofei in his narrative remarked: "The 'flowery house,' which was once so saddened by that bit of the story, will now bloom again!"

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only complementary sentences, and nothing that can fairly be called a "scene" or "situation," that there is no falsehood uttered with a sting in it, and that Misawo herself, the high-hearted daughter of a soldier, emerges from her servitude, in which she was surrounded by manifold temptations, with unsullied name and spotless honour. And here we may add that, in ascribing to an attendant in a house of public resort the self-respect and propriety of conduct which are exhibited in Misawo, the writer was not merely drawing a fancy picture. In Japan it is, we believe, wholly exceptional, if one finds an instance of departure *in wife or young woman* from the highest standard of womanly pure-mindedness. The "fallen" class among the Japanese may be called "unfortunate" with more truth than when the term is employed in England, inasmuch as they do not degrade themselves, but, while yet quite children, are actually sold for a given period to the landlords of the infamous tea-houses.* It would, consequently, have been a wholly unwarranted aspersion of the characters of the quiet, respectable young women who are to be found in the capacity of domestic servants in these taverns, had the author represented one of their number as being indeed *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*. Moreover, it is greatly to the credit of Riutei Tanefiko that, in the household, struggling with hunger, there is no whisper of making devil's money by means of Misawo's juvenile attendant; and it might almost seem that it was to ward off the very possibility of temptation coming through *that* channel that the niece sacrificed herself.

To ourselves, the most amusing characteristic of the tale is its silence: for the writer would, apparently, have us believe that a game of "hide and seek"—and his romance is very much such a game—may be played for years, but that, in the land of ubiquitous *espionage*, the chief hider cannot be found, and has to make himself known after hope of his discovery had quite died out. We trust the inquisitor-in-chief did not visit Mr. Riutei with very severe penalties for thus ignoring the function of his provincial subordinates.

After all, they are but "figures of this passing world," and not individual men and women, that are introduced to us here. In this assertion, we intend no special depreciation of the writer of this story. As yet, there are only classes of society in Japan.

* The existence of these tea-houses is the great moral blot in Japanese life. It would seem, moreover, that Government derives a revenue from the scandalous 'institution.' On the other hand, so curiously does the sense of justice operate, no stain attaches in after-life to the unhappy victims; but the landlords, who made merchandise by their degradation, are treated as the very offscourings of society. We have read that even tanners—the lowest class in the social scale—will refuse to bury their dead bodies!

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Individualism, with its endless shades of development, has yet to come. No doubt, as indicated above, we have the evidence of distinct personal endowment in men who betake themselves to different intellectual pursuits. But on the whole, in Japan, as elsewhere, despotism has effected a dead level of uniformity. When liberty comes, equality ceases; the dull formality of winter passes away into the freshness, beauty, and variousness of spring.

Where man is so "cribbed and cabined," that there is no scope left for the revelation of individual character, you will have instead the manifestation of strange caprice, as the translator Dr. Pfitzmaier found to his cost when preparing this volume for the public. Only a first-rate student would have undertaken the task. The editor must first of all be master of the Japanese Syllabarium, consisting of forty-seven distinct symbols. He must also be acquainted with the ideographic signs of the Chinese,* for these occur frequently in the tale. Then he must be prepared to find his way through Chinese words and expressions, written in the Japanese character, but changed in sound according to the peculiar Japanese pronunciation. Further, he must often be content to guess the meaning of a given word from the surrounding sense, instead of discovering additional sense from the word—pronouns standing indiscriminately for "I," "thou," or "he,"—there being no distinction of gender, number, or person amid the endless forms of the language. These qualifications Dr. Pfitzmaier possessed. To these conditions he submitted with the characteristic "Sitz-fleiss" (student-industry) of his country. But what perplexed him most of all was the caprice of the author's mode of writing Japanese—the simple forms of the Syllabarium being so varied as to necessitate the casting of upwards of four hundred separate types, in order to produce *fac-similes* of the cursive characters in the original. Dr. Pfitzmaier, with true modesty, makes mention of several of the foregoing difficulties in his preface.† He adds, ingenuously, that in some places he is still doubtful of the author's meaning, and has not quite succeeded in imitating, in particular instances, the characters of the block-printing,—for the Japanese as yet have no movable types; but as the volume stands, it at once is a testimony to the munificence of the Viennese government and to the indomitable perseverance and profound scholarship of the translator.

* These signs are familiar to all the literary Japanese, and moreover are used indifferently to represent either a Chinese or a Japanese vocable, just as the Arabic numerals serve equally well for "zwei" or "zehn," as for "two" or "ten."

† There are, we hope, at least a few English students who are looking forward with interest to the appearance of the long-promised second part of the Japanese *Chrestomathie*, as also to the publication of the Japanese Dictionary, on which Dr. Pfitzmaier has been engaged for years.

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Art. V.—MR. MAINE ON ANCIENT LAW.

Ancient Law; its Connection with the Early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas. By Henry Sumner Maine, Reader on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law at the Middle Temple, and formerly Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. London: John Murray, 1861.

The book before us requires some introduction. The lay public, unacquainted with the distinction of the author, and judging or prejudging by the title, might suppose it to belong to the class of unreadable books. Such persons we must inform that this is no product of an antiquarian Dryasdust. Readers will here find themselves in the hands of a master, who, writing with a purpose, knows how to deliver the nett result of his labours in a compact shape, and with the clear tone of authority. The style, too, is of marked literary worth; throughout perspicuous and strong, often brilliant, and, what is a still higher merit, always in strict subordination to the subject. The subject itself, Ancient Law, seems indeed remote; but it is brought home to us by being exhibited in its relation to ourselves, and in the light of an essentially human interest. It is old too, but for this reason perhaps all the more new. We venture to say that the contents of this book will appear a series of surprising discoveries; and as M. Jourdain was astonished to find that all his life long he had been speaking prose without knowing it, so readers of this book may learn, not without marvel, the strange and yet most significant fact, that much of their every-day language and many of their commonest and apparently most modern notions upon morals, politics, and even theology, owe their shape, and sometimes perhaps their existence, to ancient law.

Thus much from a purely exoteric point of view. It would be most unjust to suppose that this book aims at disseminating in a popular form a few points of desultory interest in jurisprudence: on the contrary, it is essentially a professional work. Its purpose, pursued methodically from the first page to the last, is a high and scientific one. Under the modest title of *Ancient Law*, the book seeks to apply, or rather to show the possibility of applying, to law the historic method of inquiry. By this term is of course meant neither the history nor the science of law properly so called, but the method which exhibits the interdependence of the two, by establishing the laws of jurisprudence in general upon a review of the whole past history of positive law. Now this method, though long familiar to philosophers, physical or

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metaphysical, has hitherto been neglected by jurists. Law has never yet been formally subjected to the historic method. There have indeed been chronological histories of Roman and other laws; analyses, more or less scientific, of isolated systems in the condition of their maturity; metaphysical disquisitions on the law of nature; and Bentham has pulled down and built up codes by the principle of utilitarianism. There have been also numerous attempts to account for the development of law by the theory of race; but as yet none to exhibit the history of every municipal code as the subject of universal laws. Indeed the opinion not long ago prevailed that such an idea is chimerical; that there are no fixed conditions of jurisprudence; that laws are the result of accident, or of the caprice of the legislators for the time being. Montesquieu was the first to enunciate the truth in the memorable opening sentence of his great work. But the *Esprit des Lois*, though a giant stride in the right direction, really, as Mr. Maine shows, left the work to be accomplished. The illustrious author, like so many of his followers, was led astray from considering the universal conditions of the normal development of law into a disquisition upon—what, after all, constitutes only its accidental modifications—the influence of race and climate.

There are some reasons why, since the days of Montesquieu, the application to law of the historical method has become more practicable. Not to speak of the progressive elaboration of the subject in isolated departments, there have been recently gained some most opportune acquisitions of legal materials. The discovery by Niebuhr of the *Commentaries of Gaius*, in the Chapter-house at Verona, has restored a missing link in the history of Roman law; modern philologists have by their labours rendered the laws of Menu at once accessible and intelligible to the jurist, and late investigations into the character of most ancient, yet still existing, Hindoo and Russian village communities have opened some precious glimpses into the most primitive of all legal institutions. Moreover, science, in its slow but sure advance, has now irrevocably, though as yet most imperfectly, established a jurisdiction over social phenomena in general, and therefore authorises an application of its methods of inquiry to the special department of jurisprudence. In some respects, indeed, law seems a peculiarly appropriate subject for the historic method. Law being written, every step, or at least every considerable step, is matter of record; the records themselves, being official, are proportionately exact; the materials, therefore, are not wanting, which is seldom the case with those who trace the unregistered and evanescent steps of society at large. So, too, from the natural aversion of men to confess a change, the letter

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of the law alters only slowly and deliberately; and its march shows but few oscillatory, still fewer retrograde, movements; and, in consequence, legal phenomena, as compared with general social phenomena, are less numerous, less complex, more decisive.

But how is the historic method to be applied to law? By the same process, we may say, as is now successfully establishing order in the science of philology. The various languages of the earth were long believed to have been *uno ictu* created and dispersed; they are now gathered into a historical pedigree which, for the matter of strictness, might pass muster at the Heralds' College, and arranged in a gradually ascending series of antiquity, every term of which is logically as well as historically connected with that which precedes and that which follows it; each tongue, each family of tongues, has a long history of its own, and these histories, whilst they explain the peculiarities of each language, no less exhibit, whether taken separately or compared together, the laws of language in general. Even so with jurisprudence. The application to it of the historic method cannot be ideally complete until Roman law, Hebrew law, Hindoo law, English law, and indeed every known system of law, whether ancient or modern, has from its earliest beginning to its latest phase been subjected to a rigid scientific and historical analysis; each of these systems again compared with the others, and finally all co-ordinated in the rank of their historical development, and exhibited as the various modifications of the laws of all laws. An appalling task this, certainly; one never, of course, to be perfectly accomplished, nor even approximately, except after the labour of generations. Let the reader who would form some conception of the necessary labour, recall the existing state of the one system with which he is probably best acquainted—our own English law.

It is at this juncture that Mr. Maine steps in. He does not indeed solve the problem,—he would be the first to confess that it remains to be solved,—but he shows how it may be solved. Mr. Maine's contribution to the application of the historic method consists chiefly in the suggestion of two notable devices, each of which must be mentioned at length. This first is his use of the Roman law as an instrument in examining all other systems. Just so the human body has, from its extreme perfection, been employed by physiologists as the instrument of general anatomy. The various systems of law are in Mr. Maine's eyes like different volumes written in the same cipher: he who has read one volume well, has in his possession the key to all. The most legible of the volumes is that of Roman law. A more admirable field for the application of the historic method cannot be found.

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Admirable for many reasons: obviously, in the first place, for the abundance and yet compactness of the legal materials. The materials of Roman law, even for the earliest stages, are not insufficient, and, as it approaches its climax, become complete. Besides general classical literature, especially some legal orations of Cicero, which yield valuable incidental information on contemporary law, and not to mention the later Latin compilers of what was to them antiquarian jurisprudence, we have surviving to us many legal records or parts of the law itself at almost every stage of its development. The Twelve Tables, reconstructed by a piecemeal process almost in their entirety, bring before us the national customs coæval with their promulgation, and point back to the still more ancient usages of patriarchal life; Paulus and Ulpian, the great jurists of the Empire, still speak for themselves, one in his *Sentences*, the other in his *Regulæ*; the *Commentaries of Gaius*, a most accurate work, throw light both backwards and forwards, and clearly exhibit to us the middle stage of Roman law under the Antonine dynasty, when the old civil law is in a state of rapid decomposition under the equitable jurisdiction of the prætor; the Theodosian code represents to us a still later era; whilst the final development of law stands for ever in the "eternal oracles" of Justinian, viz. his *Institutes*, or educational treatise, his *Code*, and the *Digests*, or scientific analysis of jurisprudence,—all summed up in the compass of a single volume, the *Corpus Juris*.

But doubtless the special appropriateness of Roman law for a scientific review according to the historic method lies on the one hand in its scientific character, and on the other in its world-wide history. It is the most scientific system of law mankind has yet witnessed. Early emancipated from aristocratic or priestly adulteration by being committed to writing and published in the light of day, it was from the first a tolerably correct exponent, not of the prejudices of a caste, but of the natural habits of the whole people; it was built up amongst a law-obeying, a law-giving nation, and written in a language, as it were by nature designed, and by skill marvellously improved, for legal purposes; it furnished for generations upon generations the one liberal profession to the educated classes, the one staple of intellectual industry to men of the greatest genius which Rome produced. These men came to their work, qualified by a long and careful training, and furnished at once with a spirit of the fondest reverence for existing institutions, and with an earnest philosophical yearning after ideal perfection: above all,—and this was the secret of their success,—they turned aside neither for vague philanthropies nor morbid moralities; they stooped neither to demagogue intrigues nor fugitive forensic triumphs, but marched

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straight on in the path of science, which sternly imposed upon them the most exact definition of terms, an undeviating enforcement of principles, and the creation of that which is the condition of all juristic excellence, a strictly technical phraseology. Science, then, and technicality were the characteristic of their labours, but their science was, as all true science is, only methodised common sense, and their technical phraseology, so far from hindering, proved the great instrument of the popularisation of law, inasmuch as it forced its way into the vernacular, and there to the last maintained itself with a classical purity, which, by the contact of barbarism, was in all other departments of the Latin language soon lost for ever. The result is, that the Roman law stands as the monument of the noble life of a people, which, starting with the most exclusive pride, both of caste and of nation, had for its high destiny to amalgamate under and with itself all the nations of the known world,—a destiny accomplished not more by its soldiers and its governors than by its lawyers, who on the one hand, accepting the painful conditions of progress, liberalised its institutions so as to keep pace with the enlargement of the borders of the empire, and, on the other, kept alive, as the central force of civilisation, the native stubbornness of the Roman race, but subdued it until it came forth the pure spirit of order. In the second place, observe the history of the Roman law. If we look at its internal development, we trace it through a series of successive phases. Step by step, arbitrary rules are superseded by principles; the complex ceremonial, once so mystic and so imperative, is decomposed into the simplest and most necessary forms, and the old exclusiveness melts before a growing liberality, until patrician and plebeian, Roman and foreigner, stand equal in the eyes of the law. Slowly does the body of pure law distil itself from the primitive commixture of law, religion, and morality. This law is in the beginning unwritten, then it is committed to writing, finally framed in a scientific digest; at first the letter of the law is every thing, the substance nothing; but in due time the prætor introduces his equity, and for a while the two systems subsist side by side, until, under the hands of Justinian, both are merged into a code. Again, let us look outward at the magnificent career Roman law has run in the world now for 2500 years: a career not yet ended. Its rise in the far-off ages, as a set of family customs among the patriarchal tents of wandering tribes, is indeed hidden from our eyes, though the fact is now indisputable; but we can trace its course from its infancy, when it was confined to a few nations in the south of Italy, to its maturity, when it was the common law of the civilised world; we watch it pass unscathed through numerous and violent revolutions of state, and

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hold its own under every species of government, the early monarchy, the aristocracy, the republic, and the empire; we see it coloured by the different religions of Paganism and Christianity, and thriving in the different climates of the Eastern and Western Empire; we follow it surviving the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, and by its amalgamation with barbarism producing the all-important phenomenon of feudalism; in modern times it becomes the basis of all Continental jurisprudence, and creates at a stroke the whole of international law and the law of war; and now in these last days, as with the strength of perpetual youth, it is transplanted with success to some of the newborn States of America.

It is, then, the great body of Roman law which, as furnishing, from its complete development, a type of the normal growth of jurisprudence, Mr. Maine has selected for the first application of the historic method, and the instrument of extending that method to other systems of law. And the book shows abundant evidence of his having made himself master of this his preliminary subject. Indeed it is not too much to say that Mr. Maine is a passionate disciple of the Roman jurists. But the book is, nevertheless, far from being a formal treatise on Roman law. It is only so far as it is a means of illustrating the subject of jurisprudence in general that Roman law is considered. All other available means for the same purpose are pressed into the service. Especially does the Comparative Method come into play as a valuable auxiliary to the Historic Method, whether as verifying its results or as suggesting new points of inquiry. The attempt, indeed, to determine the laws of jurisprudence from the exclusive observation of a single code would be as unsuccessful as were the labours of the physicists to establish the science of general anatomy, so long as they confined themselves to the study of the human frame alone. Accordingly, Mr. Maine has spared no pains to collect analogies, wherever they could be found, from other systems—from the code of Solon, from feudal usages, Russian and Scandinavian institutions, the Hindoo laws of Menu, and many other strange and curious quarters.

The other characteristic device which Mr. Maine employs in working the historical theory is to begin at the beginning—to begin with the most ancient law, as the simplest and most rudimentary form of all law. Here again he only follows the example of scientific men in other departments, as for instance in that of philology, where the most effectual mode has been to start from the most ancient language, and to trace from that the evolution of other languages. With this view, Mr. Maine penetrates so far as may be into the history of the most primitive societies, viz. of the patriarchal system of life. The patriarchal

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community presents itself to us as an aggregate, not of individuals, but of families. The family consists of the wife of the patriarch, his children (by which term is meant adopted as well as natural children, but not emancipated children), his slaves, and the property, chiefly flocks and herds. Over all stands the patriarch supreme; the members of his family he can at will marry, divorce, sell, and even kill,—over the property, by whomever gained, he is absolute lord. Still, and this is the important point, it is family property; the patriarch holds it subject to corresponding obligations; out of it he is bound to supply the wants of all, to make good the delicts of all. At his death the eldest son reigns in his stead. The same rights and obligations are continued. The ancient family, like a modern corporation, never dies.

This ancient family, then, must be our starting-point, for here Law arises. Whilst the family remains an undivided whole, all rights are determined within its precincts by the family-canon of status; as the family becomes disintegrated, the individual comes into prominence, and his rights are gradually evolved, to be determined less and less by status, and more and more by direct legislation, and above all by contract.

Having now indicated the scientific import of the book, and the two special means adopted by Mr. Maine to facilitate the application of the historic method, it remains for us briefly to state some of the principal results at which he has arrived. His subject naturally divides itself into two parts, according as the historic method is applied to law in general or to isolated legal ideas. Of the ten chapters in the book, the first three trace the successive stages through which all law must necessarily pass, and define the respective appropriate mechanisms by which the passage from each stage is necessarily effected; the last six chapters select as examples of the historic method certain important subjects, viz. Wills, Property, Contract, Delict and Crime; whilst the fourth is devoted to a consideration of the theory which is in antagonism to this method, the theory of a Law Natural.

With regard to the history of law in general, we have seen that the earliest law was family law, the will of the patriarch in the domestic forum. But what was the first municipal law? The answer is to be found in the progress from a family into a community. The community, we said, was an aggregate of families; but it was also itself a family—a family descended, or supposed to have descended, from a common ancestor, for the political bond of "local contiguity" was to the ancient mind a thing inconceivable. This being so, it would not be surprising to find that the *régime* of the two bodies, the family and the community, is similar, that the latter as well as the former is presided

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over by a patriarch. And this is indeed the fact. If we consult Homer (and we can have no surer guide), the most ancient political government is that of heroic kingship, where the monarch is *father* of his people, at once ruler, priest, and judge. His will is law; there is no written law, no customary law, only isolated arbitrary judgments: Homer never mentions the word *νόμος*. But here the universal elementary belief which attributes every thing to immediate divine agency naturally finds place; so Homer calls these judgments *θεμίστες*, or God-inspired counsels. On each occasion the Deity whispers into the ear of the judge, and prompts the decision for the particular case. This, then, is the primitive stage of law. But in course of time this belief in a special Providence yields before actual experience, whilst on the other hand some regard begins to be paid to the more fixed habits of the people; hero-kings too have in the mean time been displaced by aristocracies, either military or sacerdotal, and these assume the custody and administration of the law. These judges are not, like the heroes, specially inspired, but, theology passing away into a metaphysical fiction, are believed to be the inheritors of a mysterious gift of knowing all law, or else to be the exponents of some perfect divine code, never delivered to vulgar ears. The law itself is no longer arbitrary. Still it is not yet written. It is customary law. This is the second stage. The third is a democratic step; the sense of positive law has arisen, writing has been invented, the aristocratical supremacy is questioned: will not publicity be a guarantee against abuse? At all events, will not laws be kept more safely on written tablets than by the fickle memory of a few? Accordingly, law is committed to writing, and becomes a code, and so reaches its third stage.

But law when once written thereby becomes fixed; and all early nations are averse to change, especially in their law, which is still invested with a mysterious sacredness. How, then, shall written law expand itself to meet the ever-new wants of a growing society? Mr. Maine points out three agencies, each of which has an appointed time for its operation. These agencies are Fiction, Equity, and Legislation. "It is not difficult," he says, "to understand why fictions in all their forms are particularly congenial to the infancy of society. They satisfy the desire of improvement, which is not quite wanting, at the same time that they do not offend the superstitious disrelish for change, which is always present." But by fiction is meant something much more than the ordinary acceptation of the term. Legal fiction is taken to signify "any assumption which conceals, or affects to conceal, the fact that a rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining unchanged, its operation being modified." Two signal

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instances are selected, not of individual fictions, but, if the phrase may be allowed, of wholesale fictions. These are the *Responsa Prudentûm* of the Romans, and our own English judge-made law. It was by principles drawn from these answers of the learned (the answers given by distinguished Roman lawyers in the course of their private practice to their clients, and preserved and published by their pupils), that in early Roman times the prætor shaped his judgments, and thereby modified that civil law which he professed to execute in all its purity. Not, however, that these answers were binding as precedents; no more indeed were any previous official judgments of the court; they carried weight only so far as they seemed in conformity with right principle. We could hardly understand how such private opinions could be held of so great importance, did we not know that each opinion consisted, not so much of the piece of practical advice given to the particular client, as a string of supposititious cases, invented *ad libitum* by the counsel with a view to illustrate the principle which should determine the actual case.

The operation of case-law upon our English system rests upon a precisely similar fiction. Our judges in theory administer the law, and nothing but the law; but in practice it is far otherwise. Before the case has been decided, it is assumed that the judgment is to be found somewhere in the existing body of law; directly after, we admit that the judgment has modified the law. The function, then, of 'Reported Decisions' and of the 'Answers of the Learned' is the same in the two systems. But the contrast is instructive. The Roman law, in drawing its doctrines from principle, not from authority, secured an equal uniformity of decisions with that found in the English system, which holds binding every precedent, whether right or wrong; but the former, whilst it had the full benefit of the past wisdom, was not hampered by the previous mistakes of its administrators.

The second instrumentality is that of Equity. This is an advance upon fiction, for the interference with the law is now avowed, but it is not yet Legislation. Equity derives its sanction, not from the decree of the legislature, but from its intrinsic paramount authority. It is supposed to contain principles superior to all positive law; it is in fact an unseen spiritual power affecting the mind of the judge. The history of the Roman equity or *jus honorarium* is most interesting; how it rose in the necessity of the Roman prætor to adjudicate upon disputes in which foreigners were parties; how his reluctance to impart to the profane stranger the privileges of the Roman citizen in the sacred civil law, and his equal reluctance to condescend to employ the law of the foreigner, resulted in a compromise, by which the law applied was neither purely Roman nor purely foreign, but a mixture of

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the two, being in fact the principles actually common both to Rome and the other Italian tribes, and therefore called *jus gentium;* how this *jus gentium* necessarily consisted in each legal transaction of what was the substance, *minus* the peculiar forms characteristic to each nation; how at first it neither had, nor was supposed to have, any particular value; how then in due time the Greek doctrine of nature made its way to Rome, became an article of faith to the Stoics, and was by them applied to law; how, in consequence, the prætors henceforth saw in the *jus gentium* the relics of "the lost code of nature," which it was their first duty to restore, and which could be restored only by developing in law the great characteristics of nature, viz. simplicity, symmetry, universality; how straightway the *jus gentium* caught a new principle of growth, and, from being a despised practice, boldly took its place as a system of equity by the side of the old civil law, and rose to a still more sacred eminence; how, as soon as it received this sanction of nature, the stiff Roman citizen recognised its practical superiority over his own old cumbrous ceremonial; how the equitable changes were embodied in the edict, or the prætor's programme for his year of office; how at first the edict varied from year to year according to the "measure of the foot" of the particular prætor; then became *continuous*, each prætor in turn adopting in their entirety the improvements of all his predecessors, and adding only slight changes of his own; finally became *perpetual*, its shape and substance being fixed by statute; how henceforth the elaboration of equity passes from the prætor to the jurisconsults, and consists, not in the edict alone, but in commentaries upon the edict.

In comparing the *jus honorarium* of the Romans with our own English equity, the analogy is obvious. Like the prætor, our chancellor claims for his equity a sanction superior to the common law; like him, his great object is to give redress to those aggrieved by the common law; and lastly, like him, he is restrained in his innovations only by the public opinion of the whole profession. The points of difference are also salient. The sanction claimed by our equity is more essentially of a moral description; our equity comes not from a contemplation of nature, that is, of abstract judicial principles, but from moral considerations of fairness and good faith. As it has been said, the chancellor is the keeper of the king's conscience. Whether this modern spirit of morality makes as good law as the old scientific spirit of the Roman prætor is very doubtful. A spirit which strains after justice in the particular case only, possesses no constructive power of law, and, as the example of the canonists too well shows, is apt to breed injudicious exceptions to what should be indefeasible rule. Mr. Maine notices another important

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contrast. At Rome, the *jus honorarium* and the *jus civile* were in each cause administered together, at one and the same time, and by one and the same officer, the prætor; the Romans, therefore, escaped the scandal, too familiar to ourselves, of a conflict of jurisdictions.

The third instrumentality of legal expansion is legislation. The work of adjusting law to the wants of society is no longer a disguised or piecemeal process, but open and methodical; a work not of the judge but of the lawgiver, a work resting not upon a moral sanction, but upon external authority. It is, too, the final agency of improvement, precisely because its capacity is infinite. Wherever law is to operate, legislation can never become an unsuitable means of determining it. The commencement of this era in the Roman system is signalised by the splendid reforms of Justinian, who consolidated the *jus honorarium* and the *jus civile* into a single code. It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Maine has omitted—that which he is so qualified to perform, and to which he is known to have paid his attention—to particularise the method and the spirit in which this great work of Roman codification was accomplished, and by means of the results to exhibit the necessities and destiny of our own law. He contents himself with pointing out that equity, like fiction, has its limits; that these limits were reached, at Rome at the accession of Justinian,—in our English system, when the woolsack was occupied by Lord Eldon, whose highest praise is that he consolidated the equitable improvements of his predecessors, and whose gravest shortcoming is that he was blind to the necessity of doing more.

We now proceed to the second part of the volume. Before applying the historical theory to elucidate particular subjects of law, Mr. Maine is led to deal with the opposite theory of a law of nature. It is unnecessary, indeed, to expose the theory of "natural law" in the sense in which it is ordinarily used, as furnishing us with the historical origin of law. For this is, indeed, a fancy absolutely unverified, and contradicted at every turn by facts, of which we shall by and by see some notable examples. That there is some fixed relation between the moral condition of human nature in each of its different stages and the law there recognised as binding, Mr. Maine would not, we suppose, deny. But as an historical aid, the theory of a law of nature, elaborated in one age as an account of the primitive institutions of a quite different age, has been simply misleading. It is important to observe the consequences which the theory has produced. Its effect on Roman law we have already noticed. Its modern influence, though of a different kind, has been no less prodigious. In politics, under the hand of Rousseau, it led to the theory of

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the social compact and to the French revolution. In all systems of law, it has yielded a delusive popular explanation of almost every juristic problem. But undoubtedly its greatest product is that of modern international law. The work of Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, had hardly been published before it became a code binding all Europe. This marvellous phenomenon raises many questions. How was it that Europe accepted at once an entire system? and accepted it at the hands of Grotius? Grotius was no prophet, not even a legislator, only a plain private jurist. Again, how was it that this system is in substance a mere transcript of Roman law? and this private Roman law? The Romans, as conquerors of the world, had no international law. "Martial law," the Duke of Wellington once said,—"martial law is the will of the commander-in-chief." Lastly, if the system was really international law, how came it that it had never been recognised before? The answer, Mr. Maine suggests, lies in the acceptance of two general assumptions of the old Roman jurists, made practicable by the actual historical position of Europe. The first assumption was that the law of nature exists always wherever the absence of positive law leaves a *vacuum;* therefore, as Europe had no positive international law in existence, the law of nature was international law. The second assumption is that the law of nature is constituted by the *jus gentium* of the Romans. These assumptions were made more credible by the ambiguity of the term *jus gentium*, which really meant the municipal law of each nation, but was interpreted to mean public international law. But for these theories, according to their own principles, Europe would not have been ripe before the time of Grotius. For the first condition of a return to a law of nature we saw was that there should be in existence no positive law. Now there had been positive international law until the pope, the arbiter of Europe, had been displaced by the Reformation; there had also in theory been positive international law, so long as the emperors claimed the old Cæsarean prerogative of universal dominion. But this prerogative had been superseded by the principle of territorial sovereignity absolute within its own limits—a principle which placed the different European sovereigns in the position, one to another, of private Roman proprietors on adjoining lands. The result was, that recommending itself to nations shocked by the license of the thirty years' war, the private law of the Romans was erected *in toto* and at once into the international law of Europe. As such it has since maintained itself, but as yet it is only in the second stage of its development; it is at present merely customary law. Any state, unless where specially restrained by treaty, might repudiate it without incurring any criminal responsibility. As a whole, too, it still rests upon the quicksand of the old metaphysical fictions, and in part—

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especially the rules of acquiring territorial dominion—it is utterly unreasonable. Surely, then, the time must come when the international code will be reconstructed, with the positive sanction of legislation, by the formal consent of the whole European family.

The history of Wills forms an admirable illustration of the value of the historic method. It explodes all the vain theories of metaphysicians. Those who have gravely argued that the testamentary power is a primitive institution of the law of nature, or a right inherent to every man, may learn that succession *ex intestato* came long first in the order of time, that a will was originally not an individual but a family privilege, and above all was a late invention which the world owes entirely to the Roman jurists. Again, history reverses all modern popular notions of a will. Who, for instance, would have thought otherwise than that a will must, from the necessary conditions of the case, be secret, be revocable, and be without effect till the death of the testator? Who would dream that the objects of a will had ever been other than to confer a benefit upon the devisee, or to enable the testator, regardless of the claims of his next of kin, to determine by personal choice the object of his own bounty? Yet all these ideas vanish before the touch of history. The first succession was a universal succession *ex intestato* from the patriarch to his eldest son, and consisted of all included in the *patria potestas* of the patriarch, viz. his wife, his younger sons, his slaves, his property, his debts, his obligations to maintain his family; in short, it was simply a device to continue the *familia*. Long afterwards came the will; and the first will was a public, immediate, and irrevocable conveyance *inter vivos* of the whole of a man's property, debts and obligations included; and it was intended, not for the disinherison of the children, but, on the contrary, as a provision against the evil consequences of intestacy, to enable a father either to secure a share in his inheritance to his emancipated sons and married daughters,—who, though his nearest and dearest relations, would, as not being members of his legal family, have been excluded by the civil law of intestate succession,—or else, in the case where his debts exceeded his property, to throw the *damnosa hæreditas* off from his own family upon his slaves, who, as some compensation, thereby received their liberty. The steps by which this ancient will passed into the modern will, such as we know it, are of the highest interest; we beg to refer the reader to the book itself, where they will be found traced with regular continuity.

The next subject selected is that of Property, its kinds, and the methods of its alienation. Property, we saw, in earliest times, belonged not to individuals but to families. The first step towards the establishment of individual rights was on the death of the patriarch for his *familia* to pass not to the eldest son, but

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to all the children; these took the succession as a single person, and then by a subsequent process divided the property equally, and each set up a *familia* for himself. The next step was to allow the son during the life of the father to keep for himself property acquired by himself; but this privilege at first applied only to spoils won in war,—not until the lapse of centuries did it extend completely to the fruits of industry. Again, property belonging to families, it was natural that alienation should be rare, and when it took place should be, like an international act, surrounded by ceremonial, at once as a means of authentication and as a guarantee of a proper solemnity. But as individual rights multiply within the circle, and property is divided amongst private owners, these ceremonials of alienation prove seriously inconvenient. How avoid them? Various devices were thus invented, the chief of which was classification. The Hindoos distinguish between property inherited—which is family property, and inalienable—and property acquired, which is put at the free disposal of the individual owner. The Romans, again, adopted the exhaustive division of *res mancipi* and *nec mancipi*. The former originally comprised all property, viz. land, slaves, cattle, and agricultural instruments, the only property once known, and passed only by the solemn form of mancipation. The *res nec mancipi* were in theory not property at all, being originally mere chattels not worthy of consideration, and, as such, they were allowed to pass by simple transfer. But as this classification was never altered, the list of *res mancipi* remained fixed, whilst the other list continually expanded, and the result was, that every newly-created kind of property, however valuable, was held *res nec mancipi*, and, therefore, was capable of the more convenient method of alienation. The analogy of this distinction and of our own between real and personal property is very obvious. It is unfortunate that our distinction remains, whereas the Romans, centuries ago, merged theirs into the only rational distinction—that which is recognised in every state of Europe except England—the distinction between movables and immovables, and applied to each class the simplest method of transfer. But besides classification, the Romans also had other devices to facilitate transfer of property. By *usucapio*, the foundation and still the superior type of our modern law of prescription, the defects of an irregular mancipation were cured by mere lapse of time; by *cessio in jure*, a fictitious legal proceeding exactly analogous to our collusive recovery, was invented a novel method of alienation in court; and lastly, just as in England, possessory remedies were granted of so effective a character, as not only to give full redress to *bonâ fide* possessors with a bad title, but also to be adopted by legal owners in preference to their own cumbersome proprietary remedies.

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The ninth chapter deals with Contract. The idea of contract is a part of our legal inheritance, upon which we enter as a matter of course, ungrateful, almost unconscious of the obligation we owe to our predecessors. We see how contract determines the infinite number of every-day rights which lie far beyond the reach of legislation, and imagine it, therefore, the universal possession of all societies. Yet history, if consulted, shows that rights were once determined, not by contract, but by family status; and that contract, as we know it in Europe, is the fruit of the slow growth of Roman jurisprudence. Once there were no contracts, properly so called, only agreements *immediately* followed by mutual conveyance: the transitional step is a transaction where one party conveys, the other only agrees to convey; the final result is an executory contract on both sides. This is no fanciful explanation, as the history of Roman contracts will show. We shall be helped in our investigation by a preliminary analysis of the idea of Roman contract. It consisted, as Mr. Maine puts it, of two parts, a pact and an obligation. The pact is the mental agreement of the two parties. By itself it is called *nudum pactum*, and is in no way binding. The obligation is the *vinculum juris*, which establishes the mutual legal relation between the parties. But the obligation is a legal one, and the vendor is by Roman law as much under an obligation to receive the money as the purchaser to pay it. The word, therefore, has, in modern usage, lost half its meaning, and the other half is used indiscriminately in a legal and a moral sense. Turning to history, we shall find the function of the *obligatio* from first to last the same, whilst the form passes through regular changes, gradually attenuating itself even to the vanishing point. The most ancient contract cannot either in name or form be distinguished from a mere conveyance; it was a *mancipatio per æs et libram*, in the presence of witnesses, with solemn words and more solemn ceremonies. Out of this are one by one evolved the four later Roman contracts, *Verbis, Litteris, Re, Consensu*,—a classification unintelligible except by reference to their chronological order. The first step of simplification is the contract *Verbis:* the obligation of the ceremonies is dispensed with, it is sufficiently constituted by the solemn form of words or stipulation, by means of question and answer, *e.g. Spondesne dare? Spondeo.* Next in order comes the contract *Litteris;* formal words are waived, the *obligatio* is created by a register of the pact in the account-books of the parties. This is succeeded by the contract *Re*, where performance by one of the parties of itself raises an *obligatio* against the other. Here for the first time the moral duty is recognised, forbidding a contractor to take advantage of informality so as to reap the benefit without bearing the burden. Lastly come contracts *Consensu*, where mutual con-

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sent alone is allowed to superinduce the *obligatio*. But mark how sparingly this license is applied: at first only to the four most common contracts, which most need to be simple in form; then to pacts made for good consideration, or pacts ancillary to previously-made contracts, but to these pacts only; finally, to all pacts. But even then mere pacts could be pleaded only by way of defence to an action. It was very late before a pact, *i.e.* an executory contract, became the subject of specific performance.

Space alone forbids us to follow Mr. Maine in his investigations upon the prodigious effect which the contract law of the Romans has had, outside its own precincts, upon history in general, upon moral philosophy, theology, and politics.

The last chapter of the book deals with the early history of Delicts and Crimes as exhibited by Roman law. Its chief point of interest is that, in the most ancient times, there was no criminal law, properly so called. Offences against the state, confined to acts of treason or sacrilege, were punished as they arose by individual legislative enactments—*privilegia*. The penal code, however voluminous, was but the law of torts or private wrongs administered by the state officer in the capacity of a private arbitrator. Criminal law was not possible, until first civilisation, and then more rapidly the Church, established the moral sense that private crimes are an injury to society at large. A permanent criminal jurisdiction was a very late Roman institution; and to the last the Romans never attempted a classification of crimes.

The above is a most imperfect analysis of Mr. Maine's work. To the general reader we can only say the book will be attractive as a fresh exemplification of the historic method. That method will be found, in law as well as elsewhere, to possess not only a scientific value as fixing our ideas and discomfiting many a long-cherished fallacy, but the unspeakable charm of bringing out the true romantic colours of history, and of awakening in us a sense of our deep obligations to the past. From a professional point of view, Mr. Maine's book seems to convey exactly the sort of general knowledge—the knowledge of principles—which is a proper introduction to a study of the details of any particular system; as such, therefore, we hope it may be adopted as an educational treatise at our universities and inns of court; and for the same reason we rejoice to think it is the work of one who is an ex-Regius Professor at Cambridge, and Reader of Jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. This book will not only recall the student's attention to the Roman Law, so unaccountably omitted from the programme of our classical education, but, as he serves his dreary apprenticeship in chambers, will cheer him by revealing the true interest and intellectual dignity of his profession,—the interest and dignity of science; it will impress upon him the necessity of a technical training, if ever, as

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barrister, he is effectually to handle the higher questions of the law; it may, perhaps, even inspire him to educate himself to be, what is higher than either advocate or practitioner, a jurist. It is a work which directs the labours of future generations: as such it must lead to great results.

Art. VI.—MEMOIRS OF MRS. PIOZZI.

Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. Longmans, 1861.

Mrs. Thrale is one of the women about whose memory there hangs an odour of romance. Our imagination is captivated by the thought of a lively young lady who carried contested elections for her husband, piqued the jealousy of Boswell, and made life almost endurable to the great Johnson. Most readers of Johnson's life care little about her after she sank into the insignificance of a singing-master's wife, and feel still less inclined to ask how she came by her brewer and her mansion at Streatham. Mr. Hayward has come forward to stimulate and gratify curiosity as to the beginning and the ending of the career of Johnson's Hetty. We are now permitted to know how the lively Miss Hester Salusbury was married to the richest of her acquaintance, in spite of a reciprocal indifference bordering on dislike, and how in later life she boldly stuck up for her Piozzi, buried him decently, adopted his nephew, and signalised the twelve years of her second widowhood by writing some of the most disagreeable letters in the English language. Mr. Hayward, although too sensible to be a violent partisan, has sufficient affection for the task he has chosen to hint that Mrs. Thrale has been misunderstood and misjudged, and that now she will be, for the first time, respected as she deserves. It is probable that the collectors of literary anecdotes will find in these volumes some additions to their store of knowledge, and some hints for correcting mistakes. Ordinary readers will be glad to be reminded of the happy days when Johnson took his ease at Streatham; and every one will receive with pleasure one or two real contributions to our knowledge of Johnson, and will thank Mr. Hayward for having illustrated the liveliest part of the volumes by lively notes. But we cannot think that the impression of Mrs. Thrale which her memoirs are calculated to produce is a favourable one, or that her character, fortunes, and writings deserve to be disinterred with so much pomp. We knew all that was best of her already, and in her later letters and private

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memoirs she appears simply as a cleverish woman, with a most disagreeable turn of mind, with some good and noble feeling, but eaten up with conceit, and full of a pert garrulity that might as well have been shrouded in oblivion at this time of day, however naturally it may once have sat on a Tory, an heiress, and a blue-stocking.

In her old age she wrote a memoir of her youth, which gives us, in a confused way, such a picture of her early days as gratified her spleen and vanity. Her father, Mr. Salusbury of Bach y Graig, had married his cousin, Miss Salusbury Cotton, and Hester was their only child. She had the disadvantages of an unsettled home and of being thought an infant prodigy. Her father was continually in debt and difficulty, and was at last got out of the way to Nova Scotia. Different relations supported the mother and her little child, and they found at last the most agreeable home at the seat of a younger brother of Mr. Salusbury, who had married an heiress. So pleasant was this home, that the father was invited to join them, which he did, and the two families went on with tolerable happiness until, the heiress having died, the uncle resolved to marry again, and the news of his intention shocked Hester's father so severely, that he died within a few hours of hearing it. Ten months after his death, Hester was married to Mr. Thrale. She had already shown herself in every way precocious. She delighted in contributing poems at the early age of thirteen to the *St. James's Chronicle*, and she carried on a Platonic flirtation with a Dr. Collier, who was a sort of tutor to her, and whose correspondence she tells us absolutely ceased after she was once married.

Mr. Thrale had met her uncle in London, who was charmed with the handsome and accomplished young brewer, and brought him down to the country as a highly suitable husband for Hester. Mr. Thrale acquiesced in the arrangement, though he did not ever profess to feel the slightest regard for the young lady, and, according to her account, had not thought it worth while to pass five minutes alone with her before his wedding-day. She had a fortune of 10,000*l.*, and a prospect of inheriting her father's Welsh estate after her mother's death. She had lively though strong features, and she could write the poetry that clever girls write. But these were not very overpowering attractions to a wealthy and gay young man, and she herself wondered why Mr. Thrale should have married her. After she was his wife she discovered the mystery. Mr. Thrale was determined to stick to the business by which his father had made his fortune, and thought that, if he was not to be above his trade, he and his wife must live at Southwark; but he asked in vain the fine ladies whom he first fancied to share this unfashionable home, and Miss Salusbury was the first person among those to whom his attention was

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turned whose friends had no objection to her living at the brewery. She herself could not possibly object beforehand, for she had no notion where Mr. Thrale lived. As a bride she had a very dreary time, as Mr. Thrale treated her with contempt, and made no secret of the preference he bestowed on others. But gradually her position in his family grew better. She became the mother of the children who were to inherit his wealth. She extricated him by her courage and skill from one or two most dangerous embarrassments. She ministered to his ambition by carrying contested elections in his favour. She made his house famous by the circle which her wit and her assiduous hospitality gathered together. It was impossible that in the later days of their married life Mr. Thrale should utterly despise her or pass her over. But he never loved her, and she never ceased to fear and distrust him; and when, after a union of eighteen years, he died in the prime of life, she felt apparently little pain, except that attendant on the suddenness of the shock and on the pecuniary and family difficulties in which his death involved her.

It is from Dr. Johnson that she derives her celebrity. A number of circumstances have contributed to make the minutest details of Johnson's life interesting to later generations, and no part of his life was so happy as that when he made Streatham his home. An importance is attached to the events in which Johnson and his friends are mixed up, far beyond that conceded to the history of any other man, except perhaps Pope. Accident has had much to do with this. The sayings and doings of Johnson are entertaining in themselves, and Boswell is, after his sort, a jewel of a biographer. But the life of Walter Scott is quite as interesting in itself as the life of Johnson, and Lockhart has written it as well as it could have been written. But no one thinks of discussing the details of Walter Scott's history as the incidents of Johnson's life are discussed. A chief reason is, that in the days of Johnson society was small and compact. What was done and said was known to and interested a definite number of individuals to a degree quite unknown since society has become larger and more mixed. Critics could wrangle over little facts, and debate them as matters of the highest concern to all the world, when the same people were continually meeting, and when larger events attracted less attention and occurred at rarer intervals. The kind of criticism thus commenced was handed down through a series of illustrious artists until it at once culminated and ceased in Mr. Croker and Lord Macaulay. When, however, the life of Johnson has to be referred to, the old kind of criticism once more asserts its importance, and these Memoirs of Mrs. Thrale may probably be used as contributing materials to determine some of the vexed points that have hitherto divided different schools. Even

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now, however, obscurity still hangs over the great and apparently inscrutable mystery whether Johnson first went to Streatham in 1764 or 1765, and whether, when Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale the verses on her attaining the age of thirty-five she was not really thirty-six. On the other hand, the controversy whether on one particular occasion there were hot larks for supper at Streatham may be held to be finally disposed of. Mrs. Thrale distinctly says that she never had any hot suppers at all; and the word of the mistress of the house must be accepted on a point so immediately within her own cognisance.

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Thrale shed a gleam of happiness over Johnson's latter days which far excelled all the pleasure that he derived from any other worldly source. She suited him in every way; and that she suited him is very much to her credit. She counted the cost of having so very disagreeable a guest constantly in her house, and she not only bore with him, but petted and reverenced him, because she delighted in the play of intellect which he elicited, and because she had sense enough to honour the sterling virtues of his character. She treated him with consummate tact. In the first place, she fed him so well and so carefully; gave him so often the roast pork and stuffed veal-pie of his affections, let him eat such boundless stores of fruit, allowed so readily his excuse for appearing late at breakfast, that "he did not like coming down to vacuity," and was so willing to sit up talking with him half the night, that the old man for the first time in his life had every comfort that his soul longed for provided in the greatest abundance. She was also sufficiently nice-looking to please him, for he had a great fancy for pretty women; and Mrs. Thrale, though her features were too masculine for beauty, had a lively expression and an arch manner. He also watched with merited approbation the domestic virtues she displayed. He saw her attentive to her children, devoted to her mother, indulgent to her husband, and able to meet the trials of a life of vicissitudes with the greatest courage and firmness. But greater than all her other attractions was the charm of her talk. She had always an answer ready, and could talk on any subject. She could quote the classics, and knew English literature, even to the naughty plays of the Restoration dramatists. She welcomed his compliments, and took his scoldings patiently. She made her table cheerful and her guests merry, and cheerfulness was of all boons the greatest and the most welcome to the moody and melancholy sage.

Johnson owned his obligations fully. He spoke of Mrs. Thrale as he spoke of no one else. He praised her to her face and he praised her behind her back. He thought of her wher-

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ever he went, and his Latin ode to her honour, written in Skye, only expresses his ordinary feelings. He would not let Boswell allude to her in any way that the most delicate sensibility could hold injurious to her; and Boswell, although he hated Mrs. Thrale with all the petty jealousy of his ignoble soul, was too honest a biographer to suppress any of Johnson's tributes to her merits. On one occasion he records that he told Johnson while they were travelling together in the Highlands that he had been meditating writing a humorous epistle, describing a person catering in the market for Johnson's dinner. "He laughed, and asked in whose name I would write it. I said, in Mrs. Thrale's. He was angry. 'Sir, if you have any sense of decency or delicacy, you won't do that.' *Boswell.* 'Then let it be in Cole's, the landlord of the Mitre Tavern, where we have often sat together.' *Johnson.* 'Ay, that may do.'" Mrs. Thrale might well be proud of awakening such a feeling in such a man. He also showed his high opinion of her by drawing her character as Floretta in the fairy tale of "The Fountain," which was contributed to a volume of miscellanies together with Mrs. Thrale's spirited poem, "The Three Warnings." He even deigned to accept her aid in translating Boethius. The affectionate title of "my mistress," which he habitually accorded her, expressed not only the sincere attachment to her which he felt, but also the respect he paid to her attainments and ability.

Among the pleasures which Johnson derived from his acquaintance with the Thrales, none, perhaps, was greater than the pleasure of travelling with them. In 1774 they all went to Wales, in order that Mrs. Thrale might visit her Denbighshire estate, and in 1775 they went to France. Johnson's diary of his Welsh travels, which was unknown to Boswell, contains many amusing and characteristic entries. He tells us that at Bach y Graig, her ancestral seat, he found "an old house built in an uncommon and incommodious form. My mistress chatted about tiring, but I prevailed on her to go to the top. The floors have been stolen: the windows are stopped: the house was smaller than I deemed to expect." In chronicling the events of a subsequent day, he says, "We then set out to see a cascade. I trudged unwillingly, and was not sorry to find it dry." Mrs. Piozzi informs us that he teased the lady of the house about her dry cascade till she was ready to cry. "The party went to Dymerchion church, where Mrs. Thrale's father lay buried. The old clerk had great appearance of joy, and foolishly said that he was now willing to die. He had only a crown given him by my mistress." Johnson, as usual, was capricious, and according to his humour was rude to the last degree, or showed that he could be, what he always considered himself, a remark-

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ably polite man. Mrs. Thrale tried to make amends for his rudeness when his incivility to her Welsh friends was too glaring, and Johnson blamed her for it. "Madam," he said, "let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise?" "Why, I'll tell you, sir," said Mrs. Thrale; "when I am with you and Mr. Thrale and my daughter, I am obliged to be civil for four." And the Welsh tour ought not to be mentioned without recording that an incident in its course gave rise subsequently to a remark of Johnson's which is much to Mrs. Thrale's credit. "I have known my mistress fifteen years, and never saw her fairly out of humour but on Chester Wall." It was maternal anxiety that led her to brave the anger of her friend. "Dr. Johnson," she says, "would keep Miss Thrale beyond her hour of going to bed, and made her walk on the Wall, where, from the want of light, I apprehended some accident to her or to him." Not, however, that she was insensible to the nuisances which having so strange a fellow-traveller involves. "Dr. Johnson," she says, "was almost as deaf as he was blind, and travelling with him was therefore tiresome enough." All Johnson wanted to do was to go posting on for ever from one inn to another. He scorned all fear of accident, and once, when the lives of all were in the most serious danger from the horses running away, and Mr. Thrale at great risk leapt out, Johnson laughed it off, in describing the scene, by saying, "Nothing came of it, except that Mr. Thrale leaped out of the carriage into a chalk-pit, and then came up again, looking as white." A blind and deaf man, very rude to one's friends, and insensible to obvious danger, is a trial to the nerves and temper of any traveller; and it speaks well for both Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, that they put up with the nuisance out of the love and honour they bore to their wise and witty companion.

In 1778 Mrs. Thrale received a visit from a lady whose history is much mixed up with hers, who was for some years her intimate friend, and who ought to be compared with her, if we wish to do justice to Mrs. Thrale, and not to do more than justice. Miss Burney was in the first flush of the fame of *Evelina* when she was invited to Streatham. She was enchanted with her hostess, and highly flattered by the attention which she received from every one, and not least from Dr. Johnson. Her entries in her diary teem, therefore, with fervent expressions of admiration for Mrs. Thrale, and of rapturous delight in the house, the dinners, and the accommodation. There is no reason to doubt that she was really pleased, and that she, in a great degree, meant what she said; and her praises of Mrs. Thrale

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must be accepted as showing that Mrs. Thrale seemed to her one of the most charming, excellent, and witty women she had ever met with. But Miss Burney also contributes in another way to raise our opinion of Mrs. Thrale. Miss Burney was, we think, about the most odious woman that the eighteenth century turned out—vain, shallow, egotistic, and exhibiting every possible kind of bad taste. She had Mrs. Thrale's faults, but she had them in an exaggerated degree. Disagreeable as are Mrs. Thrale's private memoirs, bitter, conceited, and affected as are her letters, they are still modest, kindly, and natural, beside the outpourings of Madame d'Arblay. The similarity that exists between them may show that their faults were in some measure owing to the exceptional position held in those days by a witty woman of letters. But it must be allowed that the effect produced on Miss Burney was ten times worse than that produced on her friend. At the same time, the history and the writings of Madame d'Arblay necessarily diminish the value we should naturally set on the good opinion of Johnson. "Little Burney" was pronounced by him to be an angel and a goddess as well as "my mistress." The ladies, in fact, showed their best side to the sage, whom they were anxious to please, and who allowed himself to be easily captivated by the attentions of two clever female flatterers. This does not lessen our opinion of his wisdom; for a sage is not less a sage because he likes one of the most delightful things a man can have to cheer the sombre path of declining years—the respectful and humble overtures of women who admire him and are admired by others. But it makes us take the praises Johnson lavished in return only for what they are worth.

Mrs. Thrale's life at Streatham was by no means all sunshine. Her horizon was overcast with black clouds, both by the erratic fancies and the unbusiness-like follies of her husband. Strange to say, her chief rival in her husband's graces was a young lady who had succeeded her in the position of favourite pupil of her Platonic old lover and master, Dr. Collier. Miss Sophia Streatfield had taken possession of Dr. Collier after Miss Salusbury had abandoned him for matrimony, and the Doctor was tended by his new pupil with the most affectionate assiduity, and he died in her arms. The charming "S. S.," as she was called, captivated Mr. Thrale with her lovely Greek face, and her sweet and reserved manners. He could not bear to be apart from her, and Mrs. Thrale received her as a frequent guest. Nothing could exceed the devotion which Mr. Thrale bestowed on her, and, oddly enough, he seems to have been even more taken with her character than her person. It was because she was so good that he adored her. Mrs. Thrale ex-

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pressed herself convinced that Miss Streatfield was above all suspicion of indiscretion, and that the worst she could be accused of was a slight feeling of gratification in mortifying her friend. Mrs. Thrale was even angry at the respect paid by Mr. Thrale to his charmer's purity; and exclaimed that if her husband could but know that "S. S." was only a woman, he would not treat her as a divinity. Mr. Thrale made no secret of his devotion, and once when he awoke from a most dangerous illness to an unhoped-for consciousness, he lay for five days without speaking to his wife; but no sooner was Sophy's voice heard than the patient sat up in bed, conversed with her without hesitation, and said with a complimentary smile, while kissing her hand, that the visit she had made him repaid all his sufferings. Although Mrs. Thrale did not pretend to love her husband very ardently, she yet felt a womanly resentment at so undisguised a preference for another. On one occasion her feelings were too much for her. Her husband asked her, at a large dinner-party at her own house, to change places with Sophy, who might be injured by sitting near the door. Mrs. Thrale burst into tears, and left the room, and when after dinner Johnson and Burke joined her upstairs, she gave them what she calls a *jobation* for the blandness and composure with which they had witnessed the outrage. She even told the venerated author of *Rasselas* that elsewhere his anger would have known no bounds, but that towards a man who gave good dinners he was meekness itself. Johnson coloured, but said nothing. In fact it is difficult to conceive any satisfactory remark which the wisest of men could have confidently offered to a woman under such circumstances.

Mr. Thrale's business embarrassments showed his wife in her best light. It was her energy, courage, and decision that saved him from ruin. As a young man he had been bred above his business, and had been early thrown, with unlimited means, into the best society. But when the brewery became his own, he took a sudden interest in the source of his wealth, and, as Mrs. Thrale tells us, married her because she was the only gentlewoman he could find who would live in Southwark. But he was a weak man with a very unsettled brain, and he became the prey of a charlatan, who offered to show him how to brew beer without malt and hops. He built the most expensive machinery, and incurred heavy liability, besides using up all his capital in order to carry out this wild project. The beer sent out was bad, and the customers of the firm revolted. Ruin stared them in the face, but Mrs. Thrale was equal to the emergency. She used her mother's savings, and she went down, although in an advanced stage of pregnancy, to Brighton to

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borrow of an old friend. She succeeded in getting the loan, and Mr. Perkins, the head-clerk, was never tired of repeating the laconic note she sent her husband: "I have done my errand, and you shall soon see returned whole, as I hope, your heavy but faithful messenger. H. L. T." She even went round to the customers and made an appeal to them for a further trial. A letter from her to Perkins has been preserved, in which she says, "Careless of the 'Blue Posts' has turned refractory, and applied to Hoare's people, who have sent him in their beer. I called on him to-day, however, and, by dint of an unwearied solicitation (for I kept him at the coach-side a full half-hour), I got his order for six butts more as the final trial." Johnson took the most lively interest in her troubles, and wrote letters which cheered her spirits, even if they did not render her any very practical assistance. "Surely there is something to be saved," he writes; "there is to be saved whatever is the difference between vigilance and neglect, between parsimony and profusion." Any how the brewery was preserved, and in the next nine years not only had a liability of 150,000*l.* been paid off, but Mr. Thrale had lived in luxury, and had contested at least one election in Southwark. Nor was Mrs. Thrale less useful at an election than in business. She visited every hole and corner in Southwark to canvass her husband's constituents. Sometimes Johnson accompanied her, and on one occasion when a rough fellow, a hatter by trade, observed that the sage's hat was very bad, and exclaimed, "Ah, Master Johnson, this is no time to be theatrical about hats." "No, no, sir," the Doctor replied, "hats are of no use now, as you say, except to throw up in the air and huzzah with."

Mr. Thrale acknowledged his wife's services, but, with all the meanness of a weak mind, he could not forgive her for being so necessary to him. He even expressed a jealousy of the interference of Johnson, and the Doctor was obliged to entreat Mrs. Thrale to explain to him that there was no concert between his wife and her friend. Miss Burney remarked the first day she saw him that he did not look happy, and thought that in all probability he was too rich to be lively. With weak health, an irritable temper, a penchant for his vestal "S. S.," and a wife to whom, as he confessed very reluctantly, he owed his preservation from ruin, he wore away the latter days of his life in a state of unhappiness, physical and moral, that, if known, might have pointed one of the morals and adorned one of the tales that are devised by well-to-do people as consolations for the poor. His end came suddenly, although his intimate friends were aware that his malady was hopeless. They had taken a house in Grosvenor Square in the spring of 1781, and Mr. Thrale

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without consulting his wife, sent out invitations for a grand concert on the 5th of April. He had himself charged Piozzi with the care of the musical part of the entertainment, and had engaged the Parsees, a set of Orientals who were shown at all the gay houses. "Mr. Thrale at dinner entreated a guest to write to his brother, a prebendary of Worcester, to send up the first lampreys caught in the Severn." He was urged in vain to leave London. "What," he exclaimed to his doctors, "leave London—lose my Ranelagh season!" Within a few hours, the Parsees and the lampreys and the Ranelagh season were gone for him for ever, and early on the morning of the day when this concert was to be given, his widow was on her way to Streatham.

Letters and messages of condolence poured in upon her, and Johnson said all that could be said in the way of counsel or consolation. The necessity of attending to business soon recalled her to communion with her friends. She had to arrange the worldly affairs of her husband, and to sell the brewery, which had hitherto nursed her in the lap of luxury. Thrale had in death conferred on Johnson a greater kindness than any he had bestowed on him in life. He had made him one of his executors, and Johnson was thoroughly happy in the new office. His vanity was tickled with the strange delight of signing drafts for thousands of pounds, and he worked up his language to a height worthy of the occasion. "We are not here," he said, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Mrs. Thrale, with her usual indefatigable energy, attended the sale, and had arranged beforehand that, if all went off well, she would wave her handkerchief out of the coach when she returned to Streatham. Miss Burney was waiting for her, and at six o'clock the coach appeared in sight, and a white handkerchief was waved from it. Barclay the quaker had purchased the brewery for 135,000*l.*

Her intimacy with Johnson soon began to decline. There was no sudden break, and Boswell's insinuation that he was driven away from Streatham is disproved by his immediately joining Mrs. Thrale at Brighton, and by his afterwards staying with her in Argyll Street. But they were less together, and were rather less cordial when they met. Circumstances had changed. Mrs. Thrale found the house at Streatham too expensive, and determined to let it, and the Southwark house had gone with the brewery. She had, therefore, no longer the same large house to invite him to; and Johnson was a man whose company must have been much more delightful in a large and full house than in a small and empty one. She herself says that she had felt, even at Streatham, the irksomeness of having

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to entertain a man whose habits were so peculiar and whose manners were so trying; and that the improvement in Johnson's health rendered it unnecessary that he should any longer live out of London. There is nothing to reproach her with in this. What was bearable at Streatham might not have been bearable elsewhere, and, as she did bear with Johnson for fifteen or sixteen years at Streatham, she may be excused if she has left a record of all that bearing with him really involved.

But, at the same time, another cause was contributing to the alienation of Johnson and his dear "mistress." Mrs. Thrale was yielding to her unfortunate infatuation for Piozzi, and conceiving a passion by gratifying which she entirely altered the course of her life. She struggled hard against it, but was overcome, and a separation which she had agreed to, cost her such intense pain and grief as to endanger her life. In 1780 Miss Burney recommended Piozzi to her as "a man likely to lighten the burden of life to her." This can only have meant that his singing would charm her; but at first Piozzi did not produce much impression on Mrs. Thrale, for "she stood behind him while he was singing, mimicking his gestures." One day she happened to be at Brighton, and seeing Piozzi on the cliff, asked him whether he would like to give her eldest daughter lessons in Italian. This was declined, but an acquaintance sprang up, and Mrs. Thrale took such a fancy to him, and liked his pianoforte playing so much, that he was constantly at their house. Mr. Piozzi is described by Miss Seward—an impartial judge—as "a handsome man in middle life, with gentle, pleasing, unaffected manners, and with very eminent skill in his profession;" and if he had not been an Italian music-master, there would have been no wonder in Mrs. Thrale listening to his love, which a year or two after her husband's death began to be declared with apparent sincerity on his side, and was listened to willingly, though with apprehension, on hers. It does not seem that Piozzi married her for her money, as when she had parted from him, as she thought for ever, she was 1,000*l.* in his debt. The strong opposition of her friends, and the vehement dislike of her daughters to the match, persuaded her that it was not to be thought of, and a storm of newspaper epigrams on the fortune-hunter and the rich widow cowed even her strong and courageous mind. Piozzi was abroad, but her health gave way, and her daughters connived at his recall as a measure on which her life depended. She was married to him on the 28th July, 1784.

She wrote to tell Johnson that she was on the eve of marriage, and Johnson immediately replied in language of the most earnest expostulation. "If I interpret your letter right," he says, "you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let

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us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I, who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you,—I, who long thought you the first of womankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you." Mrs. Thrale (for she was still Mrs. Thrale) replied temperately and sensibly. She would not allow that she was disgracing herself, and she declared that her fame was "as unsullied as snow." She would not hear of Johnson's coming to her on a visit that must be useless, and she resolutely bade him farewell; and thus terminated a friendship which, in her own words, had never been infringed by one harsh expression on her part during twenty years of familiar talk. Johnson replied in a letter full of dignity and sorrow, and "breathed out one sigh more of tenderness," perhaps useless, but at least sincere. He gave her the excellent practical advice to live in England and not in Italy, and concluded with the following touching passage: "When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irremeable stream that separated the two kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and, with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection, pressed her to return. The Queen went forward, and the parallel reaches thus far; may it go no further. The tears start in my eyes."

That a lady of good family and station should marry an Italian musician, was looked on a hundred years ago very much as the marriage of a lady in a similar position with her footman would be looked on now. This may have been very absurd, and it may have been especially absurd in the case of Piozzi. He was the son of a Lombard gentleman, and his family considered that it was he who had made the *mésalliance*, because his wife's first husband had been a brewer. All these matters are purely conventional; and perhaps singers are now respected in England for the same reason that has long lent dignity to brewers. They have shown that their trade can make them rich. Johnson may have too readily indulged his anger, and refused to do his "mistress" justice. Mrs. Piozzi was happy in her second marriage, and lived for twenty years in comfort and peace with her musician. But still the event proved that she had to pay the penalties of braving society. She had four daughters just arriving at the most critical epoch of their lives, and she had to separate from them. A woman with four fatherless daughters

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who chooses to marry a second husband so placed, however undeservedly, as to make it impossible she should direct or guide them any more, incurs a very considerable responsibility. Happily the eldest daughter, though never very cordial with her mother, was a girl of uncommon resolution and self-possession. She went to live quietly at Brighton, and there studied Hebrew and mathematics under the *chaperonage* of an old female servant. Some years afterwards she married Lord Keith, and she cannot be said to have lost much by her separation from her mother. But a mother ought not to reckon on a girl of twenty shutting herself up at Brighton to read Hebrew; and if Miss Thrale had been less discreet, her mother could not have escaped self-reproach. Mrs. Piozzi also suffered very seriously by the hostility with which she was encountered. Her natural bitterness was largely increased, and her readiness to suspect and believe evil was fostered by having to vindicate her choice against the comments she knew or guessed were being made on her. Mr. Hayward has conclusively shown that Lord Macaulay's eloquent description of Johnson's expulsion from Streatham, and of the vulgarity of Piozzi, and of the circumstances heaped together to show the folly of the marriage, is in the highest degree exaggerated; but it is impossible that her union with Piozzi can be proved to have been a wise one. All that can be said is, that she was desperately in love, that she did no moral wrong in marrying, and that Piozzi was in a better position in his own country and of a higher character than English people generally give him credit for.

Immediately after their marriage the newly-wedded couple went to Italy. There they were received with great applause both by Italians and also by some of the English. Mrs. Piozzi herself says that the path for her subsequent return to England was opened for her by the attentions she and her husband received from Cardinal Prince d'Orini. British indignation and virtue began to mistrust themselves when a live prince took the other side. Although they wisely economised so much that Mrs. Piozzi found herself free from all embarrassment when she got back, yet a little went a long way in the Italy of those days, and their wealth probably contributed considerably to the friendliness of Piozzi's countrymen. Much of their time was spent in Milan, where Mrs. Piozzi distinguished herself by the learned arguments with which she encountered the attempts of the Catholic ecclesiastics to effect her conversion. At Florence she wrote her Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, a book which was so eagerly received by the English public that the whole of the first edition was sold on the day of publication. At length, in the spring of 1787, with a full purse, with the voice of Conti-

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nental grandees pronounced in her favour, and with an established literary reputation, Mrs. Piozzi landed at Dover, and resolved to see how she and her husband would be received in the society that had exiled them. As she expresses it, a reaction had set in. "Numberless cards were left at our hotel, and on the 22d of May we opened with a concert and a supper." Society seems to have made up its mind to hear Mrs. Piozzi's music and to eat her good things. But her daughters were less compliable, and it was not till nearly two years had elapsed that Miss Thrale proposed a reconciliation, through a mutual friend. The mother and daughter met, but in a very distant way, and intimacy was never more renewed. In the course of time, however, both Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi got tired of London and Streatham, and, we may guess, of the ambiguous position they occupied. Some friends advised Piozzi to go down to Wales, and see whether he could make up his mind to live on his wife's estate. He took the expedition, and pronounced not only that he was satisfied, but that he intended to build an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwyd. This intention he executed; and during the remainder of his life he and his wife lived at the new villa, which, with a fantastic combination of Welsh and Italian words, was called Brynbella.

There Piozzi passed the remainder of his life, until gout carried him off in 1809. All who knew him in Wales, as Mr. Hayward tells us, agree in describing him as a worthy, good sort of man, obliging, inoffensive, kind to the poor, principally remarkable for his devotion to music, and utterly unable to his dying day to familiarise himself with the English language or manners. Moore tells a story of his calling to inquire after the health of an old lady, and being told by the servant that she was "indifferent," "Tell her," said Piozzi, in a huff, "that I can be as indifferent as she," and walked away. His chief occupation was playing the violin, and a tradition still lingers in the district that his ghost may be heard fiddling in one of the rooms at Brynbella. His wife nursed him, as Dr. Burney has testified, with the greatest tenderness and affection, and wrote and talked him up in every way she could. She even insisted that Brynbella, a house with what Mr. Hayward terms an "unprepossessing exterior," and designed by Piozzi, was a great architectural triumph. When he died, it was found that he had added little to his professional savings during his union with Mrs. Thrale, and he left her his villa and some other property. He does not appear to have been guided by a love for money when he married her, nor to have taken advantage of her kindness subsequently. Whether a life of unlimited fiddling in a Welsh villa can in any sense be called a prize, will, of course, be differ-

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ently determined according to different tastes; but, at any rate, it cannot be called so splendid a prize as to subject its possessor to the necessary imputation of sordid motives in acquiring it.

Mrs. Piozzi extended her benefits to Piozzi even beyond his death. His brother had been driven from his home during the troubles that followed the French invasion of Italy; and as one of his boys had been christened Salusbury in honour of Mrs. Piozzi, the child was sent for to England, and brought up at Brynbella. Ultimately she selected this child as her heir, and made him add the surname of Salusbury to that of Piozzi. For five years after Piozzi's death she lived at Brynbella, and then resigned it to this nephew, whom she had the satisfaction of seeing knighted and married before she died. After she left Brynbella, she resided principally at Bath and Clifton, with occasional visits to Streatham. Clever as she was in great emergencies of business, she was careless of money, and, unless guided by some good economist like Piozzi, always encumbered with debts. Her outlay at Streatham, and the sacrifices she made to promote the comfort of her heir, plunged her into considerable difficulties, and the letters of the last years of her life are full of complaints of narrow means. But neither age nor sorrow dimmed her mind; and Moore, who went to see her in 1819, tells us that at eighty she had all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman. On the 20th of January 1820 she celebrated her eightieth birthday by giving a ball to six hundred people at Bath, and danced, as an eye-witness remarked, "with astonishing elasticity and dignity." So far was she from feeling fatigued by the exertion, that the next day she amused her friends with sallies of wit and with jokes on the "Offices" of "Tully," the confectioner who supplied the supper. She died in May 1820.

Unfortunately she contrived to make herself ridiculous even in extreme old age. When near eighty, she took a fancy to an actor named Conway; and it is impossible to avoid observing that she took up her new favourite much in the same way in which she had befriended Piozzi, and applied to both the same language of exaggerated fondness. Conway appears to have had little to recommend him for the stage but a fine person; and although he played the first parts with Miss O'Neil, he attracted little favourable attention from any one except Mrs. Piozzi. She was so assiduous in her attentions, and made so much of him, that it was currently reported in Wales that she wanted to marry him. She let him know how strongly she felt for him, and was always ready to console and assist him. On one occasion he underwent a disappointment in love, and Mrs. Piozzi sent him a letter of good advice and encouragement,

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which has been preserved; and if grandiloquent platitudes could ease a wounded heart, Conway ought to have been soothed into tranquillity. "Let me request of you," she writes, "to love yourself, and to reflect on the necessity of not dwelling upon any particular subject too long or too intensely. Suffer your dear noble self to be in some measure benefited by the talents which are left for use;" and so on. Nor did she hesitate to express to third parties what she felt. In 1809 we find her writing to Sir James Fellowes, "Kind Conway has promised me a proof mezzotinto of his likeness, in the character of Jaffier, by Harlowe." She even took the trouble to adapt a translation of an epigram of Martial so as to gibbet a rival actor, who, as she represents,

> "Swelling with envy, views his personal graces,
> When girls point handsome Conway as he passes."

Fortunately Conway was too honourable a man to requite her kindness by sponging on her or by laughing at her. He had even the delicacy to return to her executors an order for a hundred pounds which she had given him. Seven years after she died, he committed suicide by throwing himself from a ship on his way to America; and some of Mrs. Piozzi's letters, which are said to have reached America, were published after her death, and were there called Love-Letters, but appear to have been very harmless. It cannot be called improper for a woman of eighty to say, even to a handsome young man, on paper and in capital letters, "Exalt thy low dejected heart." It was not that there was any thing to blame in Mrs. Piozzi, but she made herself ridiculous. A love of patronising was deeply seated in her character, and when she had once found an object, she abandoned herself without reserve to the pleasure of petting the favourite of the hour. "Dear Conway" was the successor of "dear Piozzi." Unfortunately "dear Thrale" does not figure in the series, for the only predecessor of dear Piozzi was "dear Dr. Collier."

The larger portion of Mr. Hayward's second volume is taken up with a collection of letters which Mrs. Piozzi addressed in the closing years of her life to Sir James Fellowes. These letters produce a disagreeable impression, as they are full of forced wit and of an audacious egotism; but undoubtedly they show that the writer had a happy fund of language and much knowledge of men and books. Miss Burney, in recording the death of Mrs. Piozzi, has drawn a comparison between her and Madame de Staël. That both were good talkers, and had masculine features, is certainly true: but otherwise it is absurd to compare the two. Madame de Staël was a woman with a high

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range of thought and a large share of originality. Mrs. Piozzi in her happiest moments could do no more than turn off an epigram or tell a story in verse. She always lived in the region of commonplace, and although she had a quick perception of the meaning of words, a ready memory, and a turn for making the best of herself, she was on a very low level as compared with Madame de Staël. She did not even know what she could do; and in 1801 she published a book with a title that alone was enough to condemn it, and to show the defects of the mind of its authoress: it was called *Retrospection; or, a Review of the most striking and important Characters, Situations, and their Consequences, which the last eighteen hundred years have presented to the view of Mankind.* It was in two volumes quarto, and contained upwards of a thousand pages. Whether the world really grows wiser and better may be doubtful, but there are some changes for the better which we cannot deny; and we may be thankful that at least such a book is impossible now, and that our literary ladies do not explain their views on general history in bulky quartos.

Mrs. Piozzi is not a woman, as it seems to us, who merits much posthumous blame or praise. Mr. Hayward does his best to show that she has been unjustly depreciated. Certainly the libellous epigrams that were made at the time of her second marriage were very unfair both in her case and her husband's; and there are parts in her history, such as her behaviour during Mr. Thrale's troubles, which must be admired by every one. All those also who did not quarrel with her spoke highly of her, and she attached men to her whose attachment is itself a commendation. But she had very considerable faults; and it so happens that the more we read of her own compositions, the more this unpleasantness reveals itself. As long as she is Johnson's Hetty, the kind hostess, the leader in conversation, the petted antagonist and profound admirer of Johnson, she comes before us in her best aspect. But her memoirs, her anecdotes, and her letters, show that she had defects which marred her usefulness in life, and repel us now that she is as completely gone as any of those whose portraits at Streatham she has given us in verse. She is, in short, one of those persons of whom we like to read, but whom we do not care to remember.

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Art. VII.—PRUSSIA AND THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

La Prusse en 1860. Par Edmond About. Jeffs.

Very shortly after his accession, the present King of Prussia summoned his generals round him. He told them that he had succeeded to the throne "at a moment pregnant with dangers, and with the perspective of struggles in which he might stand in need of their devotion. . . . . Let us not deceive ourselves. If I do not succeed in averting the struggle, it must be a struggle in which we must conquer, if we do not wish to be annihilated." There was no doubt, at the time these words were uttered, and there is no doubt now, as to whom they referred. Every one knew that they pointed to the Emperor of the French. We may wonder at their explicitness, but we cannot wonder at the distrust which they freely express. Prussia and her kings have no great reason to love the dynasty now ruling France. "The Bourbons and the Bonapartes are natural enemies," said the ex-King of the Two Sicilies the other day. The Hohenzollerns and the Bonapartes are natural enemies, might be said as truly. If in France itself, in Spain, and in Naples, the descendants of Hugh Capet were disseized of their territories and crowns, to make way for the vassals of Napoleon I., the nephew of Frederick the Great had scarcely less ignominious humiliations to resent from the same quarter. He was deceived and despoiled. Drawn away, in the hope of territorial aggrandisement and supremacy in Germany, from the alliance of kings into a partnership, galling to royal susceptibilities, with a *parvenu* and adventurer, Prussia found herself in a few years plundered of her territory, and reduced not merely to political nullity, but to the most abject dependence on France. Instead of becoming the sovereign of Northern Germany, she was in the course of a few years reduced from a first-rate to a third-rate power, deprived of more than half her possessions, and of more than six millions of her subjects. Smarting under the sense of defeat, as well as under that of loss, obliged to submit to the coarse insults which spared neither misfortune nor sex, Frederick William III., after the defeat of Jena had been consummated in the treaty of Tilsit, occupied a position far more intolerable than that of a dethroned king. He was the mere puppet of a more powerful sovereign, obliged, like a feudal vassal, to afford him aids in war of men and money. The semblance of power simply irritated the sense of impotency. The

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Prussian people, who do not always share the sentiments of their monarchs, shared their hatred of Napoleon and the French people. The unrestrained animosity and savage Vandalism in which this feeling found expression, during the occupation of Paris by the Allied troops, is well known.

Half a century of pacific relations has done little to efface their hatred. When war broke out in 1859 between Austria and France, the statesmen of Prussia had difficulty in checking the unmeasured hostility of the Prussian court and army. This dislike and distrust are not altogether due to the bitter memories of the past. A circumspect regard to future contingencies justifies them. The policy of the present Emperor of the French, however subtly pursued, has nothing original in it. It is in all essential particulars the exact reproduction of that followed by the founder of his line. A campaign in Italy laid the foundation of the dictatorship exercised by Napoleon I. over Europe, and transferred the limits of France to the other side of the Alps. The detachment of Prussia from Germany, which, in pamphlets and personal interviews, has been recommended by the present Emperor, led, more than half a century ago, to the overthrow of the German nationality, the foundation of the Confederacy of the Rhine under French protection, and the degradation of Prussia herself to a position inferior in material resources, and morally far lower, than that from which the genius of the first Frederick William and the second Frederick had raised her. The grounds of former conquest and of natural boundaries, on which Sardinia has been deprived of Savoy and Nice, would apply with equal if not greater strength to the seizure, by force or fraud, of that undying object of French desire the left bank of the Rhine. Taking these things, and some others of a similar character, into account, it is not surprising that the present King of Prussia should see in the events of the last two years the commencement of enterprises such as those which, towards the close of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth centuries, set Europe in a blaze. Napoleon I., like Napoleon III., attacked Austria by way of Italy, and by sowing, as Napoleon III. appears to have tried to sow, dissension between it and Prussia.

The effect of the policy which the Emperor of the French has hitherto pursued has been to draw into closer union the two rival powers of Germany, to put a period to their jealousies and counter-intrigues, to suppress, if not to extinguish, their mutual hostilities, to defer, if not to reconcile, their internal dissensions. Its author has thus unwittingly played into the hands of English policy. Our ablest diplomatists have always seen in the existence of a strong and united Germany the only

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effectual barrier in the way of the two aggressive empires of Europe—France and Russia. The scheme of European conquest, and of divided empire, which the first Napoleon proposed to Alexander I., represents the permanent ambition and desires of both countries. The accident of a mild and humane sovereign in either may interrupt, but cannot permanently dispel, them. A league which should give France *carte blanche* in the west and Russia in the east of Europe, which should begin by allowing the former empire the Rhine, and the latter the Danubian principalities, is no inconceivable thing.

The fluttering of the German dovecotes occasioned by the interview of the present Napoleon and Alexander at Stuttgart, in September 1857, shows that this fear is still a living fear. The exaggerated apprehensions which this meeting, probably one of curiosity or courtesy only, occasioned, found expression in the wildest speculations, and the most ingenious historical parallels based on the interviews half a century earlier between another Napoleon and another Alexander at Tilsit and Erfurth.

The fear of such a league and understanding, which only a great power occupying the plains of central Europe could effectually defeat, has made English statesmen anxious always to cultivate the friendship and strengthen the resources of Austria. With this view, they have always striven to induce Prussia to draw closer the bonds which unite it with the House of Hapsburg. The revulsion felt by England towards the domestic policy pursued by the Court of Vienna has not been able to shake the conviction felt here of the necessity of her existence and strength to the peace of Europe and the world.

Lord John Russell gave distinct utterance to this feeling in the debate of the 7th of March last. "Austria," he emphatically pronounced, "is a great, regular, and conservative power in the middle of Europe, that tends to preserve many of the political and social advantages which Europe enjoys;" adding, that it was his wish, "as it should be that of every Englishman, that Austria may so reconcile the various parts of her monarchy as to satisfy the wishes of her subjects, and maintain the place of a great power in Europe."

To the same conviction we must refer the course pursued by Lord Palmerston during the Hungarian revolution; his passiveness when a word of recognition might have saved the historic rights and liberties of Hungary is only intelligible on this hypothesis.

Austria was supposed to be necessary to the European balance of power; and Austria, stripped of Hungary, would not, it was imagined, be sufficient for that end. The result

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shows this idea to have been a mistake; the Austrian monarchy was weakened, not strengthened, by its unjust usurpation and conquest. The question then supposed to have been settled in its favour, whether it would live or die, again presents itself. Its dissolution and disappearance from the map of Europe seem at least as likely as its revival and consolidation into one strong empire. Granted, however, a strong Austria, it could be of little avail in the interests of the balance of power, unless associated with a strong Prussia. A divided Germany, so far from being a barrier against aggression on the part of France or of Russia, would be a positive invitation to, and provocative of, it. For this reason England has always striven to reduce the dualism of these two states, and to bring them to some good understanding.

M. de Ségur truly stated the fact, and the motive of it, in the French Corps Législatif, a few days since, during the debate on the Address. "England," he said, "wishes to surround us with great states, and to unify and Germanise. England is every where hostile to the policy of France," which is, to divide and weaken, to sow dissensions, and to profit by them.

The system of constitutional government on which, since the publication of the Rescript of October, Austria has entered, with whatever of sincerity may be supposed to spring from the conviction that her only chance of life lies in that direction, diminishes the objections which many Englishmen feel towards the Austrian alliance, and makes her less reluctant than they otherwise would be to urge on the more liberal German powers a policy of coöperation and joint action. Unhappily this policy is more easily recommended by spectators than acted upon by the principals to it. Two great powers, each with an ambition of its own, with great differences of intellectual and moral culture, with traditions, aspirations, and interests not altogether coinciding, must, in the absence of a common danger, almost of necessity be rivals. Each is anxious for ascendency in Germany, and to that end is on the look-out to steal a march whenever it can upon the other, and to thwart every design formed and neutralise every advantage gained by its competitor. The history of Prussia, from the time when she ceased to be a minor German state, subject, like the other minor German states, to imperial influences, is the history of contest by war and diplomacy, by force and intrigue, with Austria. The reign of Frederick the Great commenced with the attack upon the possessions of Maria Theresa. The two Silesian and the Seven-Years Wars, and the league known as the Fürstenbund, were its leading events. The royal panic which the outbreak of the first French Revolution occasioned did indeed drive the successor of

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Frederick and the successor of Maria Theresa into brief union. The bait, however, of increase of territory and influence in Germany, at the expense of Austria, soon seduced the Prussian monarch into alliance with France—to his own ruin. It was not till goaded by tyrannous exactions, and insolence beyond what she could bear, that Prussia again joined with Austria and the other allied powers to throw off the yoke which, weighing heavily on Europe, weighed most heavily on her. The ever-renewed misunderstanding between the two German powers came to a head in the events of the two years from 1847 to 1849. The presence of what Frederick William and Francis Joseph deemed to be a common danger—the fierce democracy which they could not sway—alone made them patch up their differences in the Olmütz Conference of 1850. Baron von Manteuffel did not conceal the nature and motives of this *rapprochement* when he announced to the Prussian Chambers that their King, having to choose between revolution and war with Austria, or peace and alliance with it, had elected for the latter. The Emperor of Austria's visit to Berlin, two years later, confirmed the King of Prussia in his Austrianising and reactionary policy. This was inevitable. The close alliance of a constitutional and a despotic state, except for merely external purposes, is impossible. Common principles of government only can give a basis of mutual understanding and coöperation. Austria was, therefore, wise in her generation in the policy which she has up to a recent date pursued both in Italy and in Germany. Resolved herself to concede nothing to liberal principles of government, she had acted upon a political necessity in her treaties, binding the sovereigns of Italy to introduce no reforms in their governments without her consent asked and obtained; in violating and treading under foot the immemorial liberties of Hungary; in forcing upon the Germanic Confederation the Articles of 1832, which rendered it obligatory on the German sovereigns "to reject all propositions of the states which are contrary to the fundamental principle, that all sovereign power emanates from the prince;" which pronounced the stoppage of supplies in order to attain reforms or redress of grievances to be sedition against which the Confederation might act; "and which forbade all legislation inconsistent with the object of the federation or the discharge of federal duties, and announced that such laws (as *e. g.* the laws of Baden, which established liberty of the press) might be abolished by the Diet." We say this course of Austria was, from her point of view, a political necessity. Liberty in any member of a confederation, or in any province of an empire, is dangerous to servitude in the other members and provinces. There must be a *solidarité*, or mutual insurance of despotism, if

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it is to hold its own. It was therefore an unavoidable condition of an Austro-Prussian alliance in Germany that either Austria should become constitutional, or Prussia absolutist. The latter alternative was that which got itself established.

The Prussian Constitution of 1848, which had been modified in a Conservative sense in 1850, was still further deliberalised in 1852. In the following year the Manteuffel administration lost the check of even the feeblest Liberal opposition. This was no advantage to the ministry. It disabled it in the Commons from resisting the ultra-Conservatism of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* party,—a back-stairs influence which, since 1853, ruled the king and his nominal government. The strength of this faction, immoderately reactionary in Church and State, feudal in politics, and devoted to the clergy in ecclesiastical matters, were the Queen, General Gerlach, and the Privy Councillor Niebuhr, the son of the historian of that name. The foreign policy of Prussia under this guidance resolved itself into the cultivation of the Austrian alliance, as a safeguard against revolution within the limits of Germany, and the alliance of Russia, in the wider field of European politics, as a protection against the contagion of constitutional or democratic ideas from England and France. This posture of affairs made the two great German powers, and, with them, the whole of Germany, virtually little more than the satellites and vassals of Russia. So far from keeping watch and ward over it, they were little better than its advanced guard.

Such a condition could not last, however. It had not the essence of permanence in itself. "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere." Pursuing the same policy, either Austria must have submitted to the supremacy of Prussia, or Prussia to that of Austria. Pursuing a different policy, the alliance would have been broken; and the two powers would have assumed their old position of the representatives and leaders, one of the more liberal, the other of the more conservative tendencies and states of Germany—one of its sovereigns, the other of its peoples. As it was, a smothered jealousy and rivalry were perpetually breaking out to trouble the "good understanding" established at Olmütz. The opposition between the two powers in foreign politics, on the question of the invasion of the Moldavo-Wallachian principalities, and the alarms of the riverine states with respect to the navigation of the Lower Danube; and in German politics, on that of the federal contingents at Rastadt—both evinced and fostered the old animosity and suspicion. These feelings would probably have found stronger expression if the Austrian alliance, and the system of government which it involved, had been regarded by the Prussian people as likely to be permanent. They knew, however,

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that it, and the influence of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* party which dictated it, would terminate with the life of the king. His successor was understood to disapprove of the policy which had been pursued since 1850. It has been the practice, not seldom, of heirs apparent and heirs presumptive to identify themselves with the party of the opposition in the states which they hope one day to rule. The Prince was believed, however, to sympathise honestly with the more liberal tendencies of Prussia. His relations with men of the high character and enlightened views of the late Baron Bunsen, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Count Usedom, afforded confirmation of this idea. The influence of the Princess, a worthy daughter of the enlightened Saxe-Weimar line, was strongly in the same direction. The close alliance with England, contracted by the marriage of Prince Frederick William with our own Princess Royal, was taken as a further sign and pledge of his constitutional leanings. His accession, which the shattered health of the king seemed every day to bring nearer, was looked for as the date of return to a more manly and liberal system of government. The unhappy malady which, in October 1857, compelled Frederick William to renounce the cares of government, anticipated his natural death. The powers which were intrusted to the Crown Prince on the 27th October 1857, and renewed in 1858, were, in order to meet the possibility of the resumption of his royal functions by the invalided king, merely provisional; and under these circumstances, the old system was not broken with. The Prince of Prussia, keeping in abeyance his own tendencies, governed according to the views of the still reigning sovereign. It was obviously not his duty to commit the country to a new policy, which the king's restoration to health—scarcely possible, in fact, but officially contemplated and prayed for in all the churches of Berlin—would not only suspend, but reverse. The Crown Prince was, from 23d October 1857 to the 9th October 1858, simply the *alter ego* of the sovereign—his lieutenant and substitute. He was bound so to act that, need arising, he might hand over Prussia to his sovereign, situated politically as he found it. Members of all parties, both in the country and the Chambers, seem to have entered into and carried out this feeling. The Manteuffel administration was retained in office. Critical questions were not mooted. The state of affairs was felt to be transitional, and to demand forbearance. No attempt was made to harass the Government. There were animated discussions, in which the opinions on both sides were avowed, sometimes with more frankness than temper. With the exception, however, of the unsuccessful motion of General Gerlach for the substitution of sexennial rather than triennial Parlia-

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ments, no directly political question was stirred. The session, which commenced on the 12th January, closed on the 27th April, 1858; Parliament having of design confined itself to the mere necessary work of legislation. This state of affairs, ambiguous and unsatisfactory, though for the time inevitable, would have become embarrassing if unduly protracted. In the changing attitude of political events, domestic and foreign, a policy which shall adapt itself to their movements is necessary. Such an adaptation can only be successfully effected by a ruler who believes in the system he is called on to administer. He must be free to form and carry out his own projects, and not be, in a political sense, the mere executor of the testamentary dispositions of his predecessor. On the 9th of October 1858, the Crown Prince, to his own relief, no doubt, and to that of the nation at large, as well as to the joy of the liberal party, was, in conformity with the 56th Article of the Constitution, appointed to the Regency. From this period his reign virtually commences.

The immediate and special convocation of the Landtag to take cognisance of, and to sanction his assumption of, the functions of government, was applauded as a homage to constitutional principles. The dismissal of the Manteuffel administration, and the appointment of a Cabinet presided over by Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, and numbering in its ranks such men as Baron von Schleinitz and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg,—statesmen who, relatively to their predecessors, may be considered Liberal,—created no less satisfaction. The entire defeat of the *Kreuz-Zeitung* party, at the elections for the Second Chamber, which followed the appointment of the Hohenzollern Cabinet, showed that the country at large was disposed to do its part in liberating itself from the reactionary influences which had for some years enjoyed an increasing, and latterly an undisturbed, ascendency. Of three hundred and fifty-two members, two hundred and thirty-six ministerialists, or Liberals of various shades, were returned. The character of the Prussian Government under the Regency did not altogether disappoint legitimate expectations. We should be sorry indeed to have to defend all its acts; but passing over casual faults of inconsistency and timidity, it will probably not be denied that its policy has been, so far as it went, in the main a right one. Though the representative chamber does not possess that control over the executive which our House of Commons has acquired, parliamentary influence has been strengthened; the liberties of the press have been enlarged; Jewish disabilities have been removed. The conduct of Prussia in relation to the Italian war of 1859 is open to censure on many grounds. Nevertheless, resisting the im-

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pulses springing from her own army and the court, and the urgent demands of the Cabinets of the other German States, especially those of Würtemberg, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Saxony, she would not permit the identification of Austrian with German interests; while she maintained the strictly defensive character of the Confederation, and the limitation of its obligation to take up arms to cases in which German territory should be directly attacked or clearly threatened. We do not say that she was always true to this principle; for the implication that Prussia might find it necessary to defend Austria on the Quadrilateral is inconsistent with it. Her diplomacy was not free from the reproach of disingenuousness and prevarication. But her influence, there can be no doubt, backed by that of England, prevented the entrance of the Confederation on a war in which Germany had no vital interest.

To turn from European to German politics. In the contest between the Chambers and the Electoral Prince of Hesse Cassell, Prussia has steadily supported the demands of the former for the more liberal constitution of 1831, and their resistance to the less liberal one of 1852, and upheld the people and their representatives against the arbitrary will of the sovereign. The political scope attributed by the government of the kingdom of Saxony to the Prussian project for reorganising the military affairs of the Confederation, which it denounces as dangerous to the autonomy of the smaller states; the answer of the Regent to the deputation from Stettin in September 1857, proclaiming the necessity of such a revision of the federal constitution as should give unity and strength to Germany; and the circular despatch of the 6th June 1860, addressed by Prussia to the various governments of the Confederation, demonstrating the necessity of federal reforms, and insisting that the Confederation shall abstain from all interference with the internal affairs of the various German States;—these things are a few out of many indications that, in passing from the rule of Frederick William IV. to that of the Prince Regent—from the Manteuffel to the Hohenzollern administration,—a change of principles and policy, and not merely of persons, has been effected.

Under the Regency, Prussia, therefore, though timidly and with reserve, did associate itself with the two abiding political ideas of modern Germany,—the principle of constitutional freedom, and the aspiration after national unity. In so doing, the government was in harmony with the spirit of its own people, and also with that of the German populations at large. Since the accession of William I., however, a different tendency has, to some extent, seemed to prevail.

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The supposed ambitious projects of Prussia had created distrust at Vienna, and had fluttered the smaller German courts with alarm. The minor kingdoms—Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Würtemberg—had concerted together for the formation of a league to resist the designs they attributed to her. Her demand that the federal forces should be divided, in the time of war, into a Northern and a Southern army—the first under her command, the second under that of Austria—was thought to conceal political schemes of the fellest description. The representatives of the lesser states clustered together, as birds do when a hawk is seen hovering above them. They met at Würtzburg, and drew up a scheme, conditional on the Diet's acceding to the plan of Prussia, for the formation of a third or central army, consisting exclusively of their own contingents. This would be virtually to abolish the distinction between the federal and the national troops of Austria, of Prussia, and of the minor states. The plan was not, however, acceded to, and the revision of the military constitution of the Confederation is still to be accomplished. The manifestations of distrust, however, entertained towards Prussia by the various German states have evidently, during the last two or three months, had a powerful effect on the king and upon his policy. They have suggested to him the fear that he may, under certain contingencies, be left to contend alone for his Rhenish provinces, when it shall please the Emperor of the French to *revendiquer* his title to them on the triple ground of former possession, natural frontiers, and the right of the stronger. The King of Prussia has studied military tactics. He has written a work *On the Art of combating the French Armies.* He is acquainted with the subject, and for that reason is not anxious to have to combat them unaided. Therefore he has of late shown a notable desire to disarm suspicion, rather than to say or do any thing which may encourage it, among the members of the federation. About two months ago, when Herr Stavenhagen moved an amendment in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, affirming the necessity of a united Germany under the headship of Prussia, Baron von Schleinitz (the Minister for Foreign Affairs) admitted, indeed, the necessity for a development of federal institutions, —a phrase which may mean any thing or nothing,—and then went on to protest, in phrases almost as unmeaning, against any thing being done. It was not the time for extensive projects of reform. "Concord was needed," and "discord must not be sown." There might be "danger in adopting the amendment." "As regarded the solution of the German question, different opinions existed. In many places a strong antipathy prevailed against the solution which would place Prussia at the head of

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Germany." No doubt there is danger in a bold policy. But it is the part of a great statesman, "out of the nettle Danger to snatch the flower Safety." The Chamber, however, approved the timorous excuse of the Foreign Minister, or at any rate did not think it expedient to commit themselves in distinct words to an opposite course, and rejected M. Stavenhagen's amendment by a majority of 261 against 41. A later discussion elicited similar sentiments from the ministry. On the 2d of March the presentation of certain petitions from Stettin and Betterfield, praying that the Chamber would endeavour to promote the formation of a central power and the convocation of a German Parliament, led to an animated debate. In the absence of his colleague, who was more directly charged with foreign affairs, Count von Schwerin-Putzar, the Minister of the Interior, gave utterance to the "profound feeling" of the Government, "that, in times so dangerous, the union of the German Governments is more important than their unification," and to the "conviction that this union could result only from the mutual understanding of the two great German powers." "In times like these Germany must be on her guard, and she can only be so, marching in step with Austria." A ministerial member (Herr Wagner) spoke in the same Austrianising tone, and concluded with the warning: "Do not deceive yourselves; the time will come, soon perhaps, when we shall require the sword of General Benedek." Language of this sort seems intended to justify the present policy of the Prussian Government, rather as a passing expedient to meet a danger which may be imminent, than as in accordance with the permanent rights and interests of Prussia and Germany. What Baron von Schleinitz, and Count von Schwerin, and Herr Wagner mean is, that war with France may almost at any moment break out; and that in such a war Germany could not dispense with the federal contingents of Austria. It would "require the sword of General Benedek." There cannot, however, be very much doubt that a French war with Germany would mean an insurrection in Hungary; possibly an insurrection too in Gallicia, and an attack by Sardinia on the Quadrilateral. The Emperor of the French would not engage in a contest without having made his preparations and secured his allies. Austria, with her non-Germanic provinces in revolt, and bankrupt both of cash and of credit, would probably need more assistance than she could give; she would divert and weaken, rather than reinforce, the armies of the Confederation. If she did not at once crumble into pieces, she would find the task of subduing revolt in her own states,—the struggle for bare existence,—enough to tax her every force to the utmost.

In reckoning, then, under the contingency intimated, on

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the sword of General Benedek, the Prussian Government is reckoning without its host. We therefore cannot feel that, even on grounds of the merest temporary prudence, the system to which the Prussian Government seems disposed to revert is wise. Herr von Vincke spoke, we believe, the sentiments of the great body of the people when he said, in reply to Count Schwerin, "If the Minister of the Interior, who now represented Foreign Affairs, spoke again of a common policy with Austria, he had to repeat that Austria was not German: she only contained seven millions of German subjects out of thirty-five millions of inhabitants; and to march in step with Austria is to do so with twenty-eight millions of Slaves and others. He did not wish to force the German Princes into a bestowal of unity; but a moment might come when the German Princes, with wry faces, would not dare to say No; and that moment, he saluted it with all his heart, and hoped it might come speedily." In the same debate, Herr Waldeck spoke in favour of German unity. "It could be realised by a mutual understanding among the German Princes; but if," he continued, "this understanding cannot be effected, let the care of creating it be intrusted to the hands of some one individual prince, and this prince can be only he who is the chief of the greatest German state, the King of Prussia."

The desire shown in some of these speeches to separate the cause of Prussia and Germany from that of Austria was endorsed by the majority of the Chamber, when (on the 4th February) it passed Herr von Vincke's now celebrated resolution, announcing that neither the interest of Prussia nor the interest of Germany was opposed to the consolidation of the unity of Italy. It therefore explicitly declined to defend Austria in the Quadrilateral, to guarantee, or even to desire, her continued possession of Venetia. This feeling is not confined to the Chamber. It is stronger and more widely diffused among the people. Resolutions passed on the 25th of January, by the Berlin Branch of the German National Association, which is said to be forming affiliated societies, and instituting an active propaganda throughout Germany, declare that "Prussia and Germany not united, as long as German territory and German interests are not infringed upon, have no calling to take part in a war of Austria for Venetia, and thereby lead to an aggression on the German frontier, for the defence of which the efficacious support of Austria cannot be counted upon. In presence of the actual state of affairs in Europe, and especially of the concentrated military power of France, it is Prussia's first duty to herself and to Germany to obtain immediately the unitary organisation of the German Federal army under

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the command of Prussia, as also the convocation of a German Parliament with as short a delay as possible."

It is of course unsafe to argue from the resolutions of a political society, or even from the speeches in the House of Deputies, that the sentiments thus expressed have any deep hold of the national mind, or express a steady purpose of the national will. Such evidence might lead the "intelligent foreigner" of political argument to suppose, from the speeches of Mr. Bright and Mr. Duncombe, that in England we are bent on a Reform Bill. The testimony, however, of close observers does concur in the fact that the expressions of opinion which we have cited are not those of mere individual enthusiasts and speculators. Herr von Vincke and Herr Wagner and the German National Society are the exponents of a widely-diffused, though vague and as yet scarcely articulate, desire for the organisation of Germany, now a mere chaotic congeries of states and statelings, into a great, free, and self-governed nation. A sovereign bold and strong enough, and a statesman sufficiently patriotic and wise, to make themselves the representatives of this principle,—as Victor Emanuel and Count Cavour have done in Italy,—might achieve a personal success not less signal, and render services to their country and the world scarcely inferior. Prussia has already had one opportunity of this kind, and has lost it. If her late king had added political insight and courage to his private virtues and accomplishments, if, even, he had had the former without the latter, he might have been, in 1849, Emperor of Germany. But he feared and distrusted the popular forces, which he might have commanded and moderated; he allowed himself, first, to be carried on helplessly by them, and then, when he perceived whither they were tending, he struggled as irrationally with them. He strove to dam up the stream, instead of directing it into a safe channel. The waters are now out again; and William I. seems inclined—for even experience fails to teach kings—to imitate the procedure of Frederick William IV. As with his brother, a reputation for liberal and German feeling preceded his accession to the throne, and has been confirmed by the earlier acts of his government, so like his brother, he appears, after a few timid and tentative efforts in the popular direction, to be gravitating back to the policy of Austria and the sovereigns.

What has the appearance, however, of being the result of an attraction to Austria, is quite as much, probably a great deal more, the result of a strong repulsion from France. Union with Austria is, however, we conceive, for the reasons we have stated, the very worst means of resistance to France. Instead of reinforcing the Confederation, she would divide and divert its

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strength. The line of conduct which Baron von Schleinitz and Count von Schwerin recommend is, to use their own words, union among the governments, rather than unification of the people of Germany,—an understanding and coalition among the sovereigns, rather than a blending of nations. This policy seems to us a profound mistake. If Prussian statesmen and sovereigns would deign to be taught by the enemy, they would see it to be so. The policy which the power whom they so much dread approves, and seeks to promote, surely affords a clue to that which they should avoid and reverse. The system most favourable to direct foreign aggression or indirect foreign influence, cannot be that best suited to the resistance of that aggression, and the nullification of that influence. If any thing is clear, not only from the acts of the Emperor, but from the debates on the Address in the Senate and Corps Législatif, as well as from the writings of French publicists of every class, from M. Guizot down to M. de Lamartine, it is, that France deprecates the existence around her of great powers. They are obstacles to the indulgence of that appetite for territorial aggrandisement, and to that desire, when territorial aggrandisement is not the question, of paramount influence and ascendency, which characterise her as a nation almost as much as they characterise the Bonapartes as a dynasty. It is easier for a foreign power to sow disunion among a league of independent sovereigns than to split into factions a united and homogeneous people. For this reason France preferred an Italian confederation, ruled by the vigorous and patriotic hand of the Pope, and consisting of members so easily capable of cordial union and good understanding as Victor Emanuel, Francis Joseph, and Francis II., to a united Italian kingdom, ruled by Victor Emanuel and governed by Cavour. However well it may have suited the design of the Emperor at the time of the Baden Conference to have put into M. About's mouth, as the semi-official spokesman of his government, a bait to Prussia to trust France, in the shape of an expression of a hearty wish that Prussia could swallow up Germany, we may be quite sure that Napoleon III. much prefers to have a German Confederation split up by the chronic jealousies which Austria entertains to Prussia, and Prussia to Austria, and the lesser states to both, rather than a united German Empire. Under favourable circumstances, Prussia might be again tempted to give up the Rhine, if, by being suffered to annex Hanover and Oldenburg, she could gain a line of open seacoast, and gratify her long-cherished ambition of becoming a great naval power; or if, by absorbing the intrusive little ducal and grand-ducal states which divide her surface so oddly on the map, and so inconveniently in practice, she could acquire territorial continuity. It might not be difficult to find occasion

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of ministering to the ambition of Bavaria, far the largest and most populous of the few minor kingdoms, by raising her to the rank of a third considerable German power. A merely federal union affords an ambitious and meddling neighbour a thousand opportunities of intrigue and interference. With a united Germany on her eastern border, however, and a united Italy in the Mediterranean, the power of France for mischief would be so far reduced that the temptation to it would be very slight indeed. She would be compelled to seek "glory" in the East, if she could not be satisfied with internal reforms and prosperity. Thus, not only would the peace of Europe and the welfare of other nations, but her own highest interests, be promoted by a policy which would destroy none of her legitimate influence, and wound nothing but her pride.

It is obvious that the security of Germany would be promoted by such a revision of her present organisation as should add to the vague feeling of German patriotism the definite obligations of German citizens to guard her soil from invasion. At present there are Germans, but no German citizens or subjects. There are only Prussian, Bavarian, and Hessian citizens and subjects. "The union of the sovereigns," which William I. pronounces to be the prime necessity of Germany, in these troubled and critical times means the division of the nation. It is simply a complicated system of foreign alliances, for offensive and defensive purposes,—alliances nurturing causes of dispute which a skilful diplomacy may foster to their disruption. The experience of Europe since 1815 shows how inadequate such a contrivance is to attain any of the ends for which it was constituted. Some change few but those directly interested in the maintenance of the existing order of things will deny to be necessary: the only question is, what sort of change?

The Germanic Confederation, though in one sense a mere aggregate of independent states, is in another sense itself a state, receiving ambassadors from foreign powers, maintaining an army, and possessing the right of making war as well as treaties of peace and commerce. What is peculiar in it as a Confederation is, not that it possesses these rights, but that each of the separate members of it, from Prussia and Austria down to Liechtenstein and Saxe Gotha, possesses them also. It is as if not only the United States of America, but Massachusetts and Rhode Island, not only Switzerland but Zurich and Berne, were capable of exercising such powers. The Confederation dates from the year 1815, and has its charter of incorporation in an act of the Congress of Vienna of the 8th of June in that year. Though modifications have been introduced into it at different times, and the number of its states has varied, the objects for

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which it was constituted are the same—the preservation of the territory of each of its members from foreign attack, and its defence, if assailed, by the common forces of the Confederation. So far it is merely a defensive alliance, a mutual guarantee, such as might exist between any two or more perfectly foreign states. The members of the Confederation are further prohibited from declaring war upon each other, and required to submit their disputes to the arbitration of the Diet. This, again, scarcely constitutes a confederation, any more than the establishment of a European court of arbitration (for which Mr. Cobden used, some years ago, to argue) would do so. But the Diet went beyond this, and assumed the right of interference with the internal affairs of the several states. By articles published on the 28th of June 1832: (1) "the German Princes are not only authorised, but even obliged, to reject all propositions of the states which are contrary to the fundamental principle that all sovereign power emanates from the prince." . . . . (2) "The stoppage of supplies by the states, in order to obtain the adoption of their propositions, is to be considered as sedition, against which the Confederation may act." In 1833 the Diet forbade all political associations, and use of party colours and badges, and passed, at various times, measures against the freedom of the press in the several German states. In 1834, on the motion of Austria, a tribunal of arbitration was established by the Federative Diet, "in order to decide any differences which might break out," not between the several states of the Confederation, but "in any state of the Confederation, between the Government and the Chambers, respecting the interpretation of the constitution, or the encroachments on the rights of the prince by the Chambers, or the refusal of subsidies." The Diet thus became a Holy Alliance of sovereigns, a conspiracy of kings, a propaganda and mutual insurance of despotism, a *solidarité* of autocracy. In asserting the rights of sovereigns, however, it certainly invades them by assuming an authority over them which is inconsistent with internal sovereignty.

The Federative Diet is representative simply of the rulers of the several German states. It consists of two bodies: a General Assembly called the Plenum, in which organic changes are decided; and a Federative Assembly, or minor council, where alone discussion takes place, which transacts the current business of the Federation, and carries into effect the resolutions of the Plenum, which votes without discussion. The Federative Assembly is further divided into eight commissions for political, military, financial, commercial, and other purposes. The presidency of the Confederation is with Austria, whose representative has the casting vote both in the Plenum and in the minor

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council. In the former Assembly, the Austrian empire, and the five kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Würtemberg, have four votes each; five other states, three votes each; three others, two votes; the remaining twenty-one states, only one vote each. In the minor council, the eleven principal states have one vote each; the rest, six joint votes. Of the thirty-four states which make up the Confederation, thirty possess no territory out of the Confederation: four have also non-Germanic territory, namely, Austria, Prussia, Denmark (whose king is a member of the Diet in virtue of Holstein and Lauenburg), and Holland, whose king is Duke of the German duchies of Luxemburg and Limburg.

The complicated nature of this organisation will strike every one. All the other states of Europe have a foreign and a domestic policy—duties, claims, and interests, affecting them in their relations to other states, and again in relation to their own subjects. With the various German states things are by no means so simple. Into the dealings of Austria and Prussia, for example, with their own people, and with each of the several nations of Europe, their relations to the Germanic Confederatian enter as a disturbing element. Over and above the duties of Prussia, for example, to the Prussians, and her duties, as a great power, to Europe at large, she has an intermediate set of duties, which cannot be brought under the head either of her internal or of her external relations; her relations, namely, to Germany. The perplexities of the subject are increased by the fact that each of the two great German powers is only German in part. A considerable proportion of the territories and population of both lies beyond the limits and is without the jurisdiction of the Confederation, and exempt from obligations to it. The conflict of tendencies, of motives, and duties, thus becomes still more embarrassing. The interests and obligations of Prussia, considered simply in and for themselves, may lie in one direction; those which devolve upon her as a member of the German Confederation in another; her duties as a great European power in a third; while her German and Sclavonic provinces may have each incompatible rights and interests. To determine the mutual action of three bodies gravitating to each other is a task which lies beyond the resources of physical science; the mutual action of these diverse political bodies is not less difficult of determination. Political confederations, even in their simplest form, seem sources of endless and perpetual embarrassments. The relative rights of the central and local governments give constant occasion to controversies difficult of adjustment. When, however, a sovereign confederation consists of sovereign states, over whose internal affairs it claims to exercise authority, while

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they are not excluded from external relations of their own, and where part of their territory is subject to federal rule, and part removed from it, the tangle becomes inextricable.

The history of the last half-century has practically proved—what ought to have been foreseen—the utter unmanageableness and the manifold inconveniences of this scheme. The dissolution of the Federal Union, or the establishment of relations much closer and more intimate than at present subsist between the several states, is inevitable. In the former case, Germany will become what Italy has been called, a mere geographical expression,—and Austria, and Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria, Hanover and Würtemberg, will cease to hold to each other any other relation than that which they sustain to France, or Greece, or Russia. Under these circumstances, the third-rate German states, and probably some of the second-rate states, would soon disappear from the map of Europe. The arrangement which the Emperor of the French has made concerning Monaco would find many imitations. Germany, as at the date of the Confederation of the Rhine, would swarm with mediatised princes. The disruption, however, of the Federal Union is by no means a probable event. The desire of unity, the sense of a common nationality, among the German people is strong enough to prevent it. A closer organic connection is the result to which alike their interests and their desires point. This object may be effected in either of two ways. Germany might, as an abstract possibility, be "unified" (to use the fashionable phrase), as Italy has been, by the expulsion of every other sovereign, and the annexation of her territory to that of Prussia. A summary measure of this kind is not desirable, if it were practicable. What is wanted at present is a federal union which shall not be confined to the sovereigns, but which shall embrace the populations also. A German parliament, containing members elected by each of the different German states, according to some fair scheme of representation, would not, indeed, of itself be a solution of the difficulties of the German question; but if it were established, and came fairly into operation, a solution would in time present itself. An organ of expression would be given for the common wishes and aspirations of the German mind. The different parts of the nation would be brought together, and would learn to know each other. The nation which from extent of territory, from population, and from superiority in intelligence and culture, acquired the greatest weight in the federal parliament, would of necessity become the leading German power. The initiative would unconsciously be ceded to it. But even this intimate federal union could scarcely be more than transitional. The disadvantages which attach to all confederations—

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of which we have before spoken—would still be felt as an inconvenience in matters of internal government, and as a possible source of danger in relations with foreign states. As the German people, through their representatives, became accustomed to deliberate and legislate on their common interests, they would feel themselves becoming politically, as well as in sentiment, one—members of one and the same nation, and not merely of one and the same race. The gradual substitution of a national for a federal union—the establishment of a single German kingdom or empire for a federation of kingdoms—would follow.

Of course, such a result as this will be very much deprecated by the sovereigns, great and small, whom, or whose successors, it will discrown. They will not be much consoled by the assurance that the accomplishment of it will be gradual. So far as it can be resisted, it will be resisted. The tendency of events, however, sets irresistibly in this direction. The German people know themselves to be one people, and are determined to be a free people; and insist on an organisation which shall at once assert and protect their unity and freedom. They will find that the Federal Parliament, necessary as the first step to this end, does not sufficiently accomplish it; that it leaves many diversities of interests and occasions of misunderstanding in matters of internal politics, and does not sufficiently consolidate the forces of the nation for the resistance of external dangers.

It will have been her own fault if, when the time comes for the consolidation of Germany into a united monarchy, Prussia does not profit by it. She is the most powerful of the German states, her German territories and population exceed those of Austria, her people are the freest and most intelligent of the German race. Her plain interest is to encourage the feeling of nationality, and of union; to put herself at the head of it; to moderate, if need be, its excesses; and to give it wise guidance. Instead of doing this, her rulers seem to aim at diverting it from its proper field by encouraging a wild and unjust crusade against Denmark in Schleswig, with the German population settled in which province the Federal Diet has no more legitimate concern than she has with the descendants of German settlers in America, or than France has with the French Canadians.

A resettlement of Europe on the basis of nationality seems one at least of the possibilities of a not distant future. The principle is triumphant in Italy. It is militant, and may triumph, in Hungary. Even Poland is not without stirrings of life and hope. With simultaneous discontent in the Duchy of Warsaw, in Posen, and in Gallicia, a common action is not impossible in

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these three fragments of the dismembered kingdom. It is quite possible that the two great German powers may find it necessary to surrender their non-German dominions. If this should happen, it will be the fault of Prussia herself should she not find more than compensation in the leadership, and perhaps ultimately in the sovereignty, of a free and united Germany.

Art. VIII.—PORT ROYAL.

Port Royal: a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France. By Charles Beard, B.A. 2 vols. Longman and Co. 1861.

In a retired valley, eighteen miles from Paris, was situated the monastery of Port Royal, which has written its name in indelible characters on the history of the seventeenth century, and the religious and literary annals of Europe. From the commencement to the close of its eventful existence, its destiny seemed to lie at the mercy of external circumstances, of which, by its very constitution, and its solitary position, it might have been expected to be especially independent. For a century the fate of a little community of nuns, whose time was passed in a perpetual round of religious observances, conventual austerities, and unpretending charities—and of a still smaller group of recluses who had abandoned the highest honours of their professions, personal wealth, and court-favour, for the meanest manual labour and the most absorbing studies—agitated the mind of the French nation and of educated Europe, and divided the attention of successive kings and ministers of state with the fortunes of the great French monarchy. The name of "Port Royal," by what we might be excused for calling a specially providential relation of events, spread from the narrow confines of conventual asceticism into the wider circles of a great religious controversy, and a much greater intellectual epoch. The true founder of the monastery sought to bury it in the deepest obscurity of complete isolation from the world, and the humblest poverty; yet, almost from the day of its new birth under her auspices, down to that of its destruction by the orders of an absolute king, its name was seldom long absent from the lips of influential Frenchmen, and its fortunes were anxiously canvassed in the councils of each successive Roman Pontiff. The history of such a community is necessarily difficult of narration, for it touches on the most opposite phases of humanity—

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the outward world of political and theological turmoil, and the inner life of religious meditation and lonely study. These act and react upon each other in so remarkable and unexpected a manner, and we are hurried from one to the other with such bewildering abruptness, that, in such sudden contrasts, we have scarcely time to realise either.

It is not surprising, then, that we have been left very much to gather from the general history of the times, on the one side our knowledge of the external features of Port Royal, and on the other, to create for ourselves, from the disconnected and necessarily one-sided biographical memorials of the Port Royalists themselves or their inveterate enemies, some imperfect picture of the internal spirit which animated the community in the persons of its most eminent confessors. A more philosophical and connected account has been at last completed in France by M. St. Beuve, and Mr. Beard has given us in the present volumes the results of his own labours on the same subject, drawn necessarily in great part from the same original materials. In doing so he has, we need hardly say, supplied an important want to the English reading public; and for the manner in which he has executed his difficult task he merits, and without doubt will receive, the thanks of all genuine English students. The subject itself is one which, in many respects, lies so far apart from English habits of thought and feeling, and yet in others is so closely connected with the stock information of the most ordinary reader, that the historian is necessarily distracted between the opposite fears of overdoing or neglecting his duties as an expositor and interpreter of facts; while, in the very important point of the artistic arrangement of his materials, he shares the fate of the community of Port Royal itself, and is carried to and fro between the world and the cloister in a manner which produces a constant alternative between the strict chronological sequence and that connected with the delineation and development of personal character. That Mr. Beard has been entirely successful in dealing with this artistic dilemma we do not assert. He has sometimes unnecessarily anticipated events out of their places in point of time, and thus added, without cause, to the amount of that repetition from which no narrator could wholly escape. Sometimes—but rarely—he has delayed too long the mention of a concurrent fact; and he has, we think, been needlessly lavish of those *résumés* of facts, the want of which is, we admit, the much more usual failing of historians. But none of these drawbacks from artistic faultlessness are sufficiently great or striking in Mr. Beard's case to derogate materially from the interest or perspicuity of his narrative. He writes in a pure and unaffected English style; his thoughts are

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easily and gracefully expressed, and are always worthy of attention. His labour has been evidently one of love, and he brings to his task a mind familiar with those cognate subjects of theology and literature which are essentials in a writer on such a theme, and one not unpractised in the dialectics of scholastic speculation. Of the "recluse" spirit he gives a much more congenial estimate than we often meet with in a Protestant historian; and perhaps it is in the excess of his appreciation of its mental and moral advantages, in comparison with its attendant ill effects on the character, that we are most disposed to find fault with his implied conclusions. But an excess of sympathy such as this is a merit in a historian of any great movement; for it may be safely said that the writer who does not feel more strongly on the subject of his theme than the mass of his readers, will fail in impressing their minds to any perceptible extent.

The history of Port Royal is to a great extent that of the Jansenist controversy—a name which carries us at once out of France into the Netherlands, where a Jansenist church "still maintains a precarious existence." But the life of Jansenism lay in the French school of thought on which that epithet was imposed by its adversaries, and whose fortunes are inextricably mixed up with the disputed contents of Jansen's posthumous work; and Jansenism virtually ceased to exist when the last Port Royalists faded away from the memory of Europe in their obscure and isolated dispersion. Whatever pretensions may be advanced on behalf of its other phases, French Jansenism is that which is identified with the great outburst of cultivated thought in the bosom of a corrupt society, and is that with which alone we are concerned in the history of Port Royal.

The history of the monastery divides itself naturally into several marked stages. The first commences with its regeneration under the auspices of Angélique Arnauld. The second introduces to it, as its spiritual director, St. Cyran, the devoted friend and fellow-student of Jansen; and by this connection of course the germs of its Jansenist tendencies are implanted. But it is not until "a bulky pamphlet" by Arnauld was "hurled at the head" of Nicholas Cornet, syndic of the Faculty of Theology at Paris, who had called the attention of that body to seven heretical Jansenist propositions, that the recluses of Port Royal assumed their new character in the field of theological controversy, and that the taint of heresy began to be attached to the community of simple nuns. From that time until what is called the "Peace of the Church," by which the Jansenist controversy in France was hushed up for a time, both recluses and nuns experienced all the vicissitudes which

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theological rancour could inflict; and the monotony of conventual life was exchanged for one continued struggle of conscientious scruples against external authority and scholastic casuistry. In this period, the great name of Blaise Pascal inaugurates the European triumphs of the Port Royalists in the more extended field of literary celebrity; and the schools of Port Royal emerge from their humble but useful labours in the retired valley to their wider fame as the founders of a new system of education.

The "Peace of the Church" seems to bring us back to the limits of the convent and the hermitage; but the scenes through which the community has passed have left their indelible stamp on its inmates; and we are necessarily henceforward dealing with a power in the State, into whose life the secular and artificial spirit is creeping more and more; and as the older members one by one sink under the infirmities of age, or the premature physical decay entailed by their austerities, we feel that we are living in an altered atmosphere as well as in a new generation. It scarcely surprises us that the links between the controversial world without and the conventual seclusion, which had been in appearance severed, are ere long restored by the jealous and implacable hatred of the Jesuits. Great names still illuminate this twilight of decaying life; but they only provoke more speedily the inevitable storm. The slow death which had been assigned to the community by the gradual extinction of its members is at last precipitated by an act of rashness or weakness on the part of their spiritual director; and the scattering of the remaining Port Royalists, the destruction of the monastery, and the disinterring, with every mark of ignominy, of the bones of the dead, close that page in the history of Europe which is connected with the name of "Port Royal."

The first period of its history is, as we have intimated, one of secluded conventual life. The year 1602, in which Angélique Arnauld became abbess, is the true date of its foundation, although it had existed as a Cistercian house, nominally under the Benedictine rule, for four centuries previously. The bounty of Mathilde, wife of the Lord of Marli, of the house of Montmorenci, in coöperation with the Bishop of Paris, in the year 1204, laid the material foundation of the institution of which La Mère Angélique was the spiritual builder. In the interval between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries, the monastery had participated in the general degeneration of the religious houses; its conventual rules had become merely nominal, and its funds were applied to the purposes of luxury and pleasure. From this state of things it was rescued by the unforeseen results of a scandalous transaction which we should have supposed would have

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led to its still deeper moral degradation. Antoine Arnauld, a distinguished member of an eminent legal family, succeeded in persuading the abbess of Port Royal to receive, as her co-adjutrix and successor, his little girl of ten years of age; at the same time that he secured for another child, still younger, the office of abbess of St. Cyr. As if to add to the ill-omen of this ecclesiastical scandal, the little abbess of Port Royal was sent to pass her novitiate at the abbey of Maubuisson, under the religious superintendence of a sister of "La Belle Gabrielle," herself notorious for shameless profligacy. Who would have anticipated that from such a source and out of such training could come the severe renovator of conventual discipline? But not only was the election of this child-abbess scandalous in itself—its confirmation by the Holy See was obtained by the use of actual fraud. Bulls in favour of *Jacqueline* Arnauld had been refused; they were now procured in favour of *Angélique* Arnauld (the spiritual name of the young nun), who was represented as *seventeen* years of age; and the death of the actual abbess of Port Royal, in the same year, placed a child not yet eleven years old in the undisputed possession of this ecclesiastical dignity.

Jacqueline or Angélique Arnauld was the third of a family of twenty children, ten of whom arrived at years of maturity. The Arnauld family was to Port Royal what that monastery was to Jansenism—the heart and life-spring of its existence. In speaking of the fortunes of the community, we are in so many words giving the family history of the descendants of Antoine Arnauld. His eldest son, Robert Arnauld d'Andilly,—so called from the estate which formed part of his mother's dowry,—a successful and popular courtier, was for years the connecting link between Port Royal and the great world, and for the last thirty years of his life one of its devout recluses. One of his sons, Charles Henri de Luzançi, and his five daughters, were also connected with it. The second child of Antoine Arnauld, Madame le Maître, took refuge from an unhappy marriage in the same seclusion. Two of her sons, Antoine le Maître, the celebrated advocate, and Isaac de Saçi, the translator of the Scriptures, were drawn away from the world by this common attraction. The little abbess of St. Cyr plays an important part in the history of Port Royal as La Mère Agnès. Three younger daughters of Antoine Arnauld were also nuns of the convent, and two more sons, Henri, Bishop of Angers, one of the principal champions of Jansenism, and Antoine Arnauld, the youngest of this numerous family, and the celebrated doctor of the Sorbonne, became eventually, in their respective spheres, the mainstay and chief ornaments of Port Royal. And when, on the

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death of her husband, Madame Arnauld was added to the number of its inmates, the identification of the family with the convent was complete.

It will be seen from this enumeration that the community over which Angélique and Agnès Arnauld presided, and that of which D'Andilly, Le Maître, and De Saçi, were leading members, can scarcely be brought within the category of ordinary monastic institutions. The disruption of family ties, and the substitution of ecclesiastical canons for the dictates of natural duty, which must always constitute to the minds of Protestants the great objections to these retreats from the world, were sensibly modified in the case of the Arnaulds by the concentration of domestic relations within the walls of the convent and the hermitage. The violence which Angélique, in the first glow of her enthusiasm as a reformer, thought it her duty to do to her natural feelings, by the exclusion of her family from even occasional intercourse, was thus neutralised by the course of events; and the same was the case, though in a far less complete degree, with other family groups which were similarly reunited in the same spot. The disinterestedness of La Mère Angélique in disregarding the claims of well-dowered novices, in favour of those whose natural bias or forlorn position seemed to point them out as more suitable inmates, no doubt limited to a still greater extent the outrage of natural ties and duties. Nor should it be forgotten that Protestant philanthropists, as well as Roman Catholic religionists, are too often open to the charge of postponing closer and more immediate claims to the imaginary calls of a wider charity.

The ascetic rule which Angélique Arnauld set herself vigorously to work to restore and extend in Port Royal lays much less hold on Protestant sympathies. The community of goods, the vow of perpetual poverty, the limitation of food to the barest sustenance of life, the renunciation of animal food, the secret "discipline," the greatest self-humiliation, the meanest offices of charity to each other and the neighbouring poor, and one continuous monotony of religious ceremonialism, seem in their aggregate to point to impulses of human action which, if removed above the level of unintelligent habit, could only be sustained by the strong reaction of mortified worldliness, or the excitement of ecstatic enthusiasm. But the characters of both Angélique and Agnès Arnauld do not correspond with any of these explanations. The former appears to have been much more adapted by her natural character to a life of excitement and varied action than one of meditation and self-denial. Her mind had been first awakened, in the early days of her ecclesiastical dignity, to a more solemn sense of her duty by some very ordi-

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nary observations in a sermon preached by a Capuchin friar. But although the impression thus made upon her has many of the characteristics of an instantaneous conversion, we find little of the ecstasy of self-reproach, or the excited enthusiasm usual in such religious crises. The tide of newly-awakened feeling flows strongly, but displays little of its force on the untroubled surface. Her conscientiousness, though strong enough to keep her mind constantly uneasy until her fraudulent election had been formally rectified, does not seem to have attained that morbid character which would interfere with a calm estimate of the practical duties of life. Her spirit, born to command, and rather wanting in the outward grace of gentleness, could submit itself with unpretending humility to the subordinate position of a simple nun, and was exhaustless in quiet acts of kindness. Her whole character is marked by a sound good sense in the execution of her plans, which seems singularly at variance with their inherent exaggeration. Perhaps the fact that she found herself at so early an age already committed by the acts of others, from which she could not escape, to a particular—however naturally uncongenial—line of duty, concentrated all her energy of character on the practical realisation in their integrity of rules in the constitution of which she had no share, and for the wisdom or folly of which she was not responsible. She had been placed in her position of authority with no idea on the part of those who took that step beyond that of family aggrandisement. She accepted the position assigned to her, and then threw into it all the energy of a character which spurned unrealities. As a Benedictine abbess, she found her sphere of action in carrying out in its full strictness the rule of that order, and, by the resources of her own highly-gifted mind, she supplied to herself and others those animating and inspiring influences of personal character under which the driest bones of a convent ritual assume the attractions of a living power.

Her personal influence over others rested chiefly on the basis of her thorough appreciation of their mental and moral organisations, and was connected with a continual and undistorted self-study. By becoming thorough master of her own weaknesses and strength, she was able to approach those of others with a truth and directness which were irresistible. Mr. Beard gives the following anecdote as illustrative of her firm trust in God under all circumstances. It conveys even more impressively an idea of the manner in which she realised to others attitudes of faith which in their abstract form they were incapable of grasping, but which were the natural suggestions of her own practical mind. "During a dangerous illness of La Mère Agnès, the sisters, in hourly expectation of

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her death, were in an agony of apprehension and sorrow, while Angélique, who had most to suffer in the impending loss, calmly reproved them for their want of faith. 'Is it not true, sisters, that if the life and death of La Mère Agnès depended upon M. Singlin, you would not be afraid, but be in perfect peace? You would say, "Oh, we cannot doubt of M. Singlin's love for us, and he knows how necessary La Mère Agnès is to us; and on this account we ought not to be afraid." What, do you not know that the goodness of God is infinitely greater than that of all his creatures; and that he does nothing except for the welfare of those who are his? But we have no faith; we are entirely human. Instead of abandoning ourselves to God, of running to him, of praying to him, we amuse ourselves with vain fears and useless disquietudes.'"

She always said she had been placed too early in a position of command, and she endeavoured to counteract any errors springing from this source by gathering from actual experience the influences of passive obedience. She was conscious throughout of a lurking danger from her naturally impetuous and overbearing spirit, and she sought to chasten it into the strength of Christian self-control by submitting it to every ordeal which a lively imagination could devise. "Four times," as Mr. Beard observes, "she vowed absolute obedience to a director: to Francis de Sales, to M. de Langres, to St. Cyran, and to M. Singlin. But her ardent spirit could find no perfect peace even in unconditional submission. While to others she appeared a bright example of sanctity, her failures and shortcomings were very real and painful to herself. She would often, for example, kneel to some sister, whom she had thought it needful to reprove, and implore pardon for any uncharitable bitterness of speech into which she might have been betrayed. And only a few days before her death she begged the sisterhood to forgive the too frequent heat of a temper which all but herself looked upon as characterised by a saintly patience and moderation." And it is perhaps, after all, in the materials for self-conflict which the restored discipline of Port Royal afforded to her strong spirit that the charm of its monastic austerities really lay.

La Mère Agnès was a very different character, naturally more pliant and susceptible of the influence of external agencies. We can never realise her in the character of the first regenerator of a neglected, conventual discipline. Her character cannot be better delineated than in the words of her niece and successor in the superiority of the convent, Angélique de St. Jean, when describing her two aunts:

"There appeared in La Mère Angélique an ardent, vigorous, and

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tender charity, which knew how to abase and to exalt itself in due season, which made itself both loved and feared, which had the secret of overturning all things by its force, and restoring all things by its goodness. In La Mère Agnès, on the contrary, one saw a uniform equality of spirit, a wisdom always the same, a gravity accompanied by sweetness, which inspired confidence and respect, and which was as instructive in its silence as by its words. Her example, without the aid of any written rule, was enough to regulate a community, to inspire and maintain in it an exact observance. Every where her presence and her watchfulness over every trifle made all attentive to their duties. Above all, her exactness in every thing that relates to the Divine office, in which her piety caused her to find her chief delight, could not be surpassed. Even in her greatest weakness she could not be torn from it without extreme violence; so that if one dare say any thing to the charge of God's elect, one might accuse her of an excessive love for all the externals of Divine service."

A clearer picture could not be drawn of a mind not vigorous or original in itself, but well calculated, by its quiet and orderly equanimity, to maintain a system once established through every pressure of external trial. Some characteristic traits of the gentle, undictatorial spirit of Agnès Arnauld are afforded by the records of the imprisonment and persecution which the nuns underwent after the death of Angélique. Another of her nieces being asked by the Archbishop of Paris, "You are perhaps afraid of your good aunt?" replied, "She is the first to whom I tell my troubles: I have no reserve with her, for I trust her entirely. I have told her that I wish to do nothing which she does not also do; and she answered me in these very words, 'Sister, say not so; you must not rest upon an arm of flesh; if you think you ought to do it, I shall not be disturbed, if only it is done advisedly.'" And La Mère Agnès herself writes to her brother, the Bishop of Angers, with reference to the step taken by her niece on this occasion:

"I must tell you that this dear child has opened her heart to me on this matter with such confidence, that if I had signified to her that I should be grieved by her acting differently from myself, she would never have done it. But God forbid that I should domineer over another's faith. I know that souls belong to God, and that it is his to give them the feelings which they ought to have. All that I have asked of her is, that she should take advice, which she has done without any haste; on the contrary, she wished to have much more time than was allowed her. I have promised always to love her, which, indeed, she compels me to do in many ways, and especially by the manner in which she has acted—with so great a fear of God, and dread of offending him."

Such were the characters of the two women with whose

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names the best days of Port Royal are inseparably associated, and we can thus form some idea of the influences to which the minds of its inmates were subjected beyond the ordinary atmosphere of convent-life. The astonishing results produced by the reforming spirit of the Abbess Angélique soon drew down upon the convent the eyes of secular as well as ecclesiastical France. The authorities of the Church hastened to turn her administrative powers to account, by sending her to attempt a similar reformation in other monastic institutions. Some of these visitations, especially one to the Abbey of Maubuisson, involved the ardent reformer in much trouble and prolonged feuds. They were, however, no doubt more truly congenial to her disposition than the quiet of her own convent, after its organisation had been once perfected; and the affection which she inspired in these new spheres of exertion is signally shown by the fact, that the thirty-two nuns whose vows she had received at Maubuisson all demanded and obtained leave to accompany her on her return to Port Royal, where they were heartily welcomed to a share in the scanty revenues of that community.

Up to this time the history of Port Royal might be that of any other religious house over whose revival an active and enthusiastic spirit had presided.

But the time was at hand when the notoriety which the convent had already acquired was to obtain another and more mixed character. The unhealthiness of the valley in which the monastery was situated, in consequence of the exhalations from the undrained overflow of a large adjacent pool of water, led to its removal, much against the inclination of La Mère Angélique herself, to Rue St. Jacques in Paris. The original conventual buildings, however, were retained, and soon afforded shelter to a kindred band of hermits, allied to the community of nuns by ties alike of blood and common sympathies. The deserted buildings were now called, in distinction, "Port Royal des Champs," while the buildings in the Rue St. Jacques were known as "Port Royal de Paris." In their new locality the abbess found it much more difficult to preserve that humble obscurity on which she had built up the reputation of the convent. She had to guard against the intrusion and adulation of the great world—against an excess of endowments inconsistent with their rule of poverty, and against uncongenial and troublesome inmates in the persons of wealthy benefactors. The new buildings, undertaken on the strength of a gift of money, which, until repaid, entailed intolerable sacrifices to the caprices of the donor, involved the convent in debts against which the utmost economy and self-denial of La Mère Angélique found it difficult to struggle.

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The spiritual advisers of the convent proved successively unequal to or unwise in their office. The new head of the Cistercian order, to which the convent belonged, was hostile to the reformations which she had introduced; and, in order to escape from his interference, she obtained the removal of Port Royal into the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Paris. The abbess now thought she might ask to be released for a time, at any rate, from what she considered her unenviable elevation; and accordingly besought the king, through the medium of the queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, to allow her to resign her dignity, and to sanction a free triennial election of an abbess by the whole sisterhood. "The rare disinterestedness of such a request went far to secure the royal approval;" the necessary letters patent were issued; Angélique and Agnès, who had been acting as her coadjutor, resigned their dignities; and La Mère Geneviève de St. Augustine was elected for three years, on the 23d July 1630. For six years Port Royal continued under this new superior, losing in many respects its typical characteristic of simplicity, and departing in others from the severe rule which Angélique had introduced. She herself, after undergoing many indignities, and learning a bitter lesson of practical humiliation and obedience in her new capacity of a simple nun, was removed for a time to another scarcely more congenial sphere of duty, in the nominal and divided superiority over a new religious house, which the ambition of the spiritual director of Port Royal, M. de Langres, was endeavouring to push into notoriety. Happy was she to be able at length to negotiate an exchange of this distasteful dignity with the Abbess of Port Royal, for the position of a nun in her old and beloved sisterhood. The election of Agnès Arnauld to the vacant office of abbess restored Port Royal to its former simple discipline; and to this was now added the directing influence of St. Cyran.

Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, better known by the title derived from his abbey of St. Cyran, had, as we have already intimated, been associated in his early studies with Cornelius Jansen, afterwards bishop of Ypres. Together they had pored over the works of the great Augustine; and while Jansen devoted himself to the task of embodying and adapting to modern controversies the essence of the Augustinian doctrine of "grace," in his "Augustinus," St. Cyran was provoking the enmity of the Jesuits by two successful anonymous brochures, in answer to members of their Society. But it was not in the paths of controversy that St. Cyran's real vocation lay. His anonymous appearance as an author is accounted for, by his pupil and biographer Lancelot, as a result of his innate humility of spirit. Mr. Beard, in touching on this characteristic, draws an interesting

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portrait of St. Cyran, which brings the man at once before us:

"He had reached what appears to have been a true abnegation of self in this respect. If any work for God were well done, it was the Divine grace which had effectually coöperated to its performance, and the human instrument was nothing, and less than nothing. A sincere conviction that in this denial of self was a perennial fountain of moral strength, may probably account for his repeated refusals of preferment. He lived a hermit's life in the very heart of Paris. It was not easy to gain admittance to his society, harder still to win his confidence. Yet all the while, by two engines of influence, education and confession, he was preparing a school of followers, who revered him as a father, and looked upon his memory as that of a saint and a martyr. He had undertaken the education of his nephews from a very early age; and M. de Barcos and another had been pupils of Jansen at Louvain. He was also accustomed to select such children of his friends as he hoped might not disappoint his expectations, and either send them to his abbey of St. Cyran, to be treated according to his peculiar views; or to employ in the task of tuition, under his own eye, such of his disciples as he judged most qualified by nature for it. This, as we shall hereafter see, was the origin of the celebrated schools of Port Royal.

But it was as a director of consciences that St. Cyran most displayed his wonderful powers of impressing and influencing men. He profoundly appreciated that great Scriptural truth expressed in the parable of the Leaven, that society is to be regenerated in the individual, and at once saw how advantageous a position for the performance of this work is occupied by the Roman Catholic confessor. This converting of souls, one by one, might perhaps be but a slow process, but it was still the only process by which God's kingdom could be effectually helped; and the flame of Christian love and zeal, once lighted in a noble breast, would leap kindling from heart to heart. In St. Cyran we see the good side of the practice of confession; for his relation to his penitents is that of the strong will, the steady judgment, the devout soul, towards weak, inconstant minds, alternating often between carelessness and fanaticism. While, above all, his stern conscientiousness is always conspicuous. No famous name among the French divines stands so free as his from all suspicion of cowardly accommodation to the feelings of the great. Perhaps he knew that the episcopal palace of Bayonne might expose him to temptations which would not approach his humble lodging opposite the gate of the Chartreux. Not so wisely chose Francis de Sales, Bossuet, Fénélon, Massillon."

But an event now occurred which drew towards St. Cyran the eyes of all Paris: this was the conversion from the world of Antoine le Maître, the celebrated advocate, in the hour of his most triumphant success. Le Maître, as we have mentioned, was a son of La Mère Angélique's married sister:

"We may well believe that the close connection of his family with

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Port Royal, and especially the example of his aunts, was not without influence upon the young advocate. As early as 1634, a lively correspondence had taken place between him and La Mère Agnès, then abbess of Tard, upon the subject of his intended marriage, to which she, of course, offered a strenuous though guarded opposition. The match was, for some reason, broken off, and Le Maître applied himself to his profession with renewed ardour. At last, in August 1637, the death of his aunt, Madame d'Andilly, made a deep impression upon his mind. He was a constant attendant by her sick bed, where he heard the exhortations by which M. de Cyran endeavoured at the same time to teach the dying young woman how to die, and her surviving friends to live in hourly readiness for death. And the successful pleader, the idol of the courts, was astonished at the eloquence, more persuasive than his own, which flowed from the lips of the quiet ecclesiastic. No far-fetched metaphors attested the speaker's learning; no subtle turns of wit surprised the listeners into applause; no loud declamation took their convictions by sudden storm; the force was that of a soul deeply moved by the reality of its message, knowing that it spoke of what most truly concerned its hearers and itself. And when, at last, St. Cyran, in the recital of the service for the dying, came to the solemn words, "Depart from this world, O Christian soul, in the name of the omnipotent God who created thee!" Le Maître could no longer restrain himself; but, bursting into a flood of tears, escaped from the room where death had now claimed his own to indulge his emotions in the solitude of the moonlit garden. There he took the resolution, to which he immovably adhered, of abandoning the law and devoting the remainder of his days to the service of God in strict seclusion. And to St. Cyran, who joyfully accepted the charge of so promising a penitent, he committed the direction of his conscience."

Le Maître was the earliest of a company of recluses who at first lived together in a house adjoining to Port Royal de Paris, and afterwards took possession of the deserted buildings of Port Royal des Champs. The example of the elder Le Maître was soon followed by his younger brother, Simon le Maître de Sericourt, a young soldier of distinction. St. Cyran became their spiritual director, and associated with them his disciples Singlin and Lancelot. Singlin, "whose simple docility of character seems to have recommended him to St. Cyran," though not a man of genius, and possessed of but moderate learning, soon displayed a remarkable aptitude for the office of spiritual director; while Claude Lancelot "represents to us the schools, the grammars, and the system of education for which Port Royal became so widely famous." And these four original members gradually gathered the little circle, drawn from the Arnauld family, which we have already mentioned,—De Saci, De Luzanci, and d'Andilly,—while from other families, and varying grades of society, came Charles de la Croix, a poor deformed shoemaker, who

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had supported by his labour his master's widow and children; Etienne de Bâcle, the son of a country-gentleman, whom conjugal misadventures had reduced to poverty and an isolated life; M. Pallu, once physician to the Compte de Soissons, distinguished by the smallness of himself and every thing belonging to him, except, says another of the solitaries, his mind; and Fontaine, the son of a Parisian *bourgeois*, whom circumstances had previously accustomed to a life of seclusion. The names of Pascal, Pierre Nicole, Pontchâteau, and Hamon carry our enumeration of the leading "Messieurs de Port Royal" down to the last days of its existence. What their life was will be best gathered from a passage in Mr. Beard's memorials:

"We may pause at this point of our enumeration to inquire into the method of life which was established by common consent, especially as we possess a brief memoir, dated November 23d, 1644, which supplies us with the necessary information. Most of the conventual buildings had been dismantled on the removal of the nuns to Paris; but the church, in which mass was daily said by a chaplain left behind for that purpose, was still entire, and a few rooms in what had been the infirmary furnished the first hermits with sufficient shelter. Their wants in the shape of furniture were simple: a stool, a table, a straw mattress, a crucifix, and a few books, were all they required for themselves; and the occasional visitors who interrupted their solitude gladly accepted their rude hospitality. They wore no distinguishing dress; each was clad as his custom had been in the world, though with a preference for simple fashions and grave-coloured stuffs. Each went about his work, his devotions, his recreations, alone and silently; exchanging no more words than were necessary, and those only on topics of religion. The day began at 3 A.M., when one, whose charge it was, woke all the rest. After certain prescribed devotions had been performed in private, they met the chaplain in the church, to say matins and lauds, a service which occupied about an hour and a half. Then, kissing the earth in token of profound humility before God, each retired to his own room.

The round of social prayer, begun so early, lasted through the day. At half-past six was prime; at nine, tierces, after which mass was daily said; at eleven came sexte; at two, nones; at four, vespers; at a quarter past seven, compline and the Liturgy of the Virgin. Twice in a day a few moments were set apart for self-examination. A chapter in the Gospels, and another in St. Paul's Epistles, were daily read, kneeling. And the fulfilment of the apostolic injunction, 'Pray without ceasing,' was set before each as a constant object of desire: though in the word 'prayer' were included not only the spoken wishes of the soul, but also its silent aspirations, and habitual desire of God's presence.

They found it impossible, at such a distance from the sea, to observe exactly the Church's regulations on the subject of fasting; and consequently desired to make their daily mode of life as little like a feast

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as might be. For eight months in the year, they had only two meals in the day; dinner about noon, and at six a light meal that might be supposed to stand in place of supper. The dinner was a social meal, if such it can be called where no conversation was permitted. Every man had a portion allotted to him, as in a monastery; and one of their number read aloud from the New Testament and the Lives of the Saints. After dinner, a walk formed the sole recreation of the day, which each might take alone, or, if he pleased, with one other. Two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon, were devoted to hand-labour, which consisted, for the most part, in such work in the fields and garden as was not too difficult for those who had been accustomed to sedentary occupations. As I have already said, the nuns of Port Royal found, on their return in 1648, that the labours of the solitaries had converted the marshy wilderness from which they had fled into a healthy and blooming valley. The frequency of confession and communion varied, according to the peculiar circumstances of individuals: some communicated only once a fortnight; others, on all Sundays and high festivals. The practice of austerity was left to the free will of each: fasts on bread and water, hair-shirts, and 'disciplines' (which, for Protestant readers, may be interpreted to mean scourges), were more or less assiduously used. The long list of premature deaths to be found in the annals of this community is sufficient proof that self-mortification was more than a name amongst them."

On the return of Angélique Arnauld with a portion of the nuns to Port Royal des Champs in 1648, the solitaries of course gave up their residence in the convent, and most of them took possession of a farm in the neighbourhood, called Les Granges. Did our space permit, we would endeavour to delineate more particularly this remarkable brotherhood:—the shrewd, keen intellect, and but half-tamed spirit of Le Maître, plunging with an absorbing interest alternately into the labours of the field and the study, the quieter force of character of De Saçi, the fearless but sensitive De Sericourt, the devotional and steadfast zeal of De Luzançi, the geniality of Pallu, the piercing satire of Pascal, and the mysticism of the physician Hamon. But the nuns and solitaries of Port Royal were to be no longer left to the quiet performance of their self-imposed duties; the fortunes of both were now to be involved in the vicissitudes of the great Jansenist controversy. In perusing the accounts of this great theological conflict, it is impossible, at first sight, to suppress our astonishment at the narrow, technical, and seemingly irrelevant character of the points which formed the chief subject-matter of dispute. Instead of rising to the dimensions of a discussion on the nature and operation of Divine grace, they narrowed themselves in form to a discussion, not whether certain statements which a papal Bull affirmed to exist in Jansen's "Augustinus" really were there, but whether, the Holy

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See having affirmed not only their heresy, but also their presence in the book, the rule of papal infallibility extended to the *fact* thus asserted as well as to the *doctrine*, or, as it was expressed, the *fait* as well as the *droit*.

Antoine Arnauld and the Jansenist doctors and bishops took the negative, the Jesuits the affirmative, of this question. The controversy during its course assumed almost every shape which the casuistry of the most ingenious sophists could devise. The volume with which the storm originated lay almost disregarded, while its friends and enemies disputed hotly whether the Pope were entitled to the unexamining and unquestioning faith of believers as to its actual contents. The Jesuits were satisfied with the vantage-ground which they had obtained in the stigma of heresy attached by the Holy See to the book of their posthumous opponent. The Jansenists felt that this outwork was the real key of their position, and that their defeat here would virtually place them under the ban of the Church. After all, perhaps, the Holy See was wise in resisting what was expressly a limitation of its prerogative, and might by analogy have extended to a considerable breach in the doctrine of its infallibility. Whether or not the doctrine of the Jansenists respecting grace were as heretical and Calvinistic as their adversaries asserted, and they denied, it to be, it is clear that the position into which they were driven by the shape which the controversy assumed acquired more and more of a Protestant character in the original sense of the word, and that, as a revolt from the authority of the Holy See, the Jansenist movement possessed an importance far beyond the matters actually in dispute.

But it is not with the Jansenist controversy in itself, nor with the niceties of distinction between the schools of Jansen and Loyola on the subject of prevenient grace, that we are now concerned. They only interest us at present in the influence which they had on the fortunes of Port Royal. The sudden incarceration of St. Cyran in Vincennes, by the orders of Richelieu, was the first symptom of the coming storm. The solitaries then resident at Paris were next driven thence by the same arbitrary power, on suspicion of connivance with a pretended conspiracy of St. Cyran; it was on their return from this enforced retreat that they first took up their abode at Port Royal des Champs. The death of Richelieu released St. Cyran from his prison, only in a few months to follow his persecutor to the grave. Antoine Arnauld, the youngest of La Mère Angélique's brothers, was now rising into eminence. He too had sat at the feet of St. Cyran, and with the reputation of one of the most learned doctors of the Sorbonne combined an ardent spirit, which never suffered him to omit an

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opportunity of striking a blow at what he considered dangerous error. Indefatigable, and substantially consistent, he was more of a schoolman in his moral logic, and more of a man of the world in his policy, than either his great master St. Cyran or the recluses of Les Granges. The first occasion on which he came in collision with the Society of Jesus, was the publication of a tract entitled "Fréquente Communion," in answer to the very lax doctrines contained in a *brochure* of the Jesuit confessor Père de Sesmaisons. So great was the anger of his opponents at the triumphant success of Arnauld's answer, that the latter thought it prudent to conceal himself until his friends had succeeded in frustrating the malice of the Jesuits in the highest ecclesiastical quarter. On the outbreak of the controversy occasioned by the publication of Jansen's "Augustinus," Arnauld threw himself with characteristic ardour into the dispute. But his sympathies were still more warmly roused by an attack made by the anti-Jansenist party on Port Royal itself. The Duke de Liancourt, who had built himself a cottage at Port Royal des Champs, whither he frequently retired, and whose friendly relations with the Jansenists were well known, was early in 1655 refused absolution by his parish priest, on the express ground of this Port Royal intimacy. Arnauld, indignant at such an imputation on the community with which his family was so closely bound up, at once entered the lists with a "Letter of a Doctor of the Sorbonne to a Person of Condition." This provoked nine replies, and Arnauld rejoined in his famous "Second Letter to a Duke and Peer." This led to his expulsion from the Sorbonne; and he went into a second concealment, from which he only emerged in the year 1668. But the most important point in connection with this attack upon Arnauld is, that it was the immediate cause of the appearance of the well-known "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, the first of which came out a week before Arnauld's first condemnation by the Sorbonne. These vigorous and witty polemics, which have taken a permanent place as a French classic, did not confine themselves to the disputed question of the *droit* and the *fait* of Jansen, but boldly held up the Jesuits to the scorn and execration of Europe as the underminers of all Christian morality. Their effect, we need hardly say, far exceeded any produced by the more solid arguments of the professed Jansenist controversialists. Edition after edition issued from the press, and was eagerly bought up; while the Jesuits vainly set every contrivance on foot to seize the secret printing-presses and prevent the further publication.

To Blaise Pascal and his writings Mr. Beard devotes two of the most interesting chapters in his volumes. His early studies in the pure and mixed mathematics—his friendship with Cor-

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neille—his first skirmish with the Jesuits—his controversy with Descartes—his first religious impressions—the entrance of his sister Jacqueline into Port Royal—her brother's worldly life—the problem as to his affection for Mademoiselle de Roannez—his "weariness and dissatisfaction"—his providential escape from the accident on the Bridge of Neuilly—his visions of Divine Truth,—lead us step by step to his final resolution on the 8th of December 1654.

"On the afternoon of that day, Pascal was in the parlour of Port Royal with his sister, when the bell sounded for nones and a sermon. They entered the church together; Singlin was the preacher. Pascal knew that his own attendance there that day was accidental, and saw that no communication could take place between his sister and her director; yet the sermon seemed as if it had been intended for himself alone. It spoke of the beginning of the Christian life, and of the necessity of making it holy; it declared that God ought to be consulted upon every change of purpose; that modes of life should be examined with reference to the great interest of individual salvation. Jacqueline fed the flame of devotion which now burned with unwonted ardour; so that before long her brother resolved to put himself under the guidance of some austere director, and to spend all his strength in the work of his own religious education. Who was the director to be? Jacqueline naturally suggested Singlin; but Pascal felt at first some undefined aversion to the great confessor of Port Royal; and when this was overcome, Singlin's own reluctance to accept the charge of fresh penitents stood in the way. At last the confessor, now at Port Royal des Champs, consented to give Jacqueline the needful instruction; and for a little time the brother eagerly and humbly followed the sister's guidance. Then room was found for him among the solitaries of the sacred valley, and De Saçi filled the place of Jacqueline. There all was well."

His subsequent departure, but not estrangement, from Port Royal, his excessive austerity, bordering on moroseness, until his death in the year 1662, complete a career extending over only thirty-nine years, which, taken in connection with the other literary productions by which his name was rendered increasingly famous, well deserves more than a passing study.

Meanwhile the *odium theologicum* was beginning to affect seriously the position of the convents of Port Royal. Vague imputations of disloyalty were bruited abroad. Singlin, whose success as a preacher in the convent-church at Paris had raised the jealousy of other ecclesiastics, was forbidden to preach, but soon afterwards was permitted to resume his functions. The "solitaries" at Les Granges were less fortunate, and anticipated their expulsion by a hasty dispersal. But when the storm seemed to be about to burst over the heads of the helpless nuns, it was

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unexpectedly averted for four years by the occurrence of what is called the "Miracle of the Holy Thorn." Mr. Beard has exhibited much ingenuity in suggesting a possible natural solution of this much-canvassed Jansenist miracle. But, after all, his hypothesis implies a concurrence of circumstances almost in itself worthy of being called miraculous. A child who had long suffered from "lachrymal fistula" in the left eye, was suddenly healed, to all outward appearance, by the application to the diseased part of a thorn from the Saviour's crown, which was being exhibited for adoration in the church of the convent. It is certain the outward appearance of disease in the eye existed when the child approached the altar; it is also certain that almost immediately afterwards this appearance no longer existed. Mr. Beard, arguing from the nature of the disease, suggests very plausibly that the self-curative powers of nature had matured a remedy which the pressure of the thorn precipitated by a few hours. Whatever the reality may have been, and whether imposture or delusion had any hand in the work, the effect of the cure on public opinion was very striking. By the friends of Port Royal, and by the majority of the public, the miracle was looked upon as a special interposition of providence to testify to the innocence and orthodoxy of the community. Crowds thronged to the church where the portent had been performed; fresh cures were reported in all quarters from the application of the holy relic; the solitaries ventured one by one to return to Port Royal des Champs, and remained unmolested; and Singlin was appointed by the Archbishop de Retz superior of the convent. Above all it was on the occasion of the "Miracle of the Holy Thorn" that Pascal wrote his celebrated "Pensées."

Once more, however, the progress of the Jansenist controversy brought down disquiet and persecution on the twin communities. The Jesuits obtained a Bull from the Holy See, by which a new "Formulary" affirming more definitely both the *fait* and the *droit* as to the propositions alleged to be contained in Jansen's "Augustinus," was promulgated, and after some delay it was ordered by the king (acting under the advice of his first Jesuit confessor, Père Annat), that this "formulary" should be signed by every ecclesiastic, and all members of religious orders, whether male or female. The attack on Port Royal had already commenced. The first blow was struck in the year 1660, by an order for the final dispersion of the schools. M. de Bernières, one of the most faithful friends of the community, was banished under a *lettre de cachet*. The boarders and novices were expelled from both convents; the confessors Singlin and De Saci concealed themselves in Paris; the recluses followed their example, and dispersed in various directions. Death had

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already removed Le Maître from the scene; La Mère Angélique, who, sinking under disease and old age, had caused herself to be removed in a litter from Port Royal des Champs to the sister house in Paris, died while the royal commissioners were pursuing their inquisitorial visitation in the convent. And now came the obnoxious Formulary to complete the ruin of the distressed sisterhood. For some time, on one specious excuse or another, they managed to delay giving a positive answer, and then began a long succession of suggestions, and conditions, and prefaces, and non-natural interpretations, under the former of which the sisters, and under the latter M. Perefixe, the new Archbishop of Paris, sought to meet and overcome the case of conscience. The nuns declared they could not conscientiously sign a declaration that such propositions were in a book which they had never seen. They were called upon to affirm the *fait* as well as the *droit*. At length, when every other means failed, twelve of the nuns of Port Royal, including La Mère Agnès, were removed to separate restraint in different conventual houses, and there subjected to every temptation and argument which the ingenuity of their persecutors could devise. The nuns who remained at Port Royal were subjected to a similar inquisition. The result was, the falling-off of a few, but the steadfast constancy of the great majority. At last the scattered members were reassembled within the walls of Port Royal des Champs, where for several years, until the conclusion of what was called the Peace of the Church, they were kept under the strictest surveillance, and deprived of all the religious consolations of the Church. The convent of Port Royal de Paris had been weeded of all its faithful members, who were transferred to the convent in the valley, which thenceforward was to all real purposes the only Port Royal.

But we must hasten over the succeeding period of renewed prosperity; the deaths of La Mère Agnès and all the earlier generation of nuns and solitaries; the controversies and concealments of Antoine Arnauld; and the miracles and mystic reveries of the later generation of Port Royalists. Port Royal was to the Jesuits what Carthage was to the ancient Romans. Until they saw her walls levelled with the ground, and her community completely broken up, their restless hostility knew no cessation. It is well known that they succeeded in their object. Port Royal was destroyed; and it was not till after the death of Louis XIV.—death having been in the mean time also busy among the nuns—that five remaining sisters were reunited in the hospitable retreat of the Benedictine Abbey of Malnoue, where they ended peacefully their life of trouble and vicissitude.

It was probably well for the fame of Port Royal that it

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perished when it did, by one sudden and decisive blow, while the recollection of its earlier glories, and of the great names with which its annals are imperishably connected, was still fresh. The greatness which it achieved sprang in so large a degree from the individual characters of its founders, and so little from the constitution and influences of the society itself, that it could scarcely calculate on its continuance through more than two successive generations. The immediate disciples of Singlin and De Saçi, of Le Maître and Pascal, might emulate in some slightly approximate degree the reputation of their great masters, but could hardly be expected to hand down to a third generation the flame of genius in undiminished lustre. The signs of degeneracy were indeed but too plainly visible before the second generation had passed away. Better, too, by far that their history should end where it does, than that their name should become—like that of their destroyers—a synonym for chicanery and falsehood among all free nations, and a stumbling-block in the way of all national advancement, and all enlightened civilisation.

Art. IX.—POLITICS AND FAITH.

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. A new edition. Chapman and Hall.

Lectures on the Apocalypse. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. Macmillan. 1861.

A few Words on Garibaldi. An Answer to numerous Letters from Rev. Robert M'Ghee. By Lord Robert Montague, M.P. Ridgway. 1861.

In many respects the great nations of the ancient world looked upon the phenomena of national life and political government with a far truer, fresher, and more religious eye than those of the nineteenth century; in some measure, possibly, because national unity and political government being less permanent and stable, less a recognised part of the unalterable order of the universe, the power which sustained it was likely to awaken more immediately the wonder and awe of thoughtful minds: in still greater measure, because that sharp division between the spiritual and the secular, which is so marked a phenomenon of the most modern society, had no existence among the three great nations to whom we owe the principal germs of our civilisation. The highest minds among the Romans, the Greeks, and the Hebrews, were habitually possessed with a grave

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wonder at the mighty strength of those spiritual bonds which held a nation together in close unity, and which gave its mysterious authority to the national government. In Rome, perhaps, it will be said that this is easily accounted for. That it was primarily the virtue and vigour of the *public* will and conscience which gave Rome its extraordinary capacity for legislation, government, and war, may be admitted. The virtues of the citizen and the soldier were more marked and indigenous in the Roman character than even these private virtues which the former tended to engender or confirm. And therefore it may be thought that the religious solemnity attached to all the concerns of the State, and amongst these to the duties of political and military government, was only the inevitable reflection of the strong side of the national character in the national religion.

But no one will suppose that this was true of Greece. The genius of Athens did not manifest itself most characteristically in the direction either of political or military greatness. Yet her greatest statesmen as well as thinkers never failed to attach to all truly national and State concerns, and especially therefore to the duties of the executive administration, a genuinely religious importance which less and less characterises the real tone of thought among the Christian nations of the nineteenth century. Plutarch tells us how deeply Pericles was politically indebted, how deeply he was conscious of his political debt, to Anaxagoras for teaching him that the universe owed its origin neither to chance nor to necessity, but to a pure and unmixed mind. From the teaching of Anaxagoras, he says, Pericles had learned not only elevation of sentiment, loftiness and purity of style, and dignity of manner, but to overcome all superstitious fears of the gods inspired by natural phenomena in those who had not studied their unvarying order; so that when Pericles heard how the imprudent indifference of his master to worldly affairs had reduced him to absolute destitution, and that "the poor old man had covered up his head, and was going to starve himself, Pericles was extremely moved, ran immediately to him, expostulated, entreated, bewailing not so much the fate of his friend as his own, if his administration should lose so valuable a counsellor." Is there in the statesmen of the present day any similar eagerness for the aid of this kind of counsel in political policy? No doubt Lord Palmerston counts much on the material assistance rendered by Lord Shaftesbury and Exeter Hall to his administration; but we neither believe, nor wish to believe, that if, like Anaxagoras, they covered up their faces from him, and announced their intention of withdrawing entirely from the political stage, he

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would feel any blank in his moral resources for governing England well, or directing her foreign influence aright. Though almost the only religious party who feel it their duty, in a religious capacity, to interfere much in the regulation of political affairs, their requests are almost uniformly stamped with a spirit that degrades instead of elevating the tone of political sentiment amongst statesmen. And when they ask for the withdrawal of the Maynooth Grant, for the infliction of the Bible by government authority on the Hindoos, or for the expulsion of Roman Catholics from the State-Paper Office, no wonder that the most secular-minded politicians are thought by the majority of English laymen to be by far the most trustworthy and the most just.

If we turn to the Hebrew nation, the relation between their politics and their faith is still more striking. They were as far as possible from possessing any gift of political genius; some might say they were stamped with that inherent deficiency in political capacity which seems to mark almost all Oriental nations; yet to them God was, we may almost say, *politically* revealed. His government manifested itself to them chiefly in its constant conflicts with their political sins, and the discipline which corrected or counteracted their political deficiencies. With a passionate sensibility to the ties of family and clan which from first to last was always endangering, and often actually shattered, the frame-work of the national unity,—with something of the general incapacity of all Arab chiefs to rise above the vindictive impulses of the moment into the judicial calmness requisite for any true development of national life,—the best rulers of Israel were yet keenly sensible that the political breadth and tranquillity of purpose which they could not find in themselves, was yet accessible to them in communion with that invisible King, who should "reign in righteousness" and "rule in judgment," who should be as "a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Their political history was in their eyes the history of God's revelation to them of His own will,—beginning with the selection of their first great ancestor, directing his wanderings, trying and confirming his faith, and moulding his posterity, by the ties of a common bondage and a common liberation, into a single and, if it might be, united nation. When the disunion takes place under Rehoboam, it is but the political expression and manifestation of the deeper disunion which Solomon's idolatry, and the unrighteous tyranny which was bound up with that idolatry, had already sown in the hearts of a previous generation, bearing fruit slowly under his son. Every political event that is

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disastrous to the nation is shown to be the natural fruit of some spiritual unfaithfulness in the people or their rulers—the natural fruit and the Divine remedy—at once the practical exposition of God's "controversy" with his people and of his purpose to cure them. Every statesman and prophet, from Moses to John the Baptist, made himself felt by the nation chiefly in counteracting the tendencies to political decomposition or social corruption which threatened the national life. It is in the arena of politics that every moral and theological shortcoming reaches maturity, and meets its final penalty;—idolatrous tendencies issuing in corrupting alliances with Syria or Egypt, as well as in fresh disunion at home; and such alliances with powers steeped in moral iniquity, resulting in their turn in all the wretchedness of family conspiracies and civil war. Even with those later prophets who, like Ezekiel, insisted with most earnestness on the law of individual responsibility, who taught that though the children might suffer for the sins of the fathers, they were not in any sense accountable for them before God, and that by the righteousness of the fathers the children could not be justified,—even these never lose sight of the political bearing of their teaching; and if they bring home more clearly a sense of individual responsibility, it is less for the sake of individuals than because the body of the nation—the "house of Israel"—is itself suffering from the fictitious corporate responsibility thus assumed.

Nor was this political aspect of the Jewish theology limited to the period of the national independence; it springs up again as fresh as ever with the first renovating influence of the Christian faith. No sooner had the Hebrew Christian been persuaded that a new spiritual life had been kindled in him, than he yearned to have the political history of the past and the present interpreted for him by the light of the new faith. The book which at once indicates, and supplies the answer to, this desire to find the relation in which heathen and Jewish history, past and present, stood to Christ, is the Apocalypse. In that strange and, at first sight, enigmatic vision, we have, in fact, presented to us, —as Mr. Maurice has recently shown in one of his finest volumes, —a continuous story of the political providence of God up to the beginning of the final struggle between the power of Rome and of the Church of Christ. To us, indeed, the true vision of the development of God's providence which it contains seems to be tinged throughout with Hebrew forms of thought, which occasionally become Hebrew prejudice and exclusiveness,—and when in the millennial chapter there is an attempt to solve the problem of the future, the prophetic inspiration seems to fade away. But taken as a whole it does shed a true light upon

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God's political method of education for the human race, and affords a very striking exemplification of the old prophetic power of seeing in the history of nations the unfolding purposes of a divine will.

To the author of this book none of the early types of Oriental civilisation are profane, for all are links in the divine chain of God's political purposes. He sees that the earlier forms of civilisation are mainly animal, and do not give any ascendency to the highest gifts of man. But he recognises a heavenly original even for these purely animal and intellectual instruments of the world's culture: he finds a place in heaven for the lion form of Assyrian conquest; for the oxen shape of Egyptian industry; for the intellectual influence of Greece that had the "face of a man," though still showing the body of an animal; and for that ambitious Roman civilisation which was like its own emblem "a flying eagle." To all these successive instruments of God's providence the prophet assigns a place in heaven, and by the voice of each he is taught to understand that even these half-animal ages of the world were necessary in their order, and had an ultimately beneficent influence over human history. The Oriental civilisations pass before him; they are followed by the intellectual and commercial ascendency of Greece; and these again are all swallowed up in that solvent tide of Roman conquest, which he describes as like the career of a pale horse: "and he that sat thereon was Death, and Hell followed with him." When these "four seals" of God's political providence have been broken, the prophet sees the best fruit of the ages—men not as heathen civilisation formed them, but such as faith in God had made them,—crying out to God to judge the earth, to put an end to the grievous tyranny of an unspiritual kingdom, and to establish his own in its place. Then the false deities of the heathen world begin to fall from heaven like shooting stars; but before the final battle with the Roman power can begin, the most monstrous of all false altars must first be shivered to atoms—that of Jerusalem itself. There follows the sevenfold blast of divine judgment, before which Jerusalem falls, as Jericho fell of old before the trumpets of Joshua; and now, for the first time, can the angels of the new faith set free from the manacles of a corrupted Judaism, fight hand to hand with the brute force of the degraded Roman power, and rid the world of the dangerous fascinations of Roman luxury and sensuality.

Now, after allowing for any Hebrew colouring that there may be in the magnificent and yet spiritual vision of God's political providence on which we have thus meagrely touched, how startling is the contrast between the relation of God with political events, as it is here set forth, and that conceived by the modern

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statesman! Is it not the modern creed,—Lord Palmerston's, for instance,—that a man who gravely supposes that God does reveal his *present* purposes to man, either in political events or on any other side of human life, must have an unsound and hazy intellect, quite unfit to write modern history, nay, even unfit to see it with impartial eye? What is Lord Palmerston's real test of a "fanatic"? Is it limited to admiration of Jesuits and a hatred of Puritans? Would he not include any one in that term who strongly believed that the hand of God could be clearly discerned sending forth the messengers who sway hither and thither the battle between Protestant and Catholic, between Italian and Austrian, between the Free States and the Slave States of America? If Sir Cornewall Lewis were to comment on the history of the period in which Jerusalem fell, and Rome surrendered to the Christian faith, should we not expect to find some expression of irritation at the luminous confusion of colours in the glass through which Hebrew and Christian historians contemplated such matters? Is not he the true ideal of an historian, in the eyes of most modern statesmen, who ignores any higher or more constant purpose in history than that of the shifting human actors who weave it? Is not any belief in, or pretended insight into, any political purpose of God's regarded as a refracting medium which is certain to break the white light of historic truth?

We conceive this to be so, and yet it is strange in a country and age when, as we do not scruple to believe, there is as much, if not more, diffused faith in God, if not in Christ, than there has been at any period since the Christian era, excepting only, perhaps, the few exciting spring-tides of religious movement. And yet there is, as we have said, a far wider gulf between politics and faith at the present day than ever severed them in the great days of Greece and Rome, when such faith in the unseen as existed at all certainly associated itself closely with public life,—and an infinitely wider gulf than that almost imperceptible boundary-line, which alone divided them to the eye of Hebrew prophecy, at a time when such sense of public duty as existed at all was usually a direct offshoot of religious trust. Nor, assuredly, can the chasm between modern theology and modern politics be traced to any want of clear signs of God's agency in the political events of the century. The natural theologian may perhaps complain that modern science has shaken public confidence in many of his favourite methods of demonstrating the existence of a great designer. But whatever has been lost on the side of science might have been gained on the side of politics, had any modern thinker applied the strong sense and close-fitting logic of Paley, with some tinge of deeper moral enthusiasm, to the task

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of proving the existence of a divine purpose, shaping gradually to its own great ends the blind and short-sighted hopes, interests, and passions of all the chief human actors in the political events of the last century in Europe and America. Since the fall of Jerusalem, and the conflict of the Christian faith with imperial Rome, there has been no century—not even that of the Reformation—in which the divine arm, so often to human eyes completely concealed beneath the stagnant life or wayward caprices of nations, has been more visibly outstretched than in this.

Consider only the events in which France has played the leading part since the great Revolution. She has been made the instrument of testing the true strength and soundness of almost every government in Europe, and she has been the executioner of almost all that was utterly rotten in modern civilisation. She has actually revived or created a national life all around her which she intended to trample out. She would fain have done once more for Europe what Rome did in the beginning of our era; but her work has had a very different result, just because the national life with which she came into conflict has proved of very different substance. Rome swept all before her, because the true national spirit was all but extinguished before she came, and where the mere carcass of national life was "there were the eagles gathered together." When first the power of the French Revolution in Europe made itself visible in the Reign of Terror, and for long after it had passed into the first Empire, it might well have seemed that St. John's vision of the career of the Roman power would apply not less aptly to this new and frightful engine of universal blight to Europe: "And I looked and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat thereon was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death." And yet this malignant power was to generate results the very opposite of those which Roman conquest produced,—to be the signal for the gradual resurrection of true national life all over Europe, and at the same time to render the various nations conscious of a closeness of sympathy, a sensitiveness to common popular emotions, of which they were never conscious before. At her own expense, France has taught Europe two great and apparently contrasted lessons,—that one bond of sentiment unites them all, and yet that this very sympathy with each other compels them to assert and defend the distinctness of their characteristic organisations. At her own expense: for had she herself possessed any thing like the quick sympathy with the national traditions and feelings of other nations which others have evinced in regard to hers, she would not have taught them

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the latter lesson at all, nor have been the first to teach them the former. Of all the nations of Europe, France probably is the most self-centred, answers the least readily to the chords of popular feeling struck in other lands, and is the most reckless of aggression on their rights. Three times during the last century, in her own renewed struggles for freedom, she has struck the key to which Germany, Italy, Hungary, and even Poland, have quickly responded; but she never follows the lead of others. This self-centredness it is, this exclusiveness of national feeling, which has rendered her the fitting instrument to teach the great lessons we have named. She originates, though she is not quick to catch from abroad, the contagion of a popular movement; and the same sharply-defined and exclusive nationality has rendered her at once unscrupulous in invading other countries, and almost incapable of retaining a *hold* over them even when she has subdued them. She has thus been the most perfect of instruments for awakening the national life in other lands. Germany dates the origin of its tardy and halting progress towards national unity from the French invasion under the first Empire; and Italy owes to the same event the birth of the national sentiment which is now bearing that glorious fruit over which almost every nation in Europe rejoices more heartily than France, though she herself unintentionally originated, and has since reluctantly completed the work. The nation which is least alive to the impulses communicated from foreign lands, has convinced all Europe that one vital chain of popular sympathy unites the peoples; the nation which is most indifferent to the gratification of any national pride but its own, has reawakened, by endangering, the purest pride of national life in England, Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Italy.

If we look for more detailed proofs of the use made by the power who overrules human history, of unconscious and unwilling instruments to effect its great ends,—consider only how all the elements most threatening and hostile to Italian independence and unity have been made to work together to aid Sardinia in securing it. If we except the primary condition of all the new hopes for Italy,—the condition without which we may almost say with reverence that even the favour of God would have been powerless to aid her,—we mean the loyalty of the Sardinian monarchy to its own pledges to the national cause,—all other political influences without exception seemed either to frown discouragement or enmity upon Italy, or at best to smile with a sinister meaning, suggesting a disaster even behind success. Austria, Naples, the Pope, the Roman Church throughout Europe, were open foes; Russia, Prussia, and England looked on with suspicious displeasure, tendering unwelcome

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advice; France offered a doubtful and conditional friendship that appeared to involve the subtlest form of danger to Italy. Yet, of all these open foes or doubtful friends, there was not one whose hostility could have been less deadly, or friendship more sincere and effective, without diminishing or destroying, as it turns out, some one of the conditions of success. Austria, as Mr. Gladstone has recently shown with his own peculiar eloquence, has perhaps done more than any other power to develop rapidly the national *unity* of Italy. For thirty years she had sedulously taught, by precept and action, with true missionary fervour, the doctrine that the states of Italy could only be governed successfully if they were governed *homogeneously;* that every government of Italy must be made subsidiary to her rule in Lombardy and Venetia; that none could be effectually enslaved unless all its neighbours were virtually enslaved also, and ruled by the same wily counsels and the same iron hand. Italy quickly apprehended the lesson; but it operated only to teach her that no Italian state could be effectually free unless all its neighbours were to be combined with it under the same free counsels, and under the protection of the same Italian sword. Austria unintentionally engraved upon every state in Italy the doctrine that symmetry of political plan in Italy was the *sine qua non* of success. Such was her involuntary service to the great cause. Nor did Naples and the Pope contribute less. Either might have crippled the force of the unitary movement, had they not blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts against it. A very little honest concession from the young Bourbon would have turned the tide hopelessly against Garibaldi. A trifling concession, early in the day, from the Pope would have secured the absolute guarantee of France for his secular power. But the eyes of these rulers had "waxed gross, and their ears were dull of hearing, that they should not see with their eyes and understand with their hearts;" and they too played their part unconsciously, but surely, so as best to aid the cause they hated, and swell the chorus of national unity, by obstinately parading the shrill intensity of their own anti-Italian prepossessions.

Again, the parts played by France, Prussia, and England, are perhaps yet more remarkable for an unintended and involuntary forwarding of the same great cause,—for the blindness of the instrumentality that a higher power has used. France no doubt intended to give, *on her own terms*, to Sardinia far more splendid and effectual aid than she actually afforded. And had she done so, had not Austria proved all but her match in the field, had not Prussia threateningly mobilised her army and warned her from the Mincio,—Italy, instead of being now all

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but independent through her own temperate efforts, would have won nothing, properly speaking, *for herself*, would be the hopeless debtor of France for what she *had* gained, and would not have been allowed to gain any thing like her present glorious position. She would *have* far less; she would hold it on far more irksome, if not paralysing, conditions, and would feel none of the self-respect which unassisted effort has given her. France has been the instrument of obtaining for Italy far more than she intended, because she has been able to *give*, on her own terms, far less than she intended. And as Prussia was one of the blind instruments of paralysing France, and thus involuntarily, nay against her will, aiding Italy, so England was another quite as blind, if less reluctant, benefactor. Suspicious of French intentions, and angrily taxing Sardinia with double-dealing, England armed not to aid Italy, but to defend herself. For herself hitherto, her warlike preparations have not been needed, but on the course of events in Italy they have had the most favourable effect. The strength so gained has given a national significance to her advice, and held back France from the pursuit of a policy of intervention in which she would otherwise have been unrestrained. Without the foresight either to anticipate the results of the Italian war, or to see the necessity of a united Italy, the attitude of English statesmen has yet materially contributed to the splendour of the result, and may perhaps have been even essential to that result; for had not England been strong and irritable, as well as strongly opposed to active intervention, France would certainly have interrupted the career of Garibaldi before crossing from Sicily to Calabria. Both when arming almost in panic, and when counselling Sardinia to forbid Garibaldi's expedition, English statesmen showed that they saw not the true direction of the path in which they were so blindly groping their way; but not the less, nay, perhaps even the more effectually, did it lead them to aid in the great consummation.

We doubt whether, even from Paley's *Natural Theology*, any clearer instance of an adaptation of blind unconscious causes to beneficent effect can be adduced to demonstrate a supernatural and conscious cause working through the channels of secondary causation. He gives hundreds of instances, indeed, of involuntary instrumentality, but none of instrumentalities used to effect the very opposite purpose for which they are set in motion. The cuckoo's egg is hatched by an involuntary act of charity, but not by a hostile bird intending to break what she clumsily contrives to hatch. Yet this is the case of the new Italian kingdom. Moreover, there is certainly in the whole range of natural theology no instance in which the same depth of moral judg-

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ment, the same evidence of a spiritual and personal wisdom, could be shown. The great drama now enacting in America is, as we believe and hope, destined to issue in a similar vindication of the divine justice, and to embody the final sentence of God against the iniquity of human slavery; though the agency by which it is being accomplished is one of immediate calamity, social decomposition, and political disunion, instead of national growth and political renovation. But the catastrophe is as yet too distant to enable any who were not otherwise convinced to draw from it special evidence of a supernatural government.

Indeed, this kind of moral evidence of the political providence of God, is open to exactly the same class of objections as Paley's argument in *Natural Theology*. To those who have already grasped the spiritual constitution of society, to whom the manifest agency of such an overruling providence would not seem to involve a *Deus ex machinâ*, but only to mark a critical era in the regular march of the divine government, such evidence will confirm an already deep conviction. To others it seems nothing more than a curious array of coincidences skilfully used to conceal a *petitio principii*. Nor do we dispute this view of the case. We have no wish at present to adduce fresh evidence for the spiritual constitution of human society; but only to consider how it happens that even among those to whom the Christian faith is a reality, the world of politics is a "profane" region of thought, almost unrelated to that faith. Instead of being more closely related to our spiritual world than was that of the Greeks and the Romans, it seems to be even less so. Our spiritual faith is indeed deeper, more real, more operative; but why is it, in proportion to this its deeper hold on us individually, far less closely related to our public and national life than was that of the great secular nations of the ancient world? Will it be said that whatever be the evidence in the case of special political events, the *general* social and political phenomena of modern times exhibit fewer and less convincing signs of their connection with the unseen world than those of Greece and Rome? Nothing could be more palpably untrue. All the phenomena of slavery, and of the various systems of socialism; all the political phenomena of the modern revolutions, of the despotism out of which they have usually been born, of the democracy in which they have usually resulted,—are constant witnesses in every thoughtful mind to a definite spiritual government of the universe, assigning to men large but limited spiritual powers over each other. Whence the iniquity of slavery, but from the assumption of a power delegated to man over moral beings which no man has been fitted either to wield or to endure, so that the *facts* of the spiritual constitution both of the master and the slave are always

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setting at naught the *theory* of their relation, and thus twisting the nature of both into monstrous shapes? Socialism, again, is disastrous because it attempts to stretch the influence of general social affections beyond their actual authority over us, and to extend to the many the relations which we are only constituted to bear to the few. How do we explain the mad excesses against freedom and humanity to which the cry of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," gave rise in France in 1793, but by saying that it was the cry of men who had come to believe that all government, spiritual or otherwise, is a species of slavery; and who were learning by experience that the spirit of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," thus interpreted, is apt to turn out identical with the spirit of Slavery, of Caste, and of Fratricide? In short, the history of the last century, taken alone, is one long evidence of the spiritual organism of all human society and of the body politic.

How is it, then, that in spite of all these facts,—in spite of the historical phenomena which bear witness to an overruling providence, and of the social and political phenomena which bear witness to a spiritual order and constitution of human affairs,—so few of the greater nations and statesmen of Europe should seem to be possessed with that religious feeling in relation to political events which filled the mind of even such a statesman as Pericles? When Plutarch tells us that Pericles always prepared himself for a speech in public by "addressing a prayer to the gods that not a word might escape him unsuitable to the occasion," we might at first be unjust enough to attribute such a practice to a mixture of overweening anxiety for his own position and religious superstition, did not every thing else that we hear of the religious side of his character go to prove that the faith he had learned from Anaxagoras had tended to set him free from popular superstition. As it is, we must infer from this and many other traits of his life that his position in relation to the Athenian State brought home to him, with singular force for that age, the existence of personal spiritual powers whose will it was his business to study and to serve. Can we say the same of modern statesmen? Do they show in proportionate, or even in the same, degree the strength of purpose, the self-restraint, and the general composure of demeanour, which belong to men who know that in their general principles of government they can but at best coöperate with, and at worst feebly thwart, the constant and patient purposes of a higher power? Of English statesmen, Lord John Russell at his best, more than any other perhaps,—more even than Mr. Gladstone, whose "serious" manner is too like clerical mannerism,—does seem to rest in a simple and statesmanlike faith that there *are* great

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political ends which God enables and requires this country at almost any cost to uphold;—as when, at the outbreak of the Russian war, he explicitly based his defence of it on the righteousness of the cause, and appealed to God to defend the right. But the general political atmosphere of Europe is something more than secular in spirit. Men seem often to lose sight, even in dealing with the greatest questions, of the spiritual roots of national life and of government authority, and nowhere so much as in those States where ecclesiastics nominally claim all power for the "spiritual" arm. There is a vulgarising tendency in modern politics which is in direct contrast with the spirit in which the greater minds among the ancients regarded every thing that affected the destiny of the commonwealth. Whether we look at the ecclesiastical, or at the despotic, or at the imperial-revolutionary governments of Europe, or at our own parliamentary worship of popular opinion, or at the boastful and corrupt spirit of the American executive, it is difficult to find any remains of the religious stateliness of the antique conception of public life and duty. Indeed, the very word "stately" is scarcely one which would have originated in our own day, when our highest conceptions of grand and sedate authority are scarcely derived from the State.

No doubt the reason of this change is in some considerable measure this: that while faith in the supernatural world has grown far deeper and far more universal in modern times, it has been entirely dissevered, in theory at least, if not in practice, from local and national traditions. Rooted in moral responsibility, bound up, at least in Northern Europe, even too exclusively with an individual sense of sin and duty, brought home to the conscience by inward personal experience,—there has been no room for any such close identification of national traditions with divine power as there was in Athens, Rome, or Palestine. The gods of Greece and Rome were held to be the guardians of the Greek and Roman genius and glory; their inspiring power was coextensive with national characteristics, and they were believed to watch over the national destiny. A truer and deeper faith taught the Hebrew people to understand God's teaching that "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts;" their faith was in a God far above their wisest prophet's wisdom, more glorious than their greatest king's glory; yet their history and their traditions were, as we have seen, inseparably bound up in their faith, though their faith was not, as in Athens and Rome, limited by their traditions. The Hebrew history, to the mind of the prophet, did not limit and confine the character of God, but revealed it; and without that

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history it would not have been revealed at all. But Christianity has seemed more or less at a loss how to manage its relations with national politics. The Roman Church boasted itself universal, but, in fact, turned out to be quite intolerable to the maturer genius of the German nations. In throwing off its bondage, they were not careful to discover or define the relations in which their faith stood to their national life, and there has been ever since a formidable schism between the political and religious development of the Protestant countries. Nor has the uneasiness been confined to Protestant countries. Those which, like France, kept the forms of Romanism, have been unable to keep their faith in it, and there, even far more than in England and Germay, has the restless spirit of an unsatisfied national genius vibrated between the feverish fanaticism of an ecclesiastical polity, and the still more feverish fanaticism of military propagandism or revolutionary convulsion. Modern events are beginning to prove to all thoughtful minds, that nations and governments are more and more in want of a better understanding with the springs of spiritual faith, and that churches are more and more in want of a better understanding with the spirit of secular and political progress. The signs which indicate this in our own time are assuming fresh importance every year.

For example, the genius of revolution has long been, we will not say more religious, but certainly far more closely allied to the religious temperament, than the genius of regular government. Since the time of the Puritan revolution, all the greater statesmen, both in England and abroad,—and in England certainly all the greater historians—have been of what we may call the purely secular type, men marked by sagacity and common sense, often with a fine sense of honour, often keenly alive to popular sympathies, almost always humane-minded, but as a rule apparently blind to any relation between the supernatural and the human government of the world,—such men as Walpole, Pitt, Fox, Turgot, Necker, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Guizot, and Cavour, and such historians as Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay; while, on the other hand, almost all the great revolutionary leaders, Washington alone excepted, have been marked by that peculiar temperament which, in its higher forms, feeds on the supernatural, and in its lower tries to satiate its cravings for something deeper than life by giving a supernatural force and edge to natural passions,—as, for instance, the great leaders of the first French Revolution, or, to take the higher types of the same temper, such as Kossuth, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. We could not have a more illustrative instance of these different types of character than in two of the greatest names mentioned

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above, Cavour and Garibaldi, the one a statesman, the other a revolutionary leader, both of the highest calibre, and noblest type of their respective orders of mind.

Cavour, we often hear, is ambitious, firm, sagacious, even astute, with a cautious respect for precedent and prescriptive right as a worldly principle that does not at all interfere with his willingness to violate both, if he can discover the elements of success,—in short, a masterly but worldly politician and artful diplomatist. On the other hand, we are told that Garibaldi is a man of visionary simplicity and imaginative constitution, to whom nothing seems an impossibility that is noble and just, even though he does not understand, and is wholly unable to work, any of the ordinary human engines for realising his dreams; who neither has nor feigns any respect for external authority or prescription, and to whom, therefore, it costs scarcely any pain or any exertion of courage to overturn an established order of things, if it be based in injustice, though it be at the expense of temporary anarchy, and at the risk of eventual failure. And so men say that Cavour is deficient in what is called revolutionary *verve*, while in Garibaldi it exists in excess. Thus we speak; but, in fact, this is only a circumlocution to avoid saying that Cavour works by human experience, and Garibaldi by religious faith; that Cavour looks exclusively to human means, and trusts as little as he may to the help of that God who makes "the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and the things which are not to bring to naught things which are," while Garibaldi would stake too much on the inner vision of his own mind, and refuse to open his eyes to the external lessons of the understanding and the senses, even where they were the right teachers. Cavour, in some sense or other, no doubt believes in a divine protection, but his temperament inclines to the faithlessness that would sacrifice something of perfect integrity to secure an efficient human means to his great ends; Garibaldi, in some sense or other, admits that such means are essential, yet his temperament inclines him to that arrogant confidence which attributes to God a human impatience for the completion of every great work, so that when a safe and slow way, and a shorter one that only miracle can bring to a safe issue, branch off, he would prefer the latter.

Such is a fair contrast between the noblest type of modern statesmen and the noblest type of modern revolutionists: the one seeing in the State nothing but human elements, which an equitable and sagacious mind can order with adequate success, without going down to any deeper considerations; the other seeing in national life and popular government one of the chief concerns of God, who cherishes through long years in the breast

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of the exile and the prisoner the vision which is to effect more than the most sagacious statesman's forethought—a dream of glorified humanity, which works more freedom by its very errors than the astutest knowledge of human degradation by its unquestionable truth. There is nothing more marked in modern history than the strength which the State loses, and which disorganising forces gain, in consequence of the complete absence of any faith in a principle of supernatural unity from the statesman's conception of the national life. We have selected the case of Italy as the most remarkable, because in the present exciting era we might have expected that *there* even the regular statesmen of the day would have exhibited some proud sense of a divine origin for the rising fortunes of the nation. Yet even there we find in the chief architect of those fortunes the same predominantly secular cast of mind which marks almost all the great line of English statesmen since the death of Cromwell.

We may cite, as another sign of the same uneasy feeling between modern politics and modern faith, the wide popularity attained by the writings of Mr. Carlyle, which have found an echo in many minds to which the revolutionary enthusiasms of Kossuth or Mazzini have seemed refugee-dreams. Those writings, we need scarcely say, are one continuous attempt to peel off the husk of unreal and worn-out forms from modern social and political life, to find the meaning that should still underlie monarchy and aristocracy, to explain the causes of the disrepute into which they have fallen, to expose the folly of the external democratic remedies,—to restore the faith in true government —that of the capable and the upright. Mr. Carlyle's works may be said to be a continuous protest against the vulgarity and secularity of modern politics, entered by a strong and sincere intellect, singularly unsusceptible either of sympathy with popular emotions, or of respect for external authority. He cares nothing for so-called popular liberties, still less for aristocratic privilege; but he is eager to see government conducted by the exercise of a real spiritual authority, and to realise the natural fruits of strong spiritual despotism. The nationality principle, like the principle of popular right, is to him a chimera; the only right is the right of the capable to govern,—of the incapable to be governed;—for so alone can be realised in this outward world the "fact of the Universe," or "in the antient dialect" as Mr. Carlyle calls it, "the will of God." Were he quite certain of the existence of a divine *personality*, Mr. Carlyle would be inclined to reproach him for delegating any power at all to incompetent men. An absolute theocracy would be his *beau idéal* of a State. Accordingly, it is his aspiration to sweep

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away the impostures of our parliamentary system, to get rid of the incapable rulers at any price, and to replace them by the capable, if he can. He rejoices in all those uprisings of a people against time-honoured incapacities which vindicate the "eternal laws of fact,"—and, in a word, with no respect for national traditions, for public opinion, for any of the watchwords which catch the popular ear, he has the very strongest belief in the spiritual and eternal foundations of government, and the deepest scorn for that dextrous manipulation of selfish motives which is too often represented as its equivalent. The popularity of Mr. Carlyle's writings arises probably very largely from this profound conviction of his, that all true government should rest on a spiritual basis, and be distinguished by certain divine, if not supernatural attributes. More than any writer of modern days, he represents the craving to see embodied in the State something intrinsically stately,—a principle of faith rather than of sight,—a right to command which men shall recognise instinctively as worthy of obedience,—some imperfect reflection, in short, of the control exercised by the "eternal fact of the Universe," or, "in the antient phrase," by God.

Now here we have two different currents of reaction against the commonplaceness, the utilitarianism, the vulgar tendencies in modern politics, from the most opposite points of view; that of the popular revolutionist who has a vision of God vindicating national independence and popular freedom, and "rights of man," to the nations, by the weak arms of a few patriotic dreamers; and that of the intellectual moralist who has a vision of the divine government as something infinitely searching, true, and strong—a divine Word, "whose name is faithful and true, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword,"—able to sift all hollowness, punish all half-heartedness, and smite down all corruption, and who believes that human government should either be an earthly image of this, or should not exist at all. The revolutionary creed as to earthly States is in some sense the reproduction, under the modifying influence of Christian modes of thought, of the Greek and Roman view of States and Nations. It attaches the same kind of divine sanction to the genius, unity, and independent development of the nation, and claims the same kind of inherent right for the voice of popular government. Mr. Carlyle's is in some sense the reproduction, under the modifying influences of scientific ideas, of the Jewish view of States and Governments. It lays the same exclusive stress on the spiritual qualifications of the governing power, on the degree in which it truly represents the searching Word of God; and passes with the

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same neglect over all the rights of the governed, except the right to be governed well.

Both these opposite phases of political discontent are sound only so far as they attest the foundation, the one of nations, the other of governments, in a world above that of geography and of parliamentary elections; and unsound in this, that the revolutionary creed too soon merges the God of nations and peoples in the national or popular will—in other words, merges the superhuman in the human; while Mr. Carlyle's creed avowedly merges the separate life of nations and peoples in what he calls the divine "order of the Universe,"—in other words, merges the human in the superhuman; and both errors, as all history shows, end in pretty much the same abuse.

The germ of mischief in the former creed is, that while it reasserts truly the foundation of national independence and popular liberty in the will of God, and appeals to the truly supernatural character of the discipline and aid by which the weak exile is enabled to overcome all but impossibilities in realising his dream, it so identifies this faith with a popular formula as gradually to transfer the patriot's allegiance from the divine Will that sanctions liberty, to the external condition of attaining it. Thus, instead of making his supernatural trust the safeguard and limit, as well as the strength of his liberty-formula, he makes a god of the cry itself; and thenceforth nothing can be more insatiable and superstitious than his worship of popular rights. He believes in them absolutely, however extravagant, however exercised, however abused. He satiates his soul on them, in the imagination that he is still leaning upon God. If there be any grievance, the divine remedy is "more liberty, more power for the people." The formula expands and becomes infinite in his eyes, even eternal, as he contemplates it—an idol to which all must be sacrificed. That very sense of the supernatural which was before a divine strength and spur, becomes now a fatal and almost diabolic scourge; for the insatiable hunger of the temperament that is formed to live in the supernatural world, when fed on a human formula, must lead to the worst extravagance of popular conceit and delusion, nay, often of popular cruelty. The revolutionary creed, while it professes to found national and popular liberties *in* the will of God, too soon puts them *above* it, frees them from all divine limits and restraints, while claiming for them a decisive sanction, and ends either with shelving the supernatural side of politics altogether, or, if unfortunately retaining it, with retaining it only as a degrading superstition, which gives a certain preternatural venom to political passions. So it happened that, amid the crash of all true government in the Paris revolutions, the hungry craving for

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some deep and eternal principle of free, equal, and fraternal government got so strongly embodied in the insatiable rage of murderous passions. And so it happens now that, amid the crash of a falling government in the United States, we hear the voice of the North, still seeking to satiate its soul with its favourite idolatry, shrieking delusively out, "Best government that the world has ever seen;" while the Southern Slavery Confederation deliberately calls upon God to ratify the lawless will of a degraded people.

The germ of mischief in Mr. Carlyle's view of government, on the other hand, lies in so exaggerating the power and right of both divine and human government as to make it government no longer, but absolute compulsion. His habit of thinking of God as the "eternal law and part of the Universe," instead of as a spiritual Will, is no doubt deeply connected with this exaggeration of the privileges of government into a mere exercise of force. But into this we do not wish to enter. We only mean to point out that, by magnifying the power and the absolute right of the nobler and wiser to rule the less noble and less wise, Mr. Carlyle has ignored all the divine limitations and conditions under which this power and right is to be exercised, and has so enthroned a government-idea of his own above the "eternal fact of the Universe" or will of God. The practical tendency of Mr. Carlyle's writings is to justify every plunge by which an ambitious, able, and far-sighted man strives to break through the fetters imposed upon him by his fellow-men, and to rule them in spite of themselves; he would often seem to authorise, without any limitation except that of good intention, and superior wisdom on the part of the usurping power, all sorts of annexations and *coups-d'état*. Mr. Carlyle asks for nothing but proof of incapacity in the actual ruler, and capacity in some one else, in order to make good in his eyes a forcible substitution of the latter for the former; he would scorn to examine carefully the many other actual conditions of good human government, more especially those which secure a common basis of sympathy and mutual confidence between the Government and Governed. The popularity of his *Past and Present*, of his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, of his *French Revolution*, and *Frederick the Great*, has resulted in the formation of a not very numerous but very influential school of politicians, who despise the nationalities, ridicule popular liberties, disbelieve, in short, in all the divine conditions annexed to the exercise of power, except the sincerity, intelligence, and firmness of the ruler. And very often this intense belief in the "Divine right to govern and be governed" degenerates into the justification of enlightened tyranny and Napoleonic empires, in

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which nothing of Mr. Carlyle's spiritual philosophy is embodied except his admiration of a *strong* arm,—in which even his admiration for sincerity receives no satisfaction.

We believe that both these opposite schools of fanatical political teaching derive all their fascination, and, so far as they are dangerous, their danger, from the *superficial* faithlessness with which ordinary politicians and statesmen regard the relations of nations and governments to God. We say *superficial* faithlessness, because it is frequently found, when a great occasion calls for some public confession of faith, that neither nations nor governments are wholly forgetful that they have derived from Him the powers and rights which they must employ in His service. But why, then, in the mean time, is almost all the language and so much of the practice of politicians conceived in so different a school of thought? What almost drives a political enthusiast such as Garibaldi into the arms of some popular formula, is the entire absence of any high estimate of national life and character in the language and thoughts of even the best existing statesmen. He is appealing to God to restore his nation to dignity and independence, and he hears all the statesmen around him, even though at the head of a free nation, speak as if they had no higher duty than to satisfy the popular desire of the moment, or to protect the external "interests" of the country. When he sees Count Cavour bargaining for aid from France, and disavowing the offered bribe up to the latest possible moment; or an English government recommending a Reform Bill in which it has no faith, because it is the only mode of retaining its grasp on power; or a French government breaking faith with Switzerland, in order to gratify the nation's ambition while grinding down liberty at home,—no wonder he thinks that the voice of the multitude is honester than any government, and often at least as trustworthy a representative of the nation's deepest character. If political enthusiasts like Garibaldi saw national governments representing a higher, less worldly, and more disinterested tone of thought,—in short, a higher, a truer national spirit,—than any mere multitude could express, they would not go into such abject captivity to universal suffrage and similar formulas. But not seeing that governments are truer, nay, seeing that they are not always so true, to the higher spirit of the nation as the people at large, they couple a kind of religion of democracy with their religion of national independence. And it is the same low level in the tone of national governments which leads Mr. Carlyle and his school to the exactly opposite conclusion. Seeing that governments are often subservient to the lowest popular impulses, they are disposed to charge the fault not on the government, but on the

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people, and to abolish, instead of to increase, the power of the popular will. Both schools of enthusiasts are alike in reaction against the secular ignobility of modern politics;—the one, feeling that the nations must have in them greater and truer elements than the governments, but confounding the nation with the populace; the other, feeling that there should be something of more genuine spiritual authority than there actually is about national governments, but vainly hoping to secure it by abolishing their dependence on the people.

Let us, then, attempt to point out in a few lines what has been the real light which the Christian faith and Christian history has cast on the principles of national life, unity, and government; and when we speak of Christian faith and history, we wish distinctly to confess our belief that Christian faith truly understood includes a very large contribution from the results, not only of Greek and Roman, but of Teutonic life and thought. What the Hebrew revelation really completed was the unveiling of the life and character of God to Man, and of his spiritual power in Man. This revelation was to be the eternal centre and stay of all true life, political, social, moral, to all the nations of the earth. But it was left for other nations, especially Greece and Rome in the first ages, and the German race in later centuries, to elaborate those human capacities for the gradual development of science, art, law, literature, and commerce, without which the splendour, variety, and intellectual wealth of the universe could never have been revealed at all, though they had proved fruitless of human good, and even of permanent human enjoyment without this spring of eternal life at the centre. The revelation of the Eternal character and relations to man which was completed in Christ, gave, we believe, the one absolute centre to all the various radiating lines of human development,—but the centre only. It was not till this central power had permeated all the brilliant fruits of Greek art and thought, and of Roman skill in organisation, and of German meditative sentiment, that any approximate estimate could be formed of the general scope of the Christian faith. As light is not adequately known till we see it shining through a variety of different media, and bringing out in each its own colour, so the "light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world" could not be adequately understood, even as men may understand it, until it had chastened art and deepened literature, and widened the spirit of law, and spiritualised science, and given to all that new elasticity which an eternal foundation alone can give. Of course much, very much, of this still remains to be done. In politics especially, except at rare intervals, this eternal centre has been hidden out of

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sight, and sometimes utterly forgotten, But still we have seen and learnt enough to form some estimate of the relative place which the Hebrew and the Classical view of politics should assume in the matured Christian faith.

As we have said, in the Hebrew nation the bond of national unity had but little conscious reference to the national genius or national characteristics; it was almost entirely based on the unique historical discipline and government by which the nation had been educated. It was the divine task or purpose assigned to a nation which constituted in the eyes of the Jews the foundation of its national unity, and they were not accustomed to reckon characteristic genius or endowments amongst their qualifications for fulfilling that task or purpose. In the book of Revelation this teaching as to the foundation of national life and unity is extended to the other nations of the ancient world. Each is seen to have had a definite place and function in the divine plan of education for the human race. But the Hebrew prophet clearly regarded national life, at least up to the spiritual phase of it, as a poor tool or instrument in the hands of God, without independent and intrinsic value of its own. He hurried over all the long ages during which the unconscious development of national character and intellectual power, and of dim-sighted ignorant religion, was going on in the early world, as mere preliminary notes to the great revelation of God's kingdom. This was the end of the ages, the point on which all the lines of history converged. The Greeks and Romans, on the other hand, had of course no such conception of an eternal purpose connecting all the nations and all the ages in its many folds. But they had a clear belief in various forms of divine genius endowing them with, and developing, their most characteristic national gifts, directing their national destinies, and so limiting these gifts, as they conceived, by the law of race, that they would be endangered or perish with the loss of political independence.

Such were the supernatural and the natural view of national life and unity;—the one resting exclusively on a divine law imposed upon the nation, and a divine testimony committed to it; the other, mainly on similarity of organisation, common powers, common tastes and habits, and common tutelary deities. The one was a unity conferred by God's overshadowing purpose, the other by the community of human talents. It is not difficult to see how these conditions of true national unity are blended in the life of modern nations. The divine and the human bonds of unity are now interwoven at a thousand points; the spiritual light has permeated the human talents so as to fuse them into distinct national *characters*, only adapted, it may be, to some

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few forms of human activity, but capable of embodying in all of them an eternal purpose. Thus a true bond of unity in a nation, as in a family, simply depends on this,—whether the common atmosphere of thought, feeling, and energy tends to foster, ripen, and deepen, or to hinder and shackle the growth of the highest nature in its members. If it aids this,—if the nation lives in a truer and clearer relation to God, and has a clearer grasp of his purposes than the individuals who compose it could have in any other human relations,—then the national bond is really divine, and its members may well feel with the classical nations, that the charm will be broken so soon as they lose their independence. But if this be not the case,—if the stimulus of similar characteristics and habits prevents or impedes the free growth of the diviner nature in the separate elements of a nation,—then national decay and dissolution is already begun; and with the spiritual the secular progress of the nation is arrested. And in this case no identity of race can suffice to create or maintain any true national unity. The supernatural knot is loosened so soon as the social or political influences put forth begin to interpose a mist between God and the individual soul, instead of constituting or vivifying its highest level of life. And this loosening of the supernatural knot is not distinguishable from that of the natural, since the supernatural is but a new life poured through the natural, and not an external addition to it.

But if this be the true interpretation of the sacredness attached both in ancient and modern times to national unity and independence,—namely, that (as the Poles have recently asserted) it lends a new spring and elasticity to Church and State, to art, science, and literature,—we must see that it is not a *nationality* but a *nation* which is sacred. And a nation may both begin to be and cease to be. The time may be when separate tribes, previously too loosely organised, and too poor in moral qualities for any progress or spiritual unity of life, are welded together for the first time into a community capable of indefinite growth and spiritual organisation. The time may be, again, when, either from moral or other causes unknown to us, this power of mutual aid has passed away, when the nation has lost its mutual cohesion, its divine unity and life, and must be dissolved. The value of national unity and independence is only secondarily a question of race, primarily one between the national heart and God, which will be answered at once and by acclamation both by instinct and conscience, if there be any promise of life for it, or if it be not already in its decay.

Again, what is the light cast by the Christian faith on the relations of national government to the life of the nation? Hebrew political prophecy recognised but one original source of true

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government, the Word of God. So far as the king or judge spoke that, he was a true ruler and to be obeyed; so far as he did not, he was a false ruler and unworthy of obedience. This, as we have said, is the older and nobler form of Mr. Carlyle's intellectualised "right of the nobler." But it was any thing but the classical view of national government. The nation being regarded as united by characteristics of organisation which permeated the whole body, national government early came to mean government wielded by the nation, as well as over the nation. The nation was to bestow, as well as obey, the authority of its government. Otherwise, the natural course of its destinies might have been disturbed and misdirected by some foreign power not in harmony with the genius of the race. How are these opposite conceptions of government to be reconciled? Thus: if the central power of the divine light is to be conceived as penetrating and transmuting, more or less effectually, all the common powers and characteristics which connect a nation, then the Word of God to that nation must be distributed, just as His gifts are distributed, over its surface; and it will be certain that no government can rule it so wisely and effectually as one that is kept in close connection with the national mind and heart. Intimate knowledge of, sympathy with, and constant access to the heart of the people governed, are more truly divine conditions of government than even superior wisdom without these qualifications. For divine government is a moulding *influence*, not compulsion, and must appeal to the mind with the natural authority of all its own highest experience, or it will never produce its best fruits. The "right of the nobler" to govern is indisputable where it is recognised; but if it be not intimately and heartily recognised, then it is not to those who thus fail to recognise it the right of the nobler at all; they do not acquiesce in it as having a claim over their consciences, but for other reasons. The actual government of God in man is but a touch, a sway, an impulse given at the very centre of our purposes and wishes; and so a national government that is not in constant and close intimacy with the nation's wishes, character, and habits, cannot wield over it the noblest influence. And it must often, like God's government itself, permit national sins and evils to *ripen* which it feels keenly, unless it can gain the true coöperation of the national will in exterminating them.

But it does not follow that a true national government ought to follow tardily in the wake of popular opinion, but that it ought to guide and control it. For the government should be the highest existing form of the national conscience and intellect, should be able to feel to the full the spiritual power

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derived from the unity and freedom of the nation, and to direct the line of its further progress. If it cannot guide the nation right, it should at least refuse to guide it wrong: it should throw the responsibility on others. A deep belief on the part of the national government that every one of its acts is clothed with the authority of the nation, and will go to determine the question of national decay or national progress, should certainly give something of that distinctness of purpose to its government which the greater ancient statesmen had in higher degree than the modern. Yet Pericles, when he prayed that no unsuitable word might drop from his mouth in the assembly of the people, mainly felt the heavy responsibility of shaping the *outward* destiny of Athens; he could not have felt, at least in the degree in which one of our English statesmen might feel it, the responsibility of more or less forming the inner temper of the national character,—of giving it nobleness, sincerity, and fixity of purpose on the one hand; or, on the other, of multiplying the number of vacillating fancies and feverish excitements, or selfish impulses, which infest it.

We have now finished what has proved, we fear, a somewhat tedious discussion; yet it is scarcely possible to express how strongly we feel that not only the greatness of the English nation, but the future course of English theology and faith, depend on the relation between that faith and our national life and government. In other countries the fresh impulses of a new grasp of truth have often *preceded* a practical regeneration in the life of the people. In England this has been seldom the case. Truth does not gain a living hold on the life of our nation till its power is wanted in aid of some practical reform. The Reformation here was an administrative reform rather than a result of changed national conviction; when it had been completed, the new faith gathered force in aid of it, and arrested the return of the tide. Again, the religious movement which marked the Puritan Revolution grew as it were in the wake of the political conflict, being in great measure called into popular life by the need of a spiritual weapon equal to so rare an emergency. And so it may be again. We may find that the vulgar morality of a slipshod parliamentary government is becoming intolerable; that if the country is not to lose her place among the nations, some higher standard of political life must be raised and battled for. And then it will be suddenly found that our theology has been as dim and formal as our political morality, and that the two are vitally connected. In waiting for such a time, we are sometimes tempted to lament the decline since the period of Cromwell's protectorship;—to speak as if the political faith of the nation were incapable of ever reaching the same level of strength and sin-

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eerity again. But Cromwell's age was one of almost abject reliance on the words and letter of Scripture; and the religion of the time was therefore necessarily narrow and Judaising, and unjust to the various culture handed down to us from the classical nations, and the habits of Saxon ancestors. It would be idle to expect that this phase of national faith could pass away, and be replaced by one resting on the broader foundations of the whole divine education of the ages which had gone before, without a long intervening period of vacillating opinion, external creeds, and dogmatic indifference, telling as much on the political as on the theological atmosphere. Still the springs of political faith remain. Dr. Newman used to preach that the English race, with all its great qualities, has no vivid sense of the supernatural. This may be in some sense true; but by the deep English love for that Order, political and social, the roots of which travel far and wide into the spiritual world, we have often already in our history been brought back to feel and know, as well as unconsciously obey, the Eternal Will in which the unity of the nation is centred; and by the same craving we may be brought to realise it as vividly, and less fanatically, again.

Art. X.—PLATO: HIS PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.

Plato's Doctrine respecting the Rotation of the Earth, and Aristotle's Comment upon the Doctrine. By George Grote, Esq. London, 1860.

The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By William Whewell, D.D. London, 1859-60.

Platon's Sämmtliche Werke: übersetzt von Hieronymus Müller, mit Einleitungen begleitet von Karl Steinhart. 7 Bände. Leipzig, 1850-59.

It is curious that, in spite of the peculiar definiteness attaching to physical conceptions, there are as many undetermined questions respecting the kosmical mechanics of the ancients as respecting their ethics and metaphysics. There is no greater literary paradox than this, that writers trained in the Greek geometry, and thinking in the pure and simple lines of Greek imagination, should have transmitted to our hand treatises on the system of the universe, in which the relations of its primary bodies are gathered into no clear picture. To the well-known question of the Oxford Examiner, "Does the earth move round the sun, or the sun round the earth?" a discreet desire

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to be on the safe side accounts for the answer, "Why, sir, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other." But that Plato, on being asked, "Whether day and night arise from the earth's spinning under the heaven, or the heaven spinning over the earth?" should reply to Mr. Grote, "Why, sir, from both," is less easy to explain; indeed, is so surprising, that we wonder whether the examinee has been heard aright, and regret more than ever that he cannot be recalled to answer again. How glad he would have been to tell us his thought, and how sagaciously he foresaw the sort of odd opinions that would be fathered on his words, we know from his humorous lament over the imperfection of literary expression as compared with the living voice. "There is this disadvantage, Phædrus, in Writing, which brings it into exact analogy with Painting. The Artist's productions stand before you as if they were alive; but if you ask them any thing, they keep a solemn silence. Just so with an author's language: you would fancy it actually charged with the thoughts it speaks; but if you ask it about something which you want to have explained, it only looks at you with the same invariable sign. And, when once reduced to the *litera scripta*, every discourse is tossed about every where, in the hands alike of the competent and of those who have no business with it, and cannot tell who ought to read it and who not. And, when disparaged and wrongfully reproached, it always needs its father to help it; for it has no power to defend and help itself."* Against the wrongs of prejudice and incompetency, Plato, in the hands of Boeckh, the first of living philologists, and of Grote, the first of living historians, is secure enough; but when such critics are totally at variance with each other about his doctrine of the earth, it plainly "needs its father to help it."

Yet, apart from the disposition to claim too much, or allow too little, to the Platonic astronomy, we doubt whether the *loca probantia*, when cleared of the critical tangle which has grown around them, involve any irresolvable obscurity or contradiction. The most important of them runs thus: "The earth, our nurse, folded round the axis which runs through the universe, He formed to be guardian and maker of night and day, first and eldest of the gods that came into the phenomenal world within the heaven."† For the phrase "*folded round* the axis," substitute, with Gruppe, the translation, "*revolving round* the axis," and you make Plato teach the modern

* Phædr. 275 D.

† Γῆν δὲ τροφὸν μὲν ὑμετέραν, εἱλλομένην δὲ περὶ τὸν διὰ παντὸς πόλον τεταμένον φύλακα καὶ δημιουργὸν νυκτός τε καὶ ἡμέρας ἐμηχανήσατο, πρώτην καὶ πρεσβυτάτην θεῶν, ὅσοι ἐντὸς οὐρανοῦ γεγόνασι. Timæus (Stallbaum), p. 40 B, C.

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doctrine of the earth's rotation. Let the word stand as a description, not of *motion*, but of mere *position*, round the imaginary line from celestial pole to pole, and, with Boeckh, you obtain the picture of a stationary earth at the centre of a daily revolving heavenly sphere. Modify this conception on a single point; crystallise the geometrical axis of the universe into a solid cylinder, carrying the earth's matter as an excrescence integral with itself; and Mr. Grote's doctrine emerges, that, according to Plato, the same diurnal revolution from east to west affected earth and sky, yet caused the alternation of day and night. That this partnership of rotation would annul all relative motion and sacrifice the phenomenon which it is adduced to explain, is obvious enough to our modern physics; but would not, in Mr. Grote's opinion, occur to even the most accomplished philosophers of ancient Greece.

The Natural Science of the ancients, especially in its dynamical conceptions, must assuredly not be tried by our standards. But their Plane Astronomy was not so foolish that we may charge them with puerilities without limit: and Plato's evident familiarity with the phenomena of relative motion, and repeated use of them in explanation of celestial appearances, constitute a presumption against Mr. Grote's hypothesis, which only the clearest positive evidence can avail to remove. What, then, is the evidence adduced? It resolves itself, so far as Plato's own writings are concerned, into these two positions: (1.) It appears, from a kosmical description in the Republic (x. p. 616, 617), that the axis of the universe was conceived as a solid shaft, whose movement carried the spheres; (2.) As the earth's matter was supposed to be *packed round* this shaft, it could not escape having the same motion attributed to it. Each of these positions is maintained with ample skill and learning; yet on neither can we rest as thoroughly established.

The sketch of the Kosmos, at the end of the Republic, forms part of a highly-wrought myth, descriptive of the retributions reserved for souls beyond the limits of this life. A human witness having been permitted to cross the boundary of death and return to the world without drinking the waters of forgetfulness, relates what he observed in his journey through the unearthly scenes; and, among other things, he reports the look of the milky-way, and of the several planetary and stellar spheres,* seen from an extrazodiacal position. For our present purpose, the most essential sentences are these:

"Now when they had spent each seven days in that meadow, they

* Spoken of, however, not as "spheres," but as of *drum-like* form, or as *spools*.

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were obliged on the eighth to break up, and move on; and after four days more, they reached a spot where they saw spread out from above across the whole heaven and earth, a line of light like a column, or most of all resembling a rainbow, only brighter and purer. This itself they reached with the advance of another day's journey: and there, in the middle of the light, they saw the ends of the stretched bands of heaven appearing out of it: for this light is the band of heaven, holding together its whole circumference, like the undergirth of ships. And out of these ends in elongated line proceeded the Spindle of Necessity, by means of which all the revolving bodies perform their circuits; the shaft and winch being of adamant, but the spool a compound of this and other materials. Now the nature of the spool is as follows: in shape it is like what we employ; but, according to his account, we are to think of it as if in the hollow of one large spool, scooped out all through in the interior, were adjusted another smaller one of the same kind, like barrels that fit one within another: and then, further within, a third and a fourth, with afterwards four more: for there are eight spools in all, lying one within another, presenting circular edges as seen from above, but a surface quite continuous, as of a single spool around the spindle which goes right through the centre of the eighth. . . . . In the turning of the spindle the same revolving motion is given to the whole. But while the whole is carried round, the seven interior circles glide with slow rotation in the opposite direction: and of these the quickest in its motion is the eighth; next come, all having the same velocity, the seventh, sixth, and fifth; after that, as it seemed to them, the cycle of the fourth; then the third; and, last of all, the second. The spindle turns in the lap of Necessity. And, carried round with the circles, one resting on the upper surface of each, and uttering one single note were Sirens, whose eight voices together compose a harmony. Moreover, at equal intervals around sat, each upon a throne, in white robes and with chaplets on their heads, Necessity's three daughters, the Fates, Lachesis and Klotho and Atropos: to the Sirens' harmony they sung—Lachesis, the Past—Klotho, the Present—Atropos, the Future. And from time to time Klotho, with the touch of her right hand, turned the spindle's outermost circle, and Atropos with the left, moved in like manner those within; while Lachesis with either hand, touched both in turn." (*De Rep.* x. p. 616 B, p. 617 C.)

This passage undoubtedly sustains Mr. Grote's assertion that the rotation of the stellar sphere is made dependent on the turning of an adamantine axis to which it is attached. And his inference, that all other bodies stuck upon the spindle, including

The zodiacal space, within which all the orbits of the then known planets are found, would present, when seen edgewise from a remote station outside, the appearance of a cylinder's side. Seen from a station vertically above, the same space would look like a cylinder's top: or, supposing each planet to mark its path by a track of light, like a system of cylinder-tops, one within another. The different "breadth" of apparent edge, assigned in the text to the spools, depends on the inclination of the orbits, and of the equator to the ecliptic.

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the earth's mass at the mid-point, must share the same motion, seems natural enough. Yet it is invalidated by the very terms of the description just quoted: according to which even the outermost sphere owes its movement, not simply to the spindle, but in part to the touch of Klotho's hand; and all the planetary cylinders, though on the same axis, are actually driven by the finger of Atropos in the reverse direction, with five different rates of speed. The bodies on the axis are not therefore made so fast to it as to preclude their slipping back upon it in all required degrees; and no argument can be founded upon the idea of material cohesion between them and their adamantine bearer. Our citation, it will be observed, does not mention the earth at all; and to fix it at the mid-point of this spindle, Mr. Grote has to import it from the Timæus, where no spindle is named. Supposing this fusion of two accounts to be legitimate, is there any thing in the earth's attachment to the axis, as described in the Timæus, which makes its case different from that of the sliding planets in the Republic? Does the word *εἱλλομένην*,—"folded," "wrapped," "packed," round the axis,—imply solid compression and integration, or only circular arrangement, of material? The latter we believe to be the essential idea, with perhaps the additional conception of "gathering" or "huddling" together about a given point, as a routed host would gather about a place of refuge. When we have made the most of this "close packing," we get only a condensation of the particles *inter se*, so as to form a solid mass, without any implied incorporation of them with the line of direction around which they collect.* The text, we conceive, thus leaves the earth as free as the planetary verticils, upon the spindle that carries them all.

But this "spindle" (*ἄτρακτος*) of adamant,—are we really to accept it, with Mr. Grote, as part of the Platonic physics? On the evidence of this myth (and we know of no other) are we to attribute to a mathematician and idealist like Plato the belief in a solid axillary cylinder running through the universe? If so, we can hardly stop here. The spindle cannot well dispense with the winch; or work, without Necessity, using her hands and "knees," and helped by her three daughters; or serve any purpose, without the planetary drums that keep

* Mr. Grote's case depends, in fact, not so much on the exact meaning of the single word *εἱλλομένην*, as on the proper interpretation of *εἱλλομένην περί τι*. He does not claim for the verb the meaning "rotatory movement," but deduces the rotation as a secondary inference from the *tight-fastening* or *packing* of the earth on to a solid revolving cylinder. We may fully accept his definition of the word; yet may not feel convinced that to pack material together *round about* a shaft is the same thing as to *fasten it tight on* to the shaft. The packing-stuff of a piston-rod is *εἱλλομένη περί* the rod; yet the rod will slide through it.

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Atropos so busy. Are all these to be seriously set down as elements in Plato's Natural Philosophy? If not, why pick out the spindle as the only thing which is not to be figuratively taken? The whole composition is evidently a symbolical machinery for reducing the grand relations of the universe within the compass of the imagination, and setting them in a pictorial framework which might serve as a quasi-Kosmos, without falsifying the ratios of reality. Accordingly, the kosmical axis ceases to be a "spindle" (ἄτρακτος) as soon as we quit this myth of the Republic; and it is not around it, but around a geometrical line of revolution (πόλος)* that, in the Timæus, the earth is said to be disposed. In the passage which speaks of "close-packing," there is no solid axis: and where the solid axis meets us, there is no "packing" round it.

Those who distrust every process of indirect inference, like the foregoing, may be asked to ponder the following sentences, in which Plato discusses the cause of the earth's stability:

"This then is the conclusion at which I have arrived. If the earth is a round body in the mid heaven, it needs neither the air nor other such external support (ἀνάγκης) to prevent its falling, but is adequately secured by the simple equiformity of the heaven all round, and the equilibration of the earth itself. For an equilibrated body set in the centre of something equiform will have no tendency in one direction more than in another, but from the balance of its relations will remain at rest."†

Here surely the earth appears as freely suspended, and all support or connection which might impair its isolation is distinctly disclaimed. The reasoning of the passage is almost in the spirit of the modern physics; and how to the man who wrote it Mr. Grote can attribute the belief, that the earth was stuck fast as a knob upon a solid kosmical cylinder, is to us incomprehensible; nor is it less so that he should dismiss this passage from consideration with the remark (applicable only to the sequel) that "it is the figure and properties of the earth in reference to mankind who inhabit it, that Plato sketches in the Phædon; he takes little notice of its kosmical relations, and gives no general theory about the kosmos" (p. 23). "Notice" enough is taken "of its kosmical relations" to exclude the hypothesis of a *solid axis;* though not, as Boeckh justly observes,‡

* We do not of course overlook the fact that this word, too, had originally a physical meaning. But it had become an established scientific word in Plato's time; and its original sense itself does not help us to Mr. Grote's cylinder: for it meant, not a *shaft*, but a *hinge*.

† Phædon, pp. 108 B, 109 A.

‡ De Platonico systemate cœlest. glob. p. ix.; and Untersuchungen üb. d. kosmische System des Platon, pp. 8 seqq.

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to decide the question of *rotation*. Is it possible that, in order to interpret the Timæus by the Republic, the Phædon, as an earlier production, is put out of court altogether?

But how, we are asked, could Plato call a mere suspended and stationary earth "Guardian and Maker of night and day"? Is not something more denoted by these words than the passive function of obstructing light? Can a body deserve the name of Artificer (δημιουργός) by simply sitting still? Let it be granted that the word is more vivacious (as Plato's are apt to be) than we might expect, and that, to satisfy it, we must find something active for the earth to do. What is it to be? Plato himself tells us, the producing of night and day;—effects which would indeed ensue, if, with Gruppe, we could stop our philosopher's gliding heavens and spin his motionless earth; but which would be *prevented*, not produced, by the rotation of an axis carrying both. This, however, Mr. Grote thinks, is just what Plato failed to perceive. Unconscious of the contradiction, he ascribed to the earth the active function of forcibly grasping the kosmical shaft, and serving as a kind of ganglion to the kosmic soul, whence it could keep the main-stay steady and give diurnal motion to the universal sphere.* If on other grounds we have seen reason to dismiss the shaft and the grasping, we shall hardly recall them in order to furnish an

* Mr. Grote says, "The function which Plato ascribes to the earth in the passage of the Timæus before us is very analogous to that which in the Republic he ascribes to Necessity—the active guardianship of the axis of the Kosmos and the maintenance of its regular rotation. With a view to the exercise of this function, the earth is planted in the centre of the axis, the very root of the kosmic soul." And just before, "Plato in the Republic illustrates the kosmical axis by comparison with a spindle *turned by Necessity*." We hesitate, from appreciation of Mr. Grote's habitual exactitude and thoroughness, to call this statement in question. But we find no such active function as this—of turning the spindle—attributed to Necessity, or indeed any personal appearance and agency of that mythical figure at all. All the turning processes are assigned to the three Fates; not only the wheeling of the circles by touch of hand; but the direct use of the winch, as where it is said that the conductor of souls "led them first to *Klotho* to have the chosen lot made fast under her hand as she turned the spindle; and having attached it to this, he led the way to Atropos, that *her spinning* might make the thread of destiny unchangeable. Thence, without once turning round, he went under the throne of Necessity; and when he had passed through it, and the others had passed too, they all proceeded through parching and dreadful heat to the plain of Lethe," &c. (620 E). All through the myth "Necessity" is kept in the background and remains invisible, appearing only at second-hand by her "throne," and "lap," and "daughters." This peculiarity we cannot regard as unmeaning. It is consistent with Plato's whole conception of Ἀνάγκη, as the passive limit of possibility; which can do nothing, create nothing, but only permit, within severe bounds, the phenomenal manifestation of ideas. The placing of the spindle in "the lap of Necessity" expresses passive dependence; the transit of souls "under the throne of Necessity" denotes passive immutability: and any interpretation of the myth which *sets Necessity to work* appears to us to alter the spirit of the original. If this be true, then, in proportion as Mr. Grote's comparison may be just between Necessity and the Earth, must we deny to the latter the active function claimed for it.

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occasion of causality to the terrestrial Artificer of night and day. A freely-suspended earth will serve as well for a central station of the kosmic soul, for a base of the diurnal *nisus* that rolls the heavens; with the advantage, if it be at rest, of not annulling the phenomena in the very act of creating them. Mr. Grote apparently assumes that, because the kosmic soul wheels the heavens and always shares the movements it imparts, therefore the earth, which is its central root, must likewise turn with it from east to west. The inference, however, would mislead us. For the kosmic soul is simultaneously the source of opposite revolutions, of the outermost stellar sphere "of the Same" in the one direction, and of the planetary circles "of the Diverse" in the other; is present with both; shares in both movements; and therefore, in a neutral case where no motion is specified, can give a casting-vote for neither. If the laws of its divine nature permit it to accompany at the same moment the direct course of Pleiades and the retrogradation of Venus, they cannot preclude it from the intermediate state of rest which may be due at some other station. And, after all, the attempt to extort some *active* meaning from the words "Guardian and Maker of Night and Day," is uncalled for. As Boeckh finely says,—"to be the Sentinel of the diurnal phenomena, there is no need to stir, but only to stay; let the earth desert her post, and they are lost." And since, interposing her opaque substance, she veils the solar radiance and brings on the night, she exercises, in the strictest Platonic sense, a *Demiurgic* function; for she so deals with negative materials as to realise an ideal end, and induces mere blind necessity to yield a beauty and express a thought.

And now a word on the point of chief interest for modern science. Were the sensible effects of combined motions, concurrent or opposite, unknown to the Greek philosophers of Plato's time? and can he really have committed the mistake which Mr. Grote attributes to him? We cannot reconcile such puerile ignorance with the attested facts and extant literature of that age. Herakleides of Pontus, who assigned the diurnal phenomena to their true cause,—the earth's rotation under a stationary sky,—was not only a disciple of Plato, but his deputy in the Academy during his absence in Sicily. In the very circle, therefore, for which the Timæus was written, and perhaps before it was composed, the results of relative motion and rest were familiarly known. Nor is that treatise itself destitute of conclusive evidence to the same effect. In treating of the motion of the planets, it explains their apparent alternations of advance and retrogradation—their seemingly looped or spiral paths—by reference to the superior velocity of the inner

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planets. The ἕλιξ is affirmed to be the effect of two combined motions of different speed and in opposite directions.* How is it possible to conceive that the same mind which thus traced the consequences of compounding different rates, and of crossing or blending the paths of movement, should fail to discover that two bodies stuck upon one axis must turn always the same face to each other, and miss the alternation of Night and Day?

The reasons on which we have grounded our dissent from Mr. Grote's ingenious hypothesis are drawn entirely from the Platonic dialogues themselves. The testimony of Aristotle, and the opinions of his commentators, may be left undiscussed; however valuable as secondary sources of information, they only serve, where the primary evidence is adequate, to introduce new difficulties of their own, without authority to affect our prior conclusion. To us it is sufficiently clear what Plato's conception of the physical Kosmos was. To the earth, as a freely-suspended globe, he assigned the central position. As it had no rotation, it had no poles or axis of its own; but it was so disposed that through it passed the line of revolution for the stellar sphere; and so, by alternately veiling and unveiling the solar light, it was Guardian and Maker of Night and Day. Within the great celestial sphere, and involved in its diurnal rotation, there moved in opposite direction and in circles variously distant from the earth, eight planetary bodies, always really slipping back among the stars, but at times, from the composition of movements and rates, apparently stationary or progressive. All were living Divine natures, members of the kosmic soul, which moved where there was motion and rested where there was rest; which had its stable root at the venerable heart of things, and its free dynamic presence

* Tim. pp. 38 D, E, 39 A. "From the thought and purpose of God with regard to the genesis of Time,—with a view to bring it into the phenomenal world,—did Sun and Moon and five other heavenly bodies, called Planets, arise to mark off and keep the numerical distinctions of time. Their several bodies when made he set in the orbits,—seven orbits for seven stars,—traced in the zone of the Diverse: viz. the Moon in that nearest to the earth, the Sun in the second; Venus and the so-called star of Mercury in those of equal speed but opposite direction with the Sun: the effect of which is, that the Sun and Mercury and Venus overtake each other and in the same way are overtaken in their turn." . . . "When then each of the stars required to complete the system of Time had got into its proper path, and when, through the twining of their bodies with the tissue of the kosmic soul, they had become living natures and apprehended the function assigned to them, they took their circuits, some in wider orbits and with slower speed, others in narrower and faster,—all in the zone of the Diverse which crosses obliquely the zone of the Same and is overpassed by it. In effect, the bodies which in the revolving sphere of the Same are carried round at the highest speed appear, while really overtaking the slower, to be overtaken by them. For as its revolution gives to their paths a spiral form in consequence of the simultaneous movements in two opposite directions, the planet that, whatever the distance, most nearly stands still, looks closest to the sphere which is fastest of all."

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throughout the organism beyond; and which, itself constituted of mixed elements,—the Same and the Diverse,—was at home in the circles of both, and conducted them on their contrary paths.

Strange Natural Philosophy, this! not in the style of our Cambridge text-books, or even of the popular manuals of Herschel and Lardner and Delaunay! The Timæus indeed is far from being an inductive book, and is enough to drive a reader accustomed to the Transactions of the Royal Society out of his wits. Not that its geometrical diagram of the bodies in space is altogether absurd, or its numerical notices of their times and movements entirely wild: the eye for physical arrangement which it shows is keen enough; and one is not surprised that out of its school Herakleides stepped at once upon the Copernican conception. But the bodies so disposed have a vivacity about them which in recent centuries they have lost, and the modern reader, familiar with the inertia of Nature, is astonished at her difficulty in lying still. Instead of quietly submitting to be analysed into mass and velocity, or to have her proceedings exhibited in the form $e=\frac{p^2}{2}$, she is perpetually starting up to take matters into her own hands; claims something like a soul; and even makes pretensions to music. In short, the Kosmos is *alive;* a ζῶν ἔμψυχον ἔννουν τε,* with all material things as articulated members of its body, and an imperishable vitality from its participation in the Divine intellect. The unity of the whole organism is secured by the presence, all through it and around it, of one undivided living principle,† whose conscious action is its sole power. So great is the stress which Plato lays on this conception of the universe as *not dead*, that he guards it on every side. Not content with saying that it is so *now*, he wishes to exclude the suspicion that it could ever have been otherwise; to deny that what expresses the order of life and thought could, antecedently, have been mere blind material: and hence, to secure the right order of genesis, he insists on the position that the immanent Soul of the Kosmos was created *not later* than its body, but *earlier*, to be its empress and ruler from the first,‡ coextensive with the space it fills, and for ever revolving in herself, to give it the rhythm of thought and beauty.§ A world thus animate and immortal,‖ which thinks itself out in an eternal geometry and unerring proportions, is nothing less than Divine; and though secondary and originated, yet, as self-sufficing and needing for its ends no knowledge or resource other than its own, is truly a blessed God.¶

In construing statements of this kind, we must not refuse

* Timæus, p. 30 c. † Ib. p. 34 b. ‡ Ib. p. 34 c. § Ib. p. 36 b.
‖ Ψυχὴ πᾶσα ἀθάνατος, Phædr. p. 245 c. ¶ Tim. p. 34 b.

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to them the latitude which the author himself claims for them: "Remembering how many teachers with as many doctrines there have been, about the gods and the genesis of the universe, you must not be surprised should it prove beyond our power to lay down positions absolutely self-accordant and with a finish that leaves nothing to be desired: should we present what is unsurpassed in probability, you should be content; bearing in mind that we are,—both I who speak and you who judge,—but human; so that it behoves us, when we meet with a reasonable representation of these things, not to push our demand further."*

But, with every allowance for the mythical form of exposition, we cannot mistake Plato's feeling, that living thought, as distinguished from mechanical necessity, pervades and directs the universe. The all-diffused Soul, which was there *before* the visible and tangible material, surely means more than the aggregate of mathematical laws presented by the Kosmos to *our* Reason, and is intended to claim an inner principle of intelligence subjective to nature and objective to us; which, preoccupying the scene, takes up and modulates to harmonious ends whatever elements are introduced into it. All phenomena, therefore, spring from thought as well as speak to thought; for blind force there is no room at either end; a mental consciousness is the cradle and the crown of things.

This is the view of nature to the eye of Art, as distinguished from the eye of Science; with us, hopelessly separated; in Plato and even in Aristotle, still coalescent. If there be an inner meaning to the things we see, interpretation may go by sympathy; the glance of nature catching the glance of man and kindling a mutual intelligence: as the one thinks down into phenomena and the other thinks up into ideas, the progress and regress cannot fail to meet, and flash into communion. To explain how the soul in us and the soul in the world may have a fellow-feeling by which to find each other out, Plato tells us that they are similarly constituted: when they were made, the same ingredients were taken in either case, and mixed in the same vessel by the same rules, only with a result in our case less pure.† So at least it is with the immortal part of the human soul, which alone responds to the living look of the Kosmos; there is, however (besides the body), a mortal part, of lower origin,‡ which muffles and conceals its diviner associate, and intercepts too often the rays of recognition between it and the soul of nature. Still through all the disguises of its perishable dress, its higher essence will often surprise you by gleam-

* Tim. p. 29 c. † Ib. p. 41 D. ‡ Ib. p. 69 c.

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ing out. In this respect the human soul is like the sea-god Glaucus, of whom sailors and fishermen caught glimpses beneath the green waters, as he yearly visited their coasts. No one, to look at him, would suspect the immortal nature shrouded in such a form. Disfigured by shell-fish and seaweed and pebbles clinging to him, he might be taken for a monster rather than a god; and only those who know how he can prophesy, and will follow his oracles, find out what he really is. Just so do the adhesive entanglements of sense and passion grow around the soul, and cover her with an earthy mass, so dense and wild that her primitive divine nature is unperceived. But if you will only notice the insight she can show into the true and good, and the converse she aspires to with the godlike and immortal, then you may imagine what she would be if surrounded by these alone, and how she would appear if lifted out of the gulf in which her life is plunged, and with the unsightly accretions all struck off.*

The intercourse then between man and the universe is a communion of soul with soul, the lesser with the greater, drawn together by the instinct of a divine kindred. That the immortal principle in humanity, though "prepared in the same vessel" and "from the same ingredients" as the *anima mundi*, was the later product of the two, does but repeat the rule already followed in the antecedence of the kosmic soul to the kosmic body: the order of origination is never from the lower to the higher, but always downward from the more perfect and comprehensive to the alloyed and limited. Every genesis of things is at once a manifestation of some divine essence and a fall from it. The hierarchy of causality cannot, on this principle, stop here; the world itself, of whose inner thought man's is the feebler counterpart, is, with all its divineness, not an absolute entity, but a derivative god clothed in a visible system of phenomena. It is but the copy, in its turn, of what is not only living, but Life itself,† the perfect and ideal, not immortal only but eternal: and it is there, to testify of what is beyond itself,—its superior in age and power,—the source at once of its being and its being known.‡ All that is orderly

* Rep. x. p. 611 C.

† The word *αὐτοζῷον*, it is true, is incorrectly attributed by Aristotle (De Anim. I. ii. 7) to the Timæus (p. 34 C, 35 A); and its precise meaning, if we accept it as an interpretation, is disputed; Brandis (de Perditis Arist. Libris, ii. 7, and Handbuch der griech.-röm. Philos. ii. 1, p. 319), and Trendelenburg (Platon. de Ideis et Numeris Doctrina, p. 87, and Arist. de An. p. 222), adopting the sense given by the old commentators, *κόσμος νοητός*; Zeller, on the other hand, rendering it "*die Idee des Thiers*" (Platonische Studien, iii. p. 272). The difference, however, scarcely affects our statement, which is sufficiently supported by the repeated assertion of Plato, that the actual Kosmos was made as like as possible *τῷ τελέῳ καὶ νοητῷ ζώῳ*, p. 39 E, p. 30 D.

‡ Rep. vi. p. 509 B.

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and beautiful in it is lent to it from the ultimate model and cause of all good: the *form* given to it is the best possible,—the spherical, which most expresses the completeness of the Divine nature: and the *motion* imparted to the vault of the fixed stars is that which alone is appropriate to perfect reason,—rotation returning into itself,—self-uniform and self-identical. In both respects God frames what bears the nearest possible resemblance to himself; for he is good, and goodness is free and *grudges nothing:* freely therefore he imparts himself, and frames a system reflecting all his communicable perfections. The world is the product of his "*ungrudgingness;*" and however it falls short of him, he is the standard and measure of it all.* In him, we reach at last the summit level, disengaged from all shadow that in giving shape gives darkness too, and in the presence of the pure ideals prior to their exile and eclipse amid phenomenal conditions.

All through this construction, in which Physics seem to melt away into Psychology on the one hand, and Theology on the other, there run certain pervading principles, which, as they are highly characteristic, and foreign to modern habits of thought, it may be useful to draw forth.

(1.) Throughout the Kosmos and its contents, all reality, all essence, all permanence, must be looked for in the *Thoughts* which it half reveals, half hides. These are the soul that shines through its body, and the divine brilliants for which that soul itself was created as a setting. It is participation in the supreme intellect that constitutes the stability,—the immortal element,—of the universe: and the types of idea into which this element breaks alone hold together the passive material, and give determinate form to the dust of phenomena. The constant character which repeats itself in every sample of a natural kind,—which neither wanders into any other kind nor absents itself from any cases of *this*, presented itself to Plato's mind as a unit of ultimate reality, serving as a nucleus for the play of successive change. This constant character not only pervades all the simultaneous individuals of the same order, but perseveres through the generations of organised beings; and, in another aspect, furnishes the standard conception of all the sciences: so as to force upon us the feeling, that it is a determinate form given in the very ground of things,—the look which expresses a single meaning in nature. This configuration of existence,—this rational and invisible image, which lies at the heart of Things as their essence and of Knowledge as its principle, is an εἶδος or Idea: and is vari-

* Tim. p. 29 E; Phædr. p. 247 A.

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ously described as the universal in the individual,—the durable amid change,—the rational in the sensible,—the unit amid plurality. No actual object, as it comes before us in the physical world, is the same that presents itself to our mind when we hear its general name: and if all its attributes were on an equal footing and no better secured than its individual features, it would be a mere shifting bundle of phenomena, on which thought would have no hold. But so far as the *thing* coalesces with the *thought*, the essence is present, and rests with one end in our reason and the other in the world. Were it not for these abiding essences, were the evanescent conditions of sense the only sphere open to us, knowledge would be impossible; in truth, there would be nothing to be known. So far forth as the universe is an object of cognisance, and not simply a source of sensations, it is an organism and hierarchy of Ideas; where the term of widest sweep touches the acme, and the individual thing stands at the zero, of reality. The Ideas being eternal, while assuming transitory concrete forms, had invisible preëxistence in a pure intellectual seat prior to being born into time and space. This is the point,—this transcendency of the Ideas beyond Nature in addition to their immanence in Nature,—at which Aristotle diverges from Plato.

(2.) It is assumed all through that, for inter-action to take place between two things, they must be similar: and should they not be so, they must remain mutually exclusive, till some middle term, resembling them on either hand, interpose to render relations possible. Thus, the eternal Ideas could never pass into phenomena,—the Real acting in partnership with the Unreal,—were it not for the mediation of ψυχή, which unites in itself both elements, and serves as the meeting-point of the intellectual and the corporeal. Nor again could Sense and Thought ever communicate with each other, were it not for the Mathematical relations of Number and Dimension which lie between and have their principles in the one field and their application in the other. That man and the universe conduct dealings with one another arises wholly from this, that both have a soul; of which the rational part speaks to the Reason, and the sensible to Sense. Vision in like manner would be precluded, if either the outer space or the inner man were dark; but as we steadfastly look, eye-light comes out to mingle with the day-light that comes in, with the joint effect of seeing and being seen: except indeed when it is night outside; and then, for want of the counter-current, the eyelids droop and shut-in their own light, and leave it, in its solitary play, to paint the scenery of our dreams. Innumerable applications

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might be drawn from the Platonic dialogues, of the maxim, that Opposites cannot be introduced to each other, except in and through a common element.

(3.) Hence, it directly follows, that between thinking and being thought, knowing and being known, there is not an antithesis, but a reciprocity; and that as science in our mind is an organised nexus of ideas, so too must be the system of the world which that science reads. Like only can meet like, and mind within has no eye except for mind without. Things, to be cognisable by thought, must be thoughts themselves; and thoughts, to hold of things, must be the essence of things themselves. We do not want then two sets of terms, one to designate the inner, the other to describe the outer world: it is the same world, and the universe does not stand over against the soul with a chasm between; but itself comes up in us in the shape of soul, and looks in its own glass: Nature's fixed types and men's general notions being but two aspects of the same thing. Ideas are subjective facts only because they are objective realities, and in either sphere, the logical and the kosmical, their history and process are the same: human science simply repeating in our consciousness the developments of external being; and the order of deduction being but the photographic transcript of the dialectic of reality. To find, therefore, the highest principles of excellence, we must look for the most comprehensive thoughts in the logical hierarchy of our own mind.

The supreme term in Plato's climax of Ideas,—the ἀρχὴ κυριωτάτη of thought and things,—is the *Idea of the Good:* and there is no more difficult point for the expositor of his philosophy than to determine whether this Idea is identified with God, or still extrinsic to him. If, with Stallbaum and Brandis, we were to set the Platonic Ideas in the Divine Mind, as mere subjective states, there need be little hesitation, in spite of the psychological inaccuracy, about treating their most comprehensive term as equivalent to the Mind itself that has it: for a Thought, in proportion as it tends to be all-inclusive, ceases to be distinguishable from its Thinker. It would be an infinite relief to the imagination, to accept this tempting interpretation. A Divine Mind thinking out into existence conceptions which the Human Mind reads off into knowledge, presents us with something apprehensible. But we must not, for the sake of an easy solution, make Plato speak the language of modern philosophy: and, without forcing him to do so, it is impossible to construe his "Ideas" into states of God's Intellect. They are described as not less *objective* to him than to us; they are the "*patterns*" on which he looks in the process of kosmical

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construction, not by way of introspection but of contemplation: they are existences, not powers, the still centres of real being, that, but for an agency other than their own, would remain motionless eternally: in short, a definite stock of immutable entities, like the system of geometrical truths, which are not contingent on being thought, though taken into adoption by all intelligence. To these preëxistent intellectual data,—determinate, quantitative, real,—having beauty, measure, proportion,—stands opposed another realm of mere material conditions,—indeterminate, qualitative, unreal,—the seat of blind necessity: and it is by dipping, as it were, the positive ideal moulds into the indefinite mass of negation that the mixed universe arises, and the Ideas become incarnate in phenomena. But where is the *agency* to which they owe this assumption of visible shape? Not in themselves, for they are motionless eternals. Not out beyond themselves, for above them there is nothing higher; they include and exhaust all that *is*, and is divine. It must be confessed that Plato escapes from this dilemma by a stroke of force. He vests in his supreme Idea ("the Good," for which, however, the word "intellect" is sometimes substituted), a causality which is denied to all the rest; and thus, while treating it dialectically as one of their series, lifts it in effect beyond them, and concentrates in it both logical ascendency and creative power. Nothing can make this clearer than his own finely-traced comparison between the Idea of the Good in the world of Reason, and the Sun in the world of Perception. First, the Sun stands apart and does not identify itself with either Vision in us, or Visibility in things; but mediates between them, and is the cause of both. Equally do subject and object in thought find a common parent in the Idea of the Good, which puts them into relation by imparting to the knower his faculty and to the known its truth. Nor is this all; for, next, the Sun, besides these *visual* achievements, is the source of the very *origin and growth* of visible nature itself; which springs up as well as displays itself under the beams of day. Just so, is the idea of the Good the Cause, not of the truth only of what is known, but of *its existence* too; holding a higher rank in dignity and power.* If here, without

* Rep. vi. pp. 507-510. The following sentences contain the pith of the doctrine: "The Sun then is not Vision, but in being the Cause of Vision is its object too." "Yes," said he. "I conceive it then to be the product of the Good, set forth to be its counterpart: what, in the intellectual realm, the one is in relation to the intelligent subject and intelligible objects, the same, in the visual realm, is the other in relation to vision and the visible" (p. 508 B).

"This then which imparts truth to the known and faculty to the knower, let us say is the Idea of the Good, cause at once of the mind's knowledge and of the truth it knows: and, noble as these are, if you take it for something nobler still, you will not be wrong. As just now we found that light and vision were

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emerging beyond the system of Ideas, but only standing on its highest step, we have alighted on Plato's source of *power*, elsewhere we find the most distinct and emphatic identification of causality with *Mind*, instead of with "*the Good.*" Thus, the question of questions is raised with great solemnity in the Philebus: "All the wise, true to the conscious dignity of wisdom, say with one accord, that Mind is King of heaven and earth." "Are we then to say, Protarchus, that Chance and the force of Accident and Unreason administer the collective whole we call the Universe? or, on the contrary, as our forefathers used to say, that Mind and a certain marvellous Intelligence guides what it arranged." "The difference is infinite, Sokrates," replies Protarchus: "for this new suggestion of yours strikes me as even irreverent; while the doctrine that all these things are ordered by Mind is worthy the aspect of the Universe,—of Sun and Moon and Stars, and all their circuit; and never, for my part, could I say or think otherwise of them." "Our confession then," continues Sokrates, "you would throw in with the concurrent voice of our predecessors, that so it is; and this, not in mere safe accommodation to the opinions of others, but with resolve to take our share of responsibility and reproach, in face of any grand man who should deny the doctrine, and affirm that disorder reigns."* The discussion thus opened is too long to quote. The argument proceeds on the analogy between Man as mikrokosm, and the Universe as makrokosm: the former, as dependent reflex, contains no more or other elements than the latter; on the contrary, repeats the same constituents in reduced and abated form. In the Kosmos are all the elements,—earth, water, fire,—in pure and mighty store: in the bodies of men and animals, drawing, in fact, on this unlimited supply, they re-appear with attenuated virtues. Apply then the same principle to the remainder of human nature: with the body of man is conjoined a living soul (ψυχή), dependent in its turn on a greater but similar essence without. The universe therefore has its living Soul, or humanity could have none:—to say nothing of the evident kosmic Intellect and Wisdom; and without a Psychic nature Intellect and Wis-

Sun-like, but not Sun; so here we are to regard knowledge and truth as both of them like the Good, without either of them being identical with it, and are to assign yet higher rank to the essence of the Good" (p. 508 B).

"Carry the illustration still one point further. The Sun, I suppose you will say, imparts to visible things not only their visibility but their genesis, growth, and nurture, without being itself a case of genesis. And so with the objects of knowledge. They owe to the agency of the good not simply their susceptibility of being known, but their existence and essence too, though the Good is not an essence, but transcends essence in dignity and power" (p. 509 B).

* Phileb. p. 28 D, p. 29 A.

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dom could never become phenomenal. Summing up the reasoning, Sokrates says:

"Taking then, Protarchus, these four kinds,—the determinate Ideas, the indeterminate Material, the Mixed, and the Causal Power, which, as fourth, pervades them all,—we cannot suppose that whilst, in our human case, this last provides a living Soul, and implants the natural energies of the body as well as its curative reaction under ailment, and effects now one combination, now another, so as justly to win the title of manifold and comprehensive Wisdom; yet, where the very same things present themselves in the whole heaven, at once on a mighty scale and with beauty quite unmixed, there the constitution of what is superlatively fair and excellent is due to no design.

PROT. This would be quite against reason.

SOKR. If so, we should take the other ground, and repeat what we have often said already. In the Universe there is much indeterminate Material and adequate determinate Ideas, and over and above these a Cause of no mean nature, disposing years, and seasons, and months in the order of beauty, and having every claim to the appellation Mind and Wisdom.

PROT. Assuredly, every claim.

SOKR. But Mind and Wisdom, we know, could never present themselves without a living soul.

PROT. Confessedly not.

SOKR. Then, in the nature of Zeus, you will say, on account of the Causal Power, there proves to be inherent a kingly living Soul and kingly Mind"* (p. 30 B-D).

Varying the expression, he adds that

"Mind is progenitor of that one of the four kinds which we called Cause;"

and that—

"Mind, we must remember, is made out to be akin to Cause, and pretty nearly of the same category" (pp. 30 E, 31 A).

In this remarkable passage, it is quite plain (1) that both the determinate world of Ideas and indeterminate world of Material are treated as in themselves passive data; (2) that in looking about for the *Causal Power* which penetrates them without belonging to them, living Soul (ψυχή) is named as the immediate dynamical principle; (3) that this, however, is de-

* That is, "If we did not allow to the nature of Zeus a Soul and Intellect, we should be left without the requisite Causal Power." Διὰ τὴν τῆς αἰτίας δύναμιν assigns the *logical ground* for *our assigning* Intellect to Zeus. Zeller (*Philosophie der Griechen*, ii. § 20) treats this phrase as expressing the *physical cause* of Zeus's intellect,—the Dynamic *αἰτία* that produced it; and accordingly understands the passage to teach, that the kingly Intellect of Zeus stood *lower down* than the *αἰτία*, and that at the head of all was something other than Intellect. This interpretation seems to us against the context, and equally against the construction of διά with the Accusative.

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manded, not as ultimate, but as the needful vehicle for the manifestation of mind; (4) that the final equivalents therefore are *Causality and Mind.* As disposed in the foregoing argument, it is *not* one of the Ideas, but enters from beyond; and it *is* "in the nature of Zeus," under whose name we are to understand the whole Divine governing principle of the universe, irrespective of the distinction between the kosmic Soul (ψυχή), which is originated, and the Mind (νοῦς), which is the sole originator. As presented in the Republic, on the other hand, Causality is made equivalent to the *Idea of the Good*, and so retained among the Ideas, though at their head. The inconsistency is indisputable. The ascription, however, of *Causality* to the supreme Idea practically removes that Idea into so exceptional a position as to be tantamount to its elevation into the Divinest seat. On the whole, and neglecting the refinements of this or that particular passage, we may say that, with Plato, Mind, Cause, God, and the Idea of the Good, are interchangeable terms.

The original antithesis between the world of determinate Ideas and that of indeterminate Material carries its effect all through the Platonic doctrines. The Causality of God is different according as it applies itself to the one realm or the other: as Disposer of the Ideas, he is *Poet;* as Moulder of the Material, he is *Artificer*: and the mode in which the higher function holds ascendency over the lower is finely marked in the statement that the indeterminate mass of material is *persuaded* by him to receive the Ideas, so that the sphere of Necessity is prevailed over by the force of Mind.* The distinction, again, between a true Cause and a mere Condition is only another form of the same fundamental contrast. On this distinction Plato lays the greatest stress; and to the neglect of it repeatedly ascribes the dead and disappointing result of a mere mechanical explanation of nature, such as Anaxagoras had rendered familiar. Thus he dismisses a description of the phenomena of reflected light with these words: "Such are some of the conditions (ξυναιτίων) which God enlisted in his service, to realise as far as possible the ideal of what is best. By most men they are regarded not as conditions but as causes of all, as sources of cold and heat, condensation and expansion, and similar phenomena. But these things are good for nothing

* "In what precedes we have set forth pretty completely the kosmical results elaborated by Mind: a parallel account must now be given of the results of Necessity. For this Kosmos has a mixed genesis, from the concurrence of Necessity and Mind. Mind, however, got the better of Necessity by persuading it to let the best direction be impressed on almost all things as they arose: and so at first this universe sprung from Necessity prevailed over by Intellectual Persuasion." Timæus, p. 48 A.

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as vehicles of thought and reason; for of all that exists, the only thing susceptible of the prerogative of reason we must pronounce to be soul; and this is invisible, while fire and water and earth and air all present themselves as visible bodies. The lover of reason and knowledge must direct his search to the causes of intelligent nature, as the primary; and investigate only as secondary those which, being set in motion by something else, transmit the motion by necessity. That must be our procedure. We must speak of both kinds of causes; but must separate those that will intelligently produce what is beautiful and good from those that, empty of intelligence, produce nothing but aimless casualties" (Timæus, p. 46 C-E). With still stronger emphasis he discriminates, in a later passage, the functions of the two kinds: "All these things, with nature so constituted by Necessity, the Artificer of what is best and fairest in phenomena took in hand, when he called into being the self-sufficing and most perfect divinity (the Kosmos); availing himself of the appropriate instrumental causes, but fabricating by his own direct agency the element of good in all that arose. Wherefore we must by all means keep distinct two kinds of Cause—the one Necessary, the other Divine. And while, with a view to the true blessedness of life, it is the Divine that, as far as our nature permits, we should every where seek, yet, as a means to this end, we must investigate the Necessary too; reflecting that, without it, the other, on which we are especially intent, must evade our thought and apprehension, and have nothing to say to us till we acquiesce in these terms" (pp. 68 E, 69 A). In sharper definition, he elsewhere says: "It must indeed be an undiscriminating mind which cannot see that a true Cause is one thing, and quite another is that without which the Cause could never have causality; yet this, it seems, is what most men, with thought groping as in the dark, designate as the Cause itself, assigning it a name to which it has no right" (Phædon, p. 99 B). Thus we find the great controversy between Thought and blind Force already begun, with full consciousness of its depth and magnitude, and stated in terms singularly approaching the language of modern philosophy. The firm grasp which Plato had of the conditions and of the consequences of that problem attests, far more than his aim to solve it by his doctrine of Ideas, the breadth and penetration of his intellect. Critical attempts, like those of Spinoza and Hegel, to hold the balance even between the two types of causality, or to absorb them both in a logical evolution, which, without being either Divine or Material, was yet Thought and Necessity in one, could never proceed from a mind like Plato's, too full of life and movement

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to poise itself and the world on an eternal tiptoe of unstable equilibrium. He knew, and proclaimed with as much decision as Comte on the other side, that there could be no compromise; and that men must make their choice, whether in this universe they were living in the grasp of a blind, delirious giant, or holding, as a child, the gracious hand, and looking up into the clear eyes of Infinite Right and Reason. Either Thought is the last result of blind Force, or Force is the expression of conscious thought; there is no third thing possible or conceivable; and in giving his deliberate verdict (deliberate because his first training had been in the doctrines of the opposite school)* on the Ideal side, Plato was well aware that he determined, at a stroke, the character of his Science, his Ethics, his Religion. His subordination, in God, of fabricating skill to Poetic origi-

* There is much uncertainty about the sources of Plato's doctrine, and the order of its construction. Aristotle, however, expressly says (Met. A. vi. 987 A, B) that from his youth Plato was familiar with the Herakleitic doctrines, through his intimacy with Kratylos, the pupil of Protagoras; and having brought them with him to Sokrates, founded on them the part of his scheme which had reference to sensation, while stimulated by the new influence to mature his peculiar doctrine of Ideas. The Herakleitic maxim, that there was nothing but phenomena, and therefore no rest, but only motion, in the universe, was carried to such extreme by this Kratylos, that he censured the moderation of Herakleitus in saying, "You could never cross the same stream *twice*," and declared, "You could not cross it *once*" (Ar. Met. Γ v. 101 A). In the dialogue bearing the name of Kratylos, there is also introduced Hermogenes, whom Diogenes Laertius affirms to have been one of Plato's instructors, and whose connection with the Eleatics raises the question of the pupil's relation to that opposite school. The question cannot be answered by appeal to external evidence, and for its solution waits on another, justly regarded as the most embarrassing problem presented by the writings of Plato, viz. at what period of his life the *Parmenides* was written. If, as both Schleiermacher and Boeckh contend, this marvellous mass of dialectic was thrown off in his youth as a mere intellectual exercise, he had early obtained acquaintance with the doctrines of Parmenides and the writing of Zeno of Elea, and a high respect for the persons of them both. If, on the other hand, we assign this dialogue, with Hermann and Zeller, to a much later time, there remains nothing—for on Diogenes Laertius no stress can be laid—to indicate any very early initiation into the Eleatic ontology. Notwithstanding the great authority of the veteran critic of Berlin, we incline to refer the Parmenides to the middle period of Plato's literary activity. Under this supposition, it is not improbable that his estimate of the Eleatics was first drawn from Sokrates, who may well have enjoyed in his youth the opportunity assigned to him in the dialogue, of converse with Parmenides and Zeno on their visit to Athens, B.C. 458. The same remark applies to his knowledge of the Pythagorean doctrines, which influenced him more conspicuously than any other antecedent system. There is nothing against the intimation given in the Phædon (p. 61), that Sokrates learned from hearsay the leading principles of the Italian school: for at Thebes lived his contemporary Philolaus, their most eminent teacher and first writer, two of whose disciples, Simmias and Kebes, appear among the interlocutors of the Phædon, and are questioned by Sokrates about what they have heard from their instructor at Thebes. Plato's ultimate acquaintance with Pythagoreanism was too exact to be thus explained, and was enlarged, as we know, by a work of Philolaus', with the remaining vestiges of which Plato's expositions accurately agree. On the whole, it is probable that the only philosophic culture which Plato brought to Sokrates was a familiarity with the doctrines of the Ionic school.

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nation,—in Nature, of phenomenal conditions to intellectual Causation,—in human Knowledge, of the perceptive to the ideal element,—in Morals, of the sentient and expedient to the noble and just,—in the State, of the industrial host to the senate of choice spirits and tested characters,—is all an expression of one and the same fundamental faith, that Reason, with its included forms of Truth, Beauty, Right, is the everlasting ground of things; out of which they come, held together by which they live, and into which they must return.

Some of the applications of this general principle to human nature and life are highly curious, and present a point or two of interesting comparison with modern notions of some mark. The souls of men, like the kosmic soul that nurtures them, are in being *earlier* than the body, and, from that preëxistence, assume in turn the conditions of corporeal manifestation. Their antecedent state has not indeed been from eternity: they so far differ in kind from the Ideas they are conscious of, and from the Divine Mind that introduced them on the scene: but, once upon the kosmic stage, they are there for ever: partaking of the causal spontaneity of the originating intellect, they have the free self-movement which is the distinctive mark of independent life, and stamps as deathless every Kind that has it. Or, if the account of the genesis of souls, in the Timæus, be treated as purely mythical, they must be released from even this limitation on their Past, and be regarded as no less without beginning than without end: for of Plato's earnestness in assigning them a place both before and after this life no doubt can be entertained. Whence then have they come? and whither do they go? and what traces do they bear now of what was prior, or will they bear hereafter of what is present? From none of these questions could Plato refrain, and to all he ventures some reply,—in sharp dialectic where he feels his footing and sees his way,—in picturesque and pathetic myth where reverence and faith carry him consciously beyond the keen Hellenic sunlight of his mind. God, it is said, formed at the outset as many souls as there are stars,* on each of which he planted one, to watch from that heavenly station the Divine order of things; and then, after a time, to be born into a human corporeal life. This fate is the consequence, according to the Phædrus, of a lapse already from the nobleness befitting that starry existence;† but is due, according to the later doctrine of the Timæus, to a general law, providing for the maintenance of a mortal race, as part of the needful outfit of the world.‡ Whatever be the cause of her descent, the soul brings

* Tim. p. 41 D. † Phædr. p. 248. ‡ Tim. p. 42.

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with her the vestiges of her celestial experience: the Divine characters of truth and beauty, however darkened by the film of sense, do not irrecoverably fade, but, now and then, as the breath of purer opportunity sweeps over them, gleam out in the surprise of some luminous consciousness. Whatever knowledge and insight we are able to make our own here are no gift or gain of this life, but mere submerged fragments rescued from the wreck of another. The highest order of truth, the apprehension of the inner essence and recondite relations of things, mathematical science, dialectical reasoning, moral appreciation, depend not upon the reports of the outward sense, but on the reflective clearness of the inward intellect,—are not deposited as an accretion, but evolved as buried treasure. The psychological experiment is well known which Plato tries upon Meno's slave.* Without a geometrical notion to begin with, the boy is led on, by mere interrogation of his own intelligence, to discover the relation between a square's side and its diagonal; and from this example, taken as fairly representative of the whole scientific procedure of the understanding, the inference is drawn that all our learning is Reminiscence, and bears witness to the past rather than the present. This is the Platonic form of the doctrine of *a priori* ideas; whose modern advocate proceeds in fact upon the same data, and uses the same reasoning to bar the empirical explanation, and only stops short of the claim of reminiscence because to him an eternal self-evidence in ideas does not preclude the transient entrance of successive minds upon the subjective apprehension of them. The resulting lists of notions transcending experience are singularly concurrent in the two cases. Space and Time, Causation and Necessity, Unity, Substance, Beauty, Right, and Good, are claimed alike in ancient and in modern schools as the irresolvable residuum which no mental analysis can dissipate, or reduce from a Divine trust to a human acquisition.

Human life, it is evident, must be, on the Platonic theory, if not an expiation, at least a struggle of recovery, led on by glimpses of the higher mind, and beaten back by the crush and crowd of sentient interests. The eternal forms of thought that hold affinity with the heavenly world lie in the immortal part of the soul,—its rational or divine element. Its mortal part has two constituents, of unequal worth; *Courage*, or high spirit, which impulsively sympathises with the good and honourable, and is an admirable ally of the Reason, but in itself has no insight, and needs to serve the power above it; and *Appetite*, pleading for the satisfaction of the sentient de-

* Meno, p. 82-86.

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sires, and grasping at the wealth which gives purchasing power for their indulgence. From this tripartite constitution,—difficult from its unequal balance to bring to symmetry,—may be explained the discord of our powers, and the frequent defeat of the supreme ends of life. How the upward tendency of the immortal Reason is imperfectly aided by irregular Courage, and borne down by the gravitation of desire, is represented in the celebrated myth which gives to the Phædrus its most conspicuous feature. The Soul, it is there said, resembling in its composition a chariot and its driver, has Courage and Appetite for its steeds, and Reason for its charioteer; and the difficulty of directing its course arises, in our human case, from this:—that while beings diviner than we have not only the reins in the hand of perfect skill, but horses of best descent and mettle, ours are ill-yoked together, one being good and noble, the other just the opposite; the one akin to the living soul of all, and tending upwards on the wing to catch glimpses of its native heaven; the other, without plumage to sustain it, and always wanting to sink safely home into the rest of bodily existence. The function of the wing is to bear the Heavy aloft into the abode of the gods,—the place beyond the heavens, which no poet has ever sung or can sing, the formless, incorporeal, colourless realm where the essences of thought and justice dwell, and the divine steeds may pasture and grow their plumage on the wise, the beautiful, the good, which are alike the food of gods and men. Once gain that region, and the wings will have new breadth and power; miss it, and seek inferior aliment, and they become thin and waste away. When the great Lord of heaven leads out with his winged chariot, he is followed by the troop of Gods and Spirits, disposed by his order in eleven trains; and as they make the round of the lower heavenly vault, whoever can and will may join the procession, and survey the glories in whose neighbourhood it sweeps. But at last comes the time when the godlike race that leads the way goes to the banquet prepared for them beyond the margin of the lower heaven, and the rim is reached which only the spirits of strong pinion can pass. Here then occurs the grand struggle of the soul. While the gods have easily reached the inner meadows of eternal truth, and turned out their horses to pasture on ambrosia and drink of nectar, even the immortal power of the human soul pushes on with difficulty to the mere edge of that upper heaven. A few may so far prevail as to stand just clear above the margin, and look round through the divine space and admire the beauties and sanctities it contains. Others get their head just through, and have a brief chance of gazing round; but have so much trouble with their steeds

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that they have scarce time to look. There are more who push for an instant through, but are plunged down again by their refractory steeds, so as to see a little, but miss the most. Below and behind these, comes the throng of incapable drivers and stubborn horses, whose sole proof of nobleness is in a vain wish to follow, and who do but jostle and trample one another, and with strife and wrangling hurt a vast deal of plumage, and after all lose the entire vision of divine realities.*

When we compare the arrangement in which Plato here disposes the powers of the soul with the Psychology of the Republic, a difference presents itself which attests the greater depth and completeness of his later view. Here, in command of the two active forces, Courage and Appetite, Reason holds the seat of power;—the same Reason which, among the cognitive faculties, presides with a similar ascendency over Opinion, or mere "Mother-Wit" (δόξα), and Perception. Both the mental and the moral side of our nature are thus made to culminate in a single Intellectual term. In the Republic we notice a change. Reason takes its place side by side with its former steeds, as if coördinated with them: and their relations are evidently so conceived, that had the myth yet remained to be written, the chariot of the soul would have appeared, not as a 'biga,' but as a 'triga.' The seat, however, of the charioteer would then be empty. And is there, then, no fourth to take the reins? There is. After enumerating the virtues appropriate to each member of the triad,—Wisdom to Reason, Enterprise to Courage, Self-restraint to Appetite,—Plato insists on the need of yet a crowning excellence, whose function it shall be, not to add any thing to constituents already there, but to regulate their proportions and keep each to its just place. This superintending and restraining power which is to balance the whole is *Right*, or Justice (δικαιοσύνη); whose opposite, *Wrong* (ἀδικία), consists in an insurgent condition of some one or other of the parts of the soul; when that which is naturally adapted to serve aspires to rule, and by throwing the hierarchy of principles into disorder, introduces the very essence of moral evil. For "Virtue," he adds, "is, in this view, a kind of health, beauty, and good tone of the soul; while Vice is disease and deformity and weakness."† Here, then, the demand is distinctly set up for some authoritative supervision which shall keep even Reason herself to her proper duty, and modulate the whole series of the inner *sources* of moral life. This, however, is precisely the function of *Conscience*,—regarded not as a

* Phædr. pp. 247 249.

† Rep p. 441 D, p. 444 E.

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separate member of the system of active powers, but as a judicial consciousness of the relative worth and claims of the several springs of action. And we see in the change of Plato's tone an indication that he had begun to feel the unfitness of a purely Intellectual apprehension to occupy the throne of our Moral nature, and to foreshadow the primary conception of Christian Ethics.*

Plato's doctrine of *a-priori* ideas was probably an extension, over the whole field of human knowledge, of a principle started by Sokrates in connection with Ethics alone. The Sokratic maxims, that "Virtue was susceptible of *being taught*," and that "no man was *voluntarily bad*," present at first sight a very external view of Morals, and look like sentences of Bentham rather than watchwords of the Academy. When, however, we remember that the "teaching" of Sokrates was not a putting of information into the mind, but a drawing of latent truth out of the mind, we see at once that the didactic process on which he relied for ethical results was a direct appeal to moral consciousness, and founded on the assumption of an inward readiness of human nature to respond to the voice of a true interpreter. The ideal forms of the Right and Noble, however hidden under the incrustations of sense and evil habit, sleep within; and by adequate provocation and questioning may be awakened and brought to vindicate their existence. It is for want of seeing these with the inward eye, or being aware of their Divine presence, that a man is apt to be "bad;" once let him really look on the good, with no disguising medium between, and *not* to love and pursue it is impossible; it carries its own persuasion and authority with it; and not till some film steals back over his vision, can he relapse into any unworthiness. In this sense, no doubt, all moral aberration was resolved by Sokrates into mental blindness and mistake; but it was a blindness to the *intrinsic evil* and deformity, not to the *consequences* of wrong desires;—a mistake of ideal (also supremely real) good, not of sentient interests. The "eudæmonist" principles, that moral right and wrong are constituted by natural pleasure and pain; that there is no evil but suffering, and no operative motive but happiness,—were completely at variance with the whole character of the Sokratic ethics: and if ever they appear to be sanctioned, it is only under cover of language on which our greater and lesser circles of distinction were not yet traced. And so, when Bentham says that "wrong-

* Schleiermacher (Platon's Werke, iii. 1. p. 600) remarks the difference between the Phædrus and the Republic; but, not connecting it with the exposition of δικαιοσύνη, finds the fourth and presiding term in the Educational Reason of the State as opposed to the personal reason of the Individual.

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doing is nothing but false reckoning," he means, 'Show the perpetrators that by another course they would be *happier* men, and they will not repeat the ill.' When Sokrates says the same thing, he means, 'Make them realise how much *better* men a different choice would render them, and this new light will change their soul.' In the one case, the rule declares the omnipotence of external consequences; in the other, the subduing suasion of moral beauty and intrinsic worth. There is nothing, indeed, which the Platonic Sokrates treats with more contempt than the only form of conduct contemplated by Bentham as commendable,—right-doing for the sake of its advantages and rewards. All character of goodness is denied to action with a view to outward benefits in this life or in any other. If you dare a little to-day from the prospect else of a greater terror to-morrow, your very bravery expresses only fear. If you refrain from indulgence now, that you may have a richer banquet hereafter, your very moderation is but an investment in greediness. And that can be no virtue which illicitly sets its heart on the very things it professes to renounce, and secretly worships the idols it dethrones. Genuine goodness stipulates for no wages to personal appetite and desire; but accepts the intrinsically good for its own sake, as the sterling coin for which all else may freely be exchanged away. And so far from regarding its entail of suffering as that which makes wrong action evil and ineligible, Plato maintains that to cut off that entail would double the evil; that, next to the supreme ill of guilt itself, the worst that can befall a man is to escape the anguish that belongs to it; that the desire for impunity, the prayer for 'salvation,' are part of the delusion of his sin; that if he had the true insight of penitence, he would rather insist on taking all the sorrow due, and yield himself the prisoner of Eternal Justice to be thus, for the first time, set at one with truth. Alas! how far below this Pagan moral standard is that spurious Christianity which first appeals to the passionate desire of escape from penalty admitted to be just, and then encourages men to exult that they are let off through substitution of another's unmerited sufferings!

From the identification of Virtue with Insight follows another feature of the Platonic psychology; its disparagement of *unconscious* genius and character. The blind force of instinctive life, however healthy, sagacious, and well-balanced, Plato treats with none of the admiration lavished on it by Mr. Carlyle. He put no trust in mere unreflective discernment, in the happy hits of natural cleverness, in the gifts of capable but special men,—poets, musicians, orators; but insisted that wisdom began, continued, and ended in open-eyed and self-

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conscious method, which knew its own ground, and could explain how its way was traced. Many wonderful and beautiful things were done by bees and ants: but the human prerogative was not the doing of such things, but, in doing them, the understanding what was done, and how and why. And so long as this insight was not called into exercise, the soundest nature was without security; right to-day, it might be wrong to-morrow, like the tact of an ill-taught physician, or the mere quick-sightedness of a pilot in a strange sea. To sift every untested conventionalism, to break up the sleep of routine, to compel enthusiasm to think, to force even the best habits to find their solid ground; in short, to convert all life into a work of High Art, designed and carried out as God evolved the Kosmos,—was the fundamental aim of the Sokratic self-knowledge. Nor was the aim unsupported by the inherent tendency of human nature. That very "frenzy" (*μανία*) and inspired "possession" which in the poet worked by unconscious light was but the first movement of the soul in the pursuit of immortal beauty; and the clear contemplation of the eternal types of being was the philosophic goal of the same impulse. Love, indeed, in all its shapes is the sigh, disguised or open, of the mortal for the immortal:—the fascination with graceful forms,—the passion for beautiful souls, and the interchange with them of noble thoughts,—the thirst for intellectual truth,—are earlier stages through which the mind presses towards the Divine beauty in which love dies from having realised its quest. By a happy myth Plato describes this yearning impulse as joint product of the soul's *Poverty* and *Affluence*, expressing, by features at once of sadness and of hope, the mingling of want and of possession. *Eros* is the child of *Penia* and *Poros*. Nor does he leave it doubtful what *kind* of possession it is to which this yearning owes its life; for Poros again is the son of *Metis:* so that we *have* nothing, and can *sigh for* nothing, but what is born of Divine Wisdom and inherits a spiritual nature.*

Such are some of the traces which the soul bears of the preëxistent state. Nor will the continuity be broken by the interposition of death. On the contrary, it will then be found that life—as the secret heart of all men tells them—is a genuine trust; that death strips off the disguises which confound the faithful with the faithless; and that Eternal Justice has prepared for each a future accurately corresponding with his past. With the inimitable mixture of humour with solemnity which characterises his deepest myths, Plato tells us that in old times Zeus used to have men judged just before they died. The

* Sympos. p. 203 seqq.; Phileb. p. 64 seqq.

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court, however, got so imposed upon by showy pretensions and false witness and decent looks, that Pluto complained of having the wrong people sent to Tartarus, and the islands of the blest remonstrated against the arrival of disreputable company. So Zeus said, 'I must put a stop to this;' and ordained that for the future the trial should take place after death instead of before, and that every one should be placed at the bar anonymously, and be judged by inspection and diagnosis of the naked soul. No further mistakes were made. The folds of this world's seemliness once fallen away, each appears as he is. "When they come into the presence of the judge,—those from Asia, we will say, into the presence of Rhadamanthus,—he sets them before him, and inspects each soul without knowing whose it is; and often, on addressing himself to the great king, or some other dynastic person, he has found no soundness in the soul, but a mass of stripes and scars,—the vestiges of perjury and wrong,—imprinted there by their conduct, and every feature twisted by falsehood and imposture, and nothing left straight from a life-discipline utterly without truth; and has observed the soul to be full of deformity and disproportion from luxury and license and insolence and incontinence; and on seeing it, he has instantly dismissed it with infamy to the guard-house, there to endure the fitting treatment."* By far the most serious and elaborate of these myths is that from which we have already quoted the physical description of the Kosmos revolving on the spindle of Necessity. It is introduced thus:

"Er, a certain Armenian, of the family of Pamphylus, was once killed in war; and when, after ten days, the bodies of the slain were taken up, already in a state of decay, his was found in perfect preservation. It was carried home for the funeral; and on the twelfth day, as it lay on the pile, he came to life again, and on reëntering life related what he had seen in the other world. He said that on its exit, his soul, in company with many others, arrived at a certain wonderful place, where were two shafts sunk in the earth, adjacent to each other; and, opposite to these, two corresponding ones in the heaven above. Between these were seated judges, who, when the verdict was passed, ordered the departure of the just, with certificates of the matters judged suspended in front, by the right-hand shaft upwards through the heaven; and that of the unjust,—only with their certificates hung behind,—by the left-hand downward shaft. He was told on arriving, that he was to act as reporter to mankind of what happened there, and instructed to observe by eye and ear every thing in the place. So there he saw the souls after judgment go off by each of these two openings of the heaven and the earth; and by the other two were souls

* Gorgias, p. 524 B; 525 A.

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arriving,—from that in the earth ascending covered with dust and dirt, from the remaining one descending pure from heaven. The ever-arriving souls seemed to come as from a vast journey, and went with joy into the meadow to encamp, as in a great gathering of kindred tribes. And greetings were exchanged by all that knew one another. And while those who had arrived from the earth learned about the realm which the others had left, they told in return their own experience to those new-comers from heaven. And in this exchange of tidings, the terrestrial souls wept and lamented on recalling all that they had suffered and seen on their subterranean way,—it was a journey of a thousand years;—while the celestial souls told of a happy experience, and sights of unimaginable beauty." . . . . . "For all his acts of wrong, and all the persons he had wronged, every one had suffered retribution in detail,—ten times for each,—renewed, that is, century by century,—that being the estimated length of a human life; that they might pay tenfold the penalty of injustice. In the case of reverence or irreverence towards the gods and towards parents, and in the case of suicide, he declared that retribution was awarded on a still higher scale. For he was present, he said, when one of the souls asked another where Ardiæus the Great was. Now this Ardiæus had made himself tyrant in a Pamphylian city a thousand years before, having put to death his old father and elder brother, and done many other wicked things. To this question the soul, he said, replied, 'He has not come hither, nor will he come; for among the dreadful sights we saw was this: when we were near the mouth of the shaft, and, having gone through it all, were on the point of emerging, suddenly we beheld him with others, chiefly tyrants, though not without some who in private stations had committed great crimes; and just as they were expecting to emerge, the shaft refused them passage through its mouth, and uttered a roar when any soul thus incorrigibly wicked, or as yet inadequately punished, attempted to come out. On this appeared instantly at hand, knowing what the sound meant, certain wild beings, of human aspect and fiery to behold, who clasped some of them and carried them away; but bound Ardiæus and others hand and foot and head, and hurled them down, and rent them by dragging them against thorns along the side-wall of the passage; explaining at the same time to the passing souls as they went by, for what guilt this torture was inflicted, and how they were on their way to be thrown into Tartarus; whereupon, greater than all the fears experienced on their journey, the terror seized each spirit there, lest that roar should meet him when he reached the top; while, if all kept still, he came up with joy. Such was the nature of the punishments and retribution there; while the blessings awarded were just the counterpart of these."

After seven days in the meadow, they break up, and move on to the seats of the Fates and Sirens; the narrative then continues:

"Now the souls had no sooner arrived here than they had to present themselves before Lachesis. First, a Prophet disposed them in

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their order. Then, taking out of the lap of Lachesis a number of lots on the one hand and samples of different kinds of life on the other, he ascended a lofty bema, and said:—This is the word of the virgin Lachesis, daughter of Necessity,—'Souls of a day! for the mortal race another mortal course begins: no destiny shall cast lots for you, but you shall choose your destiny: let him to whom the first lot falls select a life, by which then he must abide: the charge is with the chooser; chargeless is God.' This said, he threw the lots among them all, and each took up that which fell at his side, except Er himself, who was not allowed. And on taking them up, every one discovered what number had fallen to him. Next, he put before them on the ground the samples of lives; in number far exceeding the souls present: and all sorts of lives were there,—lives of all kinds of animals, and human lives of every class. The Prophet then addressed them thus: 'Even to him whose turn is last, if he chooses rationally and lives strenuously, there will lie open a life not evil but desirable: let neither the first to choose be careless, nor the last desponding.' No sooner, said he, had the Prophet finished these words than the bearer of the first lot went up and chose the greatest tyranny: misguided by folly and greediness, he chose without adequate regard to all the conditions, and failed to notice the destiny involved in his decision,—the devouring of his own children and other ills; but when he had contemplated the case at leisure, he beat his head in anguish and bewailed his choice, unobservant of the Prophet's premonition; for he charged the evil not upon himself, but upon fortune, and the gods, and every thing rather than himself. Now he was one of the souls that had come out of heaven: for he had lived through his former life on a well-constituted system; only his hold on virtue was from custom without philosophy. And in this way (as Er testified) those who had come from heaven were not less taken than others by such false baits, having had no experience of difficulties; while very many from this world, having both witnessed and felt the struggle with difficulty, did not make their selection on the first impulse. From this cause, together with the cast of the lots, the result to most of the souls was a change from good to evil, or from evil to good. Now as to the way in which the souls severally selected their lives, it was a sight, he said, worth seeing, pitiable, and ludicrous, and strange; for most were determined in their choice by some experience in their former life." . . . "It so chanced that Ulysses' soul had drawn the last turn of all, and advanced to make his choice. Remembering his former toils, he now rested from all ambitious cares, and went about for a long time in quest of a private life, remote from the turmoil of affairs. With some trouble he found one lying somewhere, that had been neglected by all the rest: on seeing it, he declared he should have done the same if his had been the first turn, and took it with delight." . . . . "So, when all the souls had made their choice, they were brought in the order of their lots before Lachesis: who sent with each the Spirit of the lot he had chosen, to be the Guardian of his life, and the accomplisher of his choice. He led the soul first to Klotho, to have the chosen lot made fast under her hand as she turned the spindle:

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and having attached it to this, he led the way to Atropos, that her spinning might make the thread of destiny unchangeable. Thence, without once turning round, he went under the throne of Necessity: and when he had passed through it and the others had passed too, they all proceeded through parching and dreadful heat to the plain of Lethe, for it is bare of trees and all that grows upon the earth. Evening having already overtaken them, they encamped by the river Careless, whose water no vessel can hold. A certain portion of the water all were obliged to drink; but those who had no rational self-restraint drank more than the portion: and each as he drinks, forgets every thing. When now they had lain down to sleep, at midnight there came thunder and an earthquake: and suddenly, as with the shoot of stars, they were snatched away in every direction up to the birth. The Pamphylian was not allowed to drink of the water: and how and by what course he came back into the body, he did not know: but all at once, on looking up in the morning, he found himself already lying on the funeral pile.

'And this revelation, Glaucon, has been preserved from perishing, and may be our preservative, if we give heed to it. And then we shall cross the stream of Lethe well and with immaculate soul. But if my counsel is of any avail, we shall at all times, under persuasion that the soul is immortal and equal to the burden of every evil and every good, hold on the upward path, and strive in every way after thoughtful rectitude, that we may be in friendship with ourselves and with the gods, not only while abiding here, but when as conquerors we go round and gather in the prizes of our victory; and that both now, and on the millennial journey we have described, it may be well with us.'"*

With how wise a sadness does Plato say of such passages as this!

"These things will seem to you perhaps the words of a fable,—mere old wives' tales,—and you will despise them. Nor would such contempt be strange, if by any quest of ours we could find what was better and truer."† . . . "In these things we must reach one of two results: either learn and discover how the fact really stands; or else, should this be impossible, at least take up with the best and most incontrovertible human belief respecting it; and then, borne upon this as in a skiff, venture the voyage of life,—unless we can find a securer and less hazardous passage on the firmer support of some Divine Word."‡

* Rep. p. 614 B end. † Gorg. p. 527 A. ‡ Phædon, p. 85 C, D.

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Art. XI.—THE AUTHOR OF PAUL FERROLL.

Poems by the Author of Paul Ferroll; including a New Edition of Nine Poems by V. With additions. Saunders and Otley, 1856.

Paul Ferroll. Fourth Edition. Smith and Elder, 1858.

Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife. Saunders and Otley, 1860.

These are stimulating books, and produce an impression of an intellectual temperament roused into genius by the continual presence of some sharp spiritual goad in the mind of the writer, from which there is constant pain, but no shrinking and no escape. The effect is very striking, especially in the principal novel,—for poetry a genius of this description is not, we think, adapted,—and very painful. But no one can question the reality of the power displayed. No book of greater nervous tension was probably ever produced than *Paul Ferroll.* It is not passionate; the hero is all curb. It is not a book which delineates any growth or development of character. The moral attitude, the interior *tableau vivant,* once conceived, is never varied. It is not a novel which professes to show the "inexorable logic of facts." On the contrary, the facts are ill-strung together, and most of them might be omitted,—not, certainly, without great loss to the book, but without betraying the slightest inadequacy or incoherence in the conception. Much of the power, and perhaps also of the artistic deficiencies of the tale, consists in the unique character of the conception,—of a man strong enough in will to prescribe to himself beforehand the precise limits of his own intended crime, and to keep within these limits with unfaltering purpose. It is obvious that such a conception has something statuesque about it. The attitude of mind is necessarily invariable throughout the tale; and though the scene changes often, and eighteen years elapse during its evolution,—if that can be called evolution which shows no real growth or natural expansion,—the catastrophe would be as much in place and keeping in the second chapter as in the last.

The author of *Paul Ferroll* has told her story backwards; and it is evident, we think, that it has been conceived in the direction in which it has been told. The second tale, which explains this gentleman's reasons for committing murder, is a powerful piece of mental analysis directed by the author on the main character in her previous conception. The intellectual point of departure, as well in the story itself as in the prefatory sequel to it, is the same. The one painful and inexorable certainty in the author's mind is this, that Mr. Ferroll's happiness

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having been completely ruined by the vain and shallow woman who had treacherously induced him to believe his intended wife faithless, and to marry herself, he had set himself free by piercing her under the ear one fine summer morning with a sharp instrument, bent on having the woman whom he loved, though without conveying to her the faintest suspicion of his crime; and resolved neither to allow any other person to suffer for his own guilt, nor to accept from casual friends or acquaintances any of the courtesies which he believed they would bitterly regret, should the murder ever be acknowledged or discovered. This is the fact evidently engraved on the author's mind from which both books issue. The first and most striking shows Mr. Ferroll's life under the tension of this secret and this resolve; the other, also powerful, attempts to unravel the provocation by which he must have been led to do the deed.

The character of Paul Ferroll is finely imagined; but it is a woman's hero rather than a man's. It is evident that, in spite of the odour of blood about him throughout both stories,—for even in the explanatory sequel the murder is always the goal, the known result on which the reader's eye is constantly riveted, —there is a secret worship for his power of volition in the mind of the author, and a fixed persuasion that his undeviating adherence to the limits which he had prescribed for himself would secure his soul from absolute perdition after all. We must give some brief outline of the tales before we can attempt to criticise intelligibly the genius of the author.

Paul Ferroll *alias* Leslie,—for, either from some capricious diffidence in the author's mind as to her power of really analysing her hero's previous history—or, from some vague notion that a murderer must be a completely changed person, he is in the second tale called Leslie,—is a young man of property and *sang froid*, able, selfish, perfectly independent, from whose mind the claims of others seem to run off like water from oilskin when they do not meet his own wishes, and on that account the more able to make his own claims or wishes fasten with irresistible force on the minds of others. He is first introduced to us,—first, that is, in the imaginary order of events, for his first appearance in fiction, and probably also in the author's own imagination, was as a murderer, with the guilty act already done,—as a man fresh from Oxford, staying at the house of the brother of the lady whom he afterwards marries and kills. "Life was a fine hard reality to him; he knew it for evil and for good; and while he destroyed every illusion as fast as they courted him, he looked keenly to its enjoyments, and rated them by the vast power of pleasure within him which he shared with most healthy and active human beings." The main power of this preliminary but later-conceived

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tale lies in the delineation of the young lady afterwards murdered. She is conceived with great power, and a very disagreeable conception she is; handsome, clever, self-loving; passionate without delicacy; jealous, and capable of mean deceit; and more unscrupulous than Leslie, rather because she has not the pride and independence which comes of strength of purpose and truth of intellect, than because she is more really selfish. This young lady is entertaining Mr. Leslie (or Paul Ferroll) at her brother's house throughout the preliminary tale. Thither comes a ward of her brother's, a young orphan who had been brought up in a convent, simple, innocent, and affectionate, Paul Ferroll's *second* wife. The worldly Leslie falls in love with her, and engages himself to her, to the great discomfiture of Miss Chanson, who uses all female artifices, and finally hatches a very shameless as well as clearly actionable conspiracy to detach him, and gain him for herself. She at last succeeds in persuading him falsely of Elinor's faithlessness; but the result is a long and terrible illness, through which she nurses him; and she finally asks him, with tolerable frankness, to put a stop to the gossip about them by marrying her. Leslie replies, that if his *name* is of any use to her she may bear it, but that he is wholly indifferent to her love; and his first wife closes with the offer. After their marriage, it comes out, in casual conversation with the brother, that the story of Elinor's faithlessness is wholly untrue; and this is admitted by the principal conspirator herself, who taunts him with his credulousness. Leslie at once leaves home, finds out Elinor, tries in vain to persuade her to fly with him, and the preliminary tale ends by leaving him in the toils.

"He was fast bound in the meshes which a woman, a mere woman, had found the means to twine around him, and fiercely did he resent the injury, and gaze sternly at her falsehood and successful deceit. It was in vain he raged against his bonds, which Elinor refused to assist him in evading, and which the hand that fastened them, even if willing, had no power to untie, though it had sought and found the fatal spell to make them fast. She was his fate; a contemptible, but all-powerful agent; a hateful presence which had forced itself upon him, and which held him imprisoned in sight of the felicity he had once grasped, and let go at the false accents of that despicable deceiver."

The first published tale, but the later in order of event, opens immediately after these meshes have been burst. It is perhaps a defect inseparable from the order in which the tales were written, that murder has certainly improved the character of the hero. In the previous tale there was, besides absorbing selfishness, something much less than honourable in his earlier treatment of both the ladies whom he was to marry, and little redeeming trait of any kind, unless his passionate devotion to Elinor be thought one.

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The author had evidently been anxious to paint a character capable of great crime, and does not fully prepare us for the strongly-defined and sternly-observed limits within which he was to keep that crime. At all events, the murder seems to have cleared the moral air in which Paul Ferroll lives; though it would be unjust to argue that our author thinks it his first step in the right direction. He reappears descending his own steps on a fine summer morning, at five o'clock, for an early ride. The object of this ride is to help a perplexed farmer, who is a workhouse-overseer, in disentangling his public accounts. He eats heartily of the farmer's home-made bread, and is making good progress in the elucidation of the balance-sheet, when one of his horrified servants arrives at full gallop to summon him home to his murdered wife. No trace is found of the murderer. A labourer suspected of it is tried, defended at Mr. Ferroll's own expense, and acquitted. But as the public still believe him guilty, he and his wife, who was in the service of the murdered woman, are sent to America at Mr. Ferroll's expense. After an interval of some years spent by Mr. Ferroll abroad, he reappears with his second wife, the Elinor of the former tale, and a little girl. They live in perfect retirement; but Mr. Ferroll does not fail to secure his neighbour, Lady Lucy Bartlett's, friendship for his wife; in return for which he helps her in the management of her household and her son, though seldom accepting her hospitality. Many episodes are introduced to illustrate his character which are entirely non-essential to the story. For instance, the neighbourhood is visited by cholera in its worst form. Mr. Ferroll, who, though his heart is entirely inaccessible to either the pain or pleasure of sympathy, yet enjoys conducting any kind of well-organised administration, and who moreover delights in the new experience of human nature for which such calamities afford the occasion, is foremost in visiting and relieving the sufferers; his spirits remain at the highest point during the whole period of danger; and every night he pours the results of his experience and reflection into the mind of his wife, with whom it is his passion to share every enjoyment. Another episode shows him quelling a Chartist riot by shooting one of the men whose life he had saved in the cholera, though this man had expressly excepted Mr. Ferroll from all the evil intentions of the crowd. This incident causes his imprisonment and trial for murder, and affords a kind of foretaste of the final crisis. At last, during his absence on the Continent, the widow of the labourer who had been tried for murdering his first wife comes home, and is seen to wear trinkets which she had stolen from her former mistress. She is apprehended, and accused both of the theft and the murder, and the jury find her guilty of both. Within an hour of the verdict Mr. Ferroll leaves

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his wife and daughter, and delivers himself up to justice as the actual murderer, appealing to the evidence of his crime which he had deposited in the coffin of his victim. His wife is killed by the shock. His daughter, aided by friends, helps him to escape, and flies with him to America, where he soon follows his wife to the grave.

Such is the barest outline of the tales, all whose power consists, not in the narrative, but in the execution of individual scenes. There is displayed in them a great deal of close and subtle observation both of external nature and character. There is much imaginative force in the description. There is a peculiar mixture of emphatic simplicity and yet rhetorical art in the style; so that a thought or sentence which begins apparently in the commonplace is heightened into point and pungency by a single unexpected finishing-stroke as it concludes. Yet all these qualities are either results of, or at least powers lying in the closest connection with, the one central feature of the author's mind,—the talent for conceiving and expressing that unnatural tension of all the faculties which marks the recoil of the mind in the presence of an irremediable pain or an inevitable danger. This is the strength of our author's genius. It is of a kind that is very far from spasmodic, but it has in it all the edge of a strongly-controlled restlessness. It is the antithesis of that temperament which Wordsworth claims as especially belonging to the poet,—

> "The harvest of a quiet eye,
> That sleeps and broods on its own heart,"—

and it is quite as far from the relaxation of indulged passion or sentiment. The descriptions of nature and character alike suit this tone of genius. They are too condensed or caustic for those of a mind that really dwells in the enjoyment of such things; and yet they show a kind of poignant appreciation, a pang of vivid enjoyment, of their own, that flushes but does not fill the spirit: the descriptions of beauty are in this tone:

> "It was an hour of bliss, to die;
> But not to sleep; for ever came
> The warm, thin air, and passing by,
> Fann'd Sense, and Soul, and Heart to flame."*

And the traits of human character that fascinate and arrest attention in the book are just those on which the eager, half-bitter insight of a stretched mind immediately lays hold,—those which paint the contrast of full rest and simplicity in others, or those which betray the little habitual self-deceptions and unrealities unconsciously practised by ordinary people in the ordinary lethargy of human nature. A strongly-nerved mind, with some

* Paul Ferroll, 4th edit., p. 185.

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rankling danger or pain to keep up its activity, penetrates with a kind of sardonic compassion the littlenesses of less highly-strung temperaments, and with a kind of mixed pity and despairing envy the simple happiness of early and unbroken serenity. And this is the aspect in which human nature appears throughout these books. It is seen as it were through the eyes of a man who knows that he is standing over a mine ready charged with powder, which may be sprung at any moment. Perfectly sincere with himself, and never trying to ignore the presence of the danger or the crime which causes it, he carries about with him a constant measure of the relative importance and unimportance of human affairs; a constant sense of the fragility of the present; a constant wakefulness in his own mind, that gives an instinctive insight into the hidden motives of others; in a word, that vigilant vitality, that rush of life to the surface, which a rock under water always produces. A mind with such a strain on it cannot settle down quietly into itself; it has to lay down for itself a kind of artificial limit to reverie, beneath which it dare only sound at perfectly undisturbed periods, and beneath which it requires some effort and courage to cast a sounding-line at all. When approaching this limit, it returns with a sudden start to the surface, with stimulated power, keener vision, cynical humour, an eye for every insincerity, and a still quicker eye for every symptom of simple, childlike peace. It is impossible to express too high a judgment of the art or genius with which this temper of mind is delineated in Paul Ferroll. Take, for example, the following extract from his diary during the cholera visitation, and notice the bitter humour with which he marks the human contrasts presented to his view, and then the epicurean eagerness and lusciousness with which he dilates on the sensitive pleasures of the return to his wife and home.

"Cholera goes on increasing. I was in the town early this morning, and found the nurses frightened away from the close alleys. . . . But mothers nurse their children, servants their masters. There seems an instinct in common between mothers and servants. They can't help being faithful. . . . Old Miss Felton, 5 Cheap Street, daughter of the Bishop Felton whom my grandfather bullied, is on the highway to death. She looks like a squeezed orange. She is the first in her street, and the neighbours have slunk away. The old water-carrier and his old donkey won't leave water at her door. There is a gray-haired man, her father's footman, living a mile out of the town, and I actually found him in her miserable room, making gruel for her over the fire. Neither of them seemed to think it any thing out of the way that he should give his help thus gratuitously, only she lamented he was not a woman, and *he seemed much vexed at himself for the fault.* She will die. Family of Jones, at 42, first turn in the close alleys. Three of them ill; one just dead as I came in; nobody seemed to mind the dead boy—too

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miserable. The father, who was nearly gone, fancied he should recover—he alone spoke of the dead. 'He'll be in heaven soon,' the father said, looking at him. 'When?' I asked. The father seemed puzzled. 'As soon as he's buried, sir, I suppose.' 'And the parish must bury him,' said the mother. . . . All day among the lanes and alleys—all day among the frightened and dying; the starving, fevered, tortured. It is a curious scene—a tragedy being acted all day long; and human nature naked and sincere as in the time of great passions. I, the well and strong man, have my stall at this opera, and see it all at my ease—the more at my ease because I have something to do in it. At seven o'clock I got away; mounted my horse, and galloped home. What pleasure there is in galloping home! The object is before one, at which to arrive quickly; the still air becomes a wind, marking the swiftness of one's pace; the fleet horse is his own master, yet my slave; the bodily employment leaves care, thought, and time behind; one feels the pleasure of danger, because there might be danger, and there is none. And I, when I get home, see the being than whom nobody in the world loves another as I love her. And after all that dirt, misery, and ugliness, I find her in her pure white muslin, the sleeves hanging about her fair arms, with gold chains under the muslin, her delicate hair so delicately dressed, her little feet in their silk shoes, her pure pale complexion, and the indescribable odour of beauty breathing in the room. She kissed me twenty times to-day, as if to make sure that if I had caught the cholera, she must catch it too. And if I had, I should like to give it her and die; but I am well. I enjoy life—we both enjoy it."

Nor is this a specially-marked instance of the power we have described. The same power is sustained throughout. In addressing his wife there is always this eager tone of a man who has staked every thing to procure her, and is determined to steep himself in the enjoyment he has purchased at such a price. The spilt blood haunts him, and he strives to wash out its memory in the beauty and purity of his idol. Mrs. Ferroll is dressed for a ball, to which she is going to take her daughter:

"'Come and let me look at you, Elinor,' he said, as his wife entered the room. 'You are beautiful, you are embellished; you are all moonlight, and the breath of violets. How can there be such beautiful things made as women, as women like you? So that's the way you wear your lace frills. It's very pretty; it's new, yet looks like something every body ought always to have done.'"

Another trait very powerfully delineated in this strange and painful portrait is this, that on one point, and on one only, Paul Ferroll finds his rule of never even discussing with himself the spiritual bearings of the dreadful secret he carries about, almost impossible to keep. He cannot endure not to ask himself whether

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his wife's love would survive the revelation. On this point, and on this alone, he is constantly relaxing his own iron self-control. Whenever an opportunity presents itself of probing her mind as to her capacity for loving a murderer, he uses it at any cost of pain to her, and without regarding the strict limits of prudence. 'How if his life be not only a compulsory insincerity, but if her love depend on the unreality of her thoughts of him? How if she be really loving, not him, but a phantom of her own with his external form, and all her love should turn to loathing whenever the reality should be revealed?' This thought, and this alone, he cannot banish, and he hovers over it, in all his intercourse with her, with the dramatic fidelity of a ruling passion. That the world should be paying respect to a delusion of their own he does not care; for he does not value it, and would not suffer to see it turn to horror. But to dream that he may have played a game which would rob him of the very prize for which he played it, is all but insupportable. His "justifiable homicide" in the Chartist riot gives him constant excuses for probing his wife's mind; and again and again he uses it, almost cruelly.

This is a fine touch in the delineation of Paul Ferroll's character; but it does not do enough to vindicate the moral truth of the conception. The only indications, *after* the murder, of any *moral* origin of the ruling excitement in the hero's mind consist in this one craving,—which is after all rather the selfishness of absorbing passion than the shadow of self-reproach,—and in the epicurean disposition to revel in all external beauty of form, colour, and odour, which seems so much heightened by the sickening memories of murder. Beyond these, and they are the merest traces of guilt, there is no other indication given that the pervading excitement of the story has a moral origin at all. The delineation need scarcely have been altered if the sword suspended over the hero's head had been quite independent of his own conscience,—a continuous cholera-excitement, or a threatening heart-disease, hidden from his wife, and not affecting his animal spirits. It may be said, indeed, that the persistent refusal to mix in the society of his county was due to a touch of conscience. But this is otherwise delineated in fact, and it is explicitly avowed that had the last risk of any false accusation on the subject vanished, in consequence of the death of the poor woman who was suspected, this scruple would not have governed him any longer. It was not the dread of being *thought* wrongly of, which influenced him, but a pride which could not endure the possible reproach of having gained good-will under false pretences, in case the crime should become known. In short, the delineation includes little trace of any conscience in the hero at all,—*none* of any moral or religious cloud resting on his heart.

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And this we believe to be a radical falsehood in the whole conception. It may be urged that Paul Ferroll is conceived as a man with no sensitiveness to the claims of others, no sympathetic fibre in him, and the largest possible *aplomb;* so that if he could in any way, by the wrongs he had received, justify the murder to such conscience as he had, the horror in which the crime is held by others would not touch him at all, and he would be able to put aside all moral interest in the subject, so long as he was faithful to the limits he had prescribed to himself for his own crime and did not permit any one else to suffer from it, either by a guilty knowledge of it or by false accusation. This is, no doubt, the view the author wishes us to take. Every trait almost is intended to show absolute self-sufficiency—absolute independence of all human opinion, even his wife's; for he does not care that she shall still *reverence* him, if she can still give him that love which to him concentrates all the ordinary ties of society in itself. The conception is therefore not chargeable with any incoherence. Paul Ferroll is meant to be absolutely impervious to that strange power of rousing or quickening remorse which the expressed horror and loathing of society usually exerts. He had persuaded himself that his victim had deserved more than she suffered,—that she had intentionally inflicted upon him a far more than equivalent wound and agony. What the world, which could not measure his wrongs, might think of his guilt, he did not even care to consider. He had measured his injury against his vengeance, and thought the vengeance the less terrible of the two.

We admit the coherence of the conception. But we assert that it is untrue for more than one reason. For there never was a man with such absolute independence of the general conscience. It is the dream of feminine idealism to fancy such a one. A mind painfully haunted by the omnipotence of social ties, feeling that they paralyse individual freedom and action, goes forth into the free world of imagination, and conceives a hero who shall be self-sufficient, and really not *feel* the restraint of any moral sentiment which he does not wholly endorse. But the conception is ideal and not real. No doubt it is a matter of degrees. A Goethe will really be able to shake off a good deal of that sensitiveness to the social conscience which is half rooted in God, and half in sin. But a mind swept so clear of all these delicate fibres of social influence as Paul Ferroll's is a pure anomaly. It would be as altogether inconsistent with social life as the absence of an atmosphere in the moon is with the play of human lungs there. The edges of individual character may be more or less defined in proportion to the degree in which it is susceptible or unsusceptible to social influence; but edges of character so sharply outlined as Paul Ferroll's would imply mon-

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strosity in other ways,—an inability to enter at all into half the world of human belief and experience.

Again, even admitting that his conscience were absolutely independent of social opinion, the *volitional powers* of Paul Ferroll's mind are a feminine chimera. It is not assumed that he ever did *perfectly* justify to himself his own act. He thought it more or less justifiable, and had at all events determined upon it as a "working hypothesis," and was resolved to abide by his own *programme* with respect to it. But the determination with which he holds back his own imagination from ever dwelling upon it, when it is once irrevocable, to the destruction of his own peace and enjoyment of the blessings which he had thus purchased, is entirely feminine idealism. No man's power of will could control the intellectual craving to consider, reconsider, and justify to himself, his own deed. It is possible that the memory might act as an intellectual stimulus to work and think on other subjects with the intensity delineated. But on the *enjoyments* of life it could not but encroach,—and eat away all their truth. The force of volition which could push the spectre into the background, and 'relish' the whole of life with the fulness and depth indicated in the sketch of Paul Ferroll, is altogether the myth of an aspiring imagination in love with a gigantic energy. No man could *enjoy*, and, of all things in the world, enjoy purity, tenderness, angelic love, as Paul Ferroll does, with blood on his secret soul. It was an audacious and magnificent flight of idealism to venture on such a picture.

With respect to the poems of this author, we have not very much to say. They indicate the same peculiarity of powers which this remarkable story shows, but in a very much less perfect form. Poetry cannot bear the constant nervous tension,—the bias to a certain preternaturalism, if we may be allowed the expression,—which is native to this author's genius—at all events, without some much greater force of inspiration to carry it off. The sense of awful contradictions, the sundering of soul and spirit, the disrobing of unrealities, the free use of the spiritual dissecting-knife,—these things may no doubt be themes for poetry, when handled by a powerfully-constructive and yet satirical genius; but if handled with the slightest weakness in a poem, they are merely rhetorical. The bare outline of Paul Ferroll's story would be a piece of rhetoric merely. It is the wonderful skill of the detail, the fulness of observation with which it is dressed up, that hides the tremendous impossibility of the assumption from our eyes. This minute detail and close observing humour cannot be easily embodied in a poem; and hence the poems of "V." are only eloquent. Indeed, the imagination of this author is essentially rhetorical, though it is under

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the control of a strong will and perfectly cultivated taste. For instance, she is struck by a passage in a friend's letter about the Queen's ball: "I hear that one hundred and fifty dead people were invited to the ball, last Friday," and writes a poem on the fancy that the ghosts attended. It is eloquent only, but conventional. And so are almost all these poems, which seem to spring, not from the growth of some whole conception in the imagination, but from the vividness of sentiment which the knowledge of life and death, and the great contradictions in the human spirit and destiny, arouse in any thoughtful mind. Our author's greatest power is certainly adapted to the world of fiction; for there the exigencies of the story rouse her imagination to the utmost, and the wonderful detail and subtlety of her store of observations clothe, if they do not conceal, the spiritual deficiencies of her imagination.

Art. XII.—THREE MEN AND THREE ERAS: WASHINGTON, JACKSON, BUCHANAN.

Washington. Par Guizot. Paris, 1851.

Life and Writings of Washington. By Jared Sparks. Boston, Massachusetts.

Life and Correspondence of Jefferson.

Life of Andrew Jackson.

Annuaire des deux Mondes. Paris, 1856-1860.

Constitution of the United States. By H. S. Tremenheere. London, 1854.

The Impending Crisis of the South. By H. R. Helper. New York, 1860.

Democracy in America. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Paris, 1835-1840.

There is no sadder spectacle to be seen on earth than the degeneracy of a great nation. And this sadness is the greater when the degeneracy is not mere political decay and descent from a position of supremacy and power, but involves all the higher elements of a nation's life; when mind, morals, manners, and physical condition have alike shared in the downward progress; when the deterioration is scarcely more visible in the citizen than in the man. But the sadness reaches its culminating point when this degeneracy is observable in a new state and among a young people; when they are rotten before they are ripe; when they display a marvellous vigour of constitution even in the very speed of the consuming malady; when their

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corruption is the result, not of the feebleness and decrepitude of age, but of energies directed to no noble aim, consecrated by no lofty purpose, and controlled by no dominating and venerated law. And the spectacle grows strange as well as sad when it appears that all this grievous and disheartening retrogression has taken place in spite of—perhaps partly in consequence of—a combination of advantages and facilities such as never before were accumulated round the favoured path of any nation;—all the powers of a high civilisation brought to bear upon all the resources of primeval nature; all the learning, science, and experience of the world's maturity placed unreservedly at the disposal of the world's earliest and freshest youth; boundless territory; boundless freedom; perfect security from all control or interruption from without; an inheritance of vast intellectual wealth and of no intellectual fetters; a genial spirit of chivalry in the South, blending with and tempering an earnest and somewhat stern spirit of religion in the North;—and the whole in possession of a people sprung from the choicest race that in modern times has dwelt upon the earth.

This perplexing and melancholy phenomenon has been presented to us by the United States of North America at the close of Mr. Buchanan's administration, and no Englishman who is not meanly malignant can dwell upon the picture without grief and shame. It offers few temptations to the journalist; and the sketch which we propose to give would be too painful for us to have undertaken, but for two considerations. First, the history of the rapid deterioration of American character and institutions is full of warning and instruction, especially to Englishmen; for we share many of their faults and are exposed to many of their dangers; what they were we were, and what they are we may become, unless we study their career and avoid their mistakes: it is impossible for our statesmen and political philosophers to delve in any richer mine. And, secondly, we are inclined to believe that the great Republic of the West has reached and passed its lowest point; that henceforth its citizens and its public men will turn over a new leaf and retrace their false steps; that—by what means, at what rate, and through what vicissitudes of prosperity and tribulation, we cannot tell—they will finally attain a social and political condition of which they may be justly proud; that their severance will be their salvation, and the date of 1861 their new Era and their Year of Grace;—for we do not believe in the permanent decay and degradation of any modern nation, least of all a nation of the Anglo-Saxon race. For seventy years they have had their own way; they have rejoiced, perhaps insolently, in their youth and strength; they have walked in the way of their heart and

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in the sight of their eyes; and they now find that God has brought them into judgment for their wilfulness, as He said he would. Now, just when they are able to see all the steps which have brought them to their present pass, a golden opportunity, arising out of their very errors, is afforded them of recovery and redemption; and it cannot be but that so sagacious and resolute a people will seize it and turn it to account.

In the year 1790 Washington, the first President of the United States, had just been unanimously elected to guide and work the new federal constitution. That constitution had been carefully framed by a convention comprising all the wisest and purest patriots of the country, and had, in the judgment of every one, been rendered necessary by the confusion and almost anarchy into which the liberated provinces had fallen, for the want of some strong government and some adequate bond of union, very shortly after the acknowledgment of their independence in 1783. At this period the confederated states were *thirteen* in number; their aggregate population was as nearly as possible *four millions;* and of this amount 700,000 were African slaves. All the states held slaves, with the single exception of Massachusetts; but all regarded slavery as an institution full of danger and discredit, sincerely to be deprecated and quietly to be got rid of, as soon as circumstances should permit. The constitution was, to all appearance, as sagacious a one as could have been devised. Its framers foresaw most of the political dangers to which the state would be exposed, and guarded against them with great anxiety, and apparently with great skill. They endeavoured to secure the supremacy of law and purity in the administration of justice by the extraordinary and paramount powers conferred on the Supreme Court, and by ordaining the irremovability of the judges both in that and in all inferior tribunals. They hoped to provide against the consequence of too sudden and simultaneous a change in the governing body by appointing the election of the chief of the executive and the members of the legislative assemblies for different terms and at different epochs. They provided a legitimate time and means for the introduction of such changes as experience might show to be desirable in the constitution or as altered circumstances might necessitate, by enacting the assembling of a Convention for the purpose of revision, at certain distant intervals and under certain specified formalities. They fancied they had secured the choice of the President by the wisest heads of the nation and in the most dispassionate manner, by arranging a system of double election, in virtue of which the nation's decision as to its ruling head was vested in

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a small body of men chosen *ad hoc* by the whole mass of the enfranchised people. They endeavoured to give as much strength to the Federal executive as the jealous susceptibilities of democratic temper in the several states would permit,—well aware that herein lay the real weakness and the chief danger of the new organisation,—by making the President supreme over all appointments, and able to select and to retain his ministers in defiance of hostile majorities in Congress. Finally, they attempted to supply such barriers as seemed feasible under republican institutions against the excessive preponderance of the democratic element, by the adoption of those electoral qualifications which existed at the time in the several states, which in some of them were stringent enough, and in all were a very decided and effectual negation of universal suffrage. A property qualification, or the payment of direct taxes, and usually a certain length of residence, was necessary to constitute a man an elector either for the Presidential Colleges, or for the Congress, or for the State Legislature. *In every state, with three exceptions*, as we shall hereafter see, *these sagacious provisions and securities have been swept away*, so that of the constitution framed by Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Randolph, little remains except the shell.

In Washington's hands the new political organisation worked well, and the Executive seemed almost strong enough. Such difficulties as arose even at that early stage of the experiment were easily surmounted by his promptitude, resolution, and prestige. But Washington was a man in a million. He achieved success in the two most arduous enterprises which can try the faculties of statesmen: he conducted a revolutionary war to a triumphant issue, with the smallest conceivable means and against the most powerful nation in the world; and he inaugurated and administered for eight years a constitution peculiar, unprecedented, and in some points unavoidably and incurably defective from its origin. His embarrassments and the scantiness of his resources as a revolutionary chief have seldom been done justice to. Wellington's difficulties in the early days of his Peninsular campaigns, though analogous in some respects and formidable enough, were trivial in comparison. The American Revolution presented many features which distinguished it from most other movements of a similar nature, and added enormously to the obstacles and complications with which its leaders had to contend. In the first place, during all its earlier stages, it was not a revolution at all, or even a rebellion. It was merely a resistance in the name of law and constitutional right to an illegal exercise of power. For many years the colonists had no idea of assailing, much less of over-

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throwing, the king's authority: they merely aimed at confining it within legitimate bounds. There was in consequence every degree of difference of opinion as to the extent to which resistance should be pushed, and the means by which it was to be carried on. The great majority of the colonists were sincerely attached to the mother country, were even ardent in their loyalty, and were shocked at the bare notion of rebellion or separation; and these sentiments continued to animate them up to a very late period of the contest. Thus the chiefs of the movement had to guide and to act for a people who were any thing but united in their sentiments and purposes, and whose views moreover were in a constant state of fluctuation and of progressive development.

Then, again, when resistance had become general and resolute, when all word of compromise or submission was over, and when ulterior plans and hopes began to present themselves to a few of the more advanced and excited spirits, the very simplicity and purity of the motives which led to the rebellion placed serious barriers in the way of its success. It was resistance in the name of a sacred principle, not revolt against cruel and unendurable oppression. It was carried on to assert a constitutional right, not to escape from or resent a hideous wrong. The tax to which the colonists refused to submit was a mere trifle: no one would have felt its pressure; no one would have refused or grudged its payment, had it but been legitimately levied. The colonists had no atrocious tyranny to escape from; justice was purely administered; their property was secure; their personal liberty was never menaced; their religion and their claims of conscience never came in question. They had every thing they could wish for, as far as practical freedom and the daily enjoyments of life were concerned; but they would not be taxed without their own consent, even to the extent of a few shillings per head; and for this they went to war. Now, it is evident that a motive of this sort, honourable and defensible as it may be, is very inferior in stimulating and sustaining power to those barbarous and unjust tyrannies, and that burning passion for emancipation and revenge, which have usually caused nations to rise in armed rebellion against their rulers. It may suffice to make men vote, harangue, combine, go to prison for a while perhaps,—seldom to make them—seldomer still to make them cheerfully—endure severe privations, or encounter with unflinching spirit the sacrifices and hardships inseparable from a prolonged and dubious strife. The origin of the rebellion thus goes far to explain the general backwardness and lukewarmness of which Washington had so frequently occasion to complain. Had the colonists suffered

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more, and had more reason for resistance, their emancipation would have been incomparably easier.

But, besides all this, Washington, properly speaking, had no army, no authority, no means, no government. He had literally to make bricks without straw. The colonies hitherto had been entirely distinct and unconnected with each other; they were unaccustomed to combined action; and the assembly of delegates improvised for the occasion was without constituted authority, and therefore without power. They could appoint Washington their commander-in-chief, but that was about all. They could not compel his officers to obey him; they could not compel soldiers to flock to his standard; they could not compel citizens to administer to the necessities of his army. They could authorise him to make requisitions, but they could not empower him to enforce them, nor oblige the several states to recognise them. They could not legally contract loans nor levy taxes. They could only decide what contributions should be called for, and *recommend* and urge the people of each state to give their quota cheerfully. Persuasion, both at the seat of government and at the head-quarters of the army, had to do the work of authority. Washington himself, as well as the civil leaders, had to raise the sinews of war by argument, by entreaty, by remonstrance, by personal influence, in short. Merchants, planters, magistrates, officers, sent in loans and contributions as they could or as they felt moved to do. The contest was, in fact, very much carried on *by subscription;* and this had to be done for years. In the army itself nearly the same state of affairs prevailed. The soldiers were in a manner volunteers. They enlisted only for a time; desertion seemed almost legal, since it was only desertion from a rebel force; they felt themselves in a manner at liberty to disband when they were weary, or had fought through one campaign, or when domestic or agricultural concerns wanted their presence at home; and thus they sometimes dispersed just when a victory had to be turned to account, or a defeat to be repaired, or a promising enterprise to be undertaken. Then the soldiers often chose their own officers, and would obey no others. All orders and plans were freely discussed; the commander-in-chief had to *persuade* his regimental colonels rather than to direct them; his army was more of a voluntary association than an organised body of troops. *Power* there was almost none; authority could do little; personal influence, moral and intellectual qualities, had to do the work of both. And all this time, — while Washington had to control his men, to exhort his officers, to beg sometimes almost piteously for supplies,—he had to fight more numerous and powerful antagonists, whom nothing but the imbecility of

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their commanders could have enabled him to overcome; and to contend against the mean jealousies, the ill-timed parsimony, and the ungenerous exigencies and suspicions of his fellow-citizens. Nay more, he had to keep together, and to inspire with zeal and submission to needful discipline, an army often without food, usually without pay, always unsupported by magazines and stores, yet sternly forbidden to supply their wants by plunder or exactions. Truly here was a field, such as few men have, for the exercise of that hopeful and untiring patience which is perhaps the sublimest and most difficult of virtues; and never was there a more magnificent example of this attribute than Washington. His military genius was no doubt great; but it was as nothing compared with the moral qualities which were required to bear up against those difficulties which deprived military genius of its fairest opportunities. His reputation was founded, not on splendid days, but on painful years; not on a series of those brilliant and startling achievements in which, if there is much of inspiration, there is often yet more of accident; but on a whole life of toil, sacrifice, self-control, and self-abnegation, such as no man can lead whose principles and whose virtues are not rooted in the very deepest recesses of his nature.

His sagacity in governing the State was as eminent as his ability in creating it. For eight years he ruled the young commonwealth with rare prudence and firmness, showing the same resolute front to domestic insubordination as to foreign encroachment; and when he retired in 1796 to the private happiness he had so long sighed for, he left behind him that farewell address which is perhaps the most touching legacy of wisdom and affection ever bequeathed by a ruler to his native land. The exhortation shows with how true a foresight he laid his finger on each one of the dangers and weaknesses of the Republic. He warns his countrymen against "geographical divisions,"—against the bad habit, even as a phrase, of speaking of *the North* and *the South*. He tells them that to be a NATION, they must have a central government, which should be the chief object of their loyalty, and which no local or democratic jealousies should be allowed to weaken; but he does this in language which proves how doubtful he felt in his heart whether the Union could permanently be preserved. "Let experience solve the question," he says; "to listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal." He exhorts them earnestly to uphold public credit and the strictest national integrity at any cost, by careful economy and cheerful acquiescence in necessary taxes. Finally, he recommends a policy of rigid neutrality towards foreign countries, peace, forbearance, but above all the most magnanimous and scrupulous justice and good

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faith; and, knowing his countrymen, he assures them that in the long-run this policy, and this alone, will *pay*.

By the universal consent of mankind, Washington stands out among statesmen as the wisest, best, and purest ruler who ever governed a free nation. He was preëminent, no doubt, among his colleagues and countrymen both in wisdom and in virtue, but he had many wise and virtuous men to assist him in his work. Jefferson, Hamilton, Randolph, Jay, Madison and Adams, though holding very different opinions, were all earnest and high-minded patriots. The first among them did ultimately much harm by the uncompromising democracy of his principles; but they were all worthy coadjutors of their noble chief. There were giants in those days; there are only dwarfs now. What are the advantages, and what should be the future of a nation which started on its career with such a man as Washington for its representative and guide!

Pass over forty years from the opening of the first presidency of Washington, and we come to 1830, when Andrew Jackson was the Chief of the United States. At this date the area of the country had been augmented from 820,000 square miles to 1,786,000, by the cession of Louisiana and the seizure of Florida. The number of Confederated States had multiplied from *thirteen* to *twenty-four;* the total population had swelled from *four* millions to *thirteen* millions, and the slaves from 700,000 to 2,000,000. The Free States now constituted twelve out of the twenty-four States. The total commerce of the country—the annual imports and exports—had increased from 72,000,000$ in 1790 to 144,000,000$ in 1830.

The change is enormous: territory, commerce, and number of commonwealths doubled; population trebled. But the moral, social, and political change during these forty years was even more startling still, and unfortunately was not in an equally encouraging direction. In the first place, the formal and recognised modifications in the institutions of the country between the time of Washington and the time of Jackson were neither few nor trifling; and all tended to increase the uncontrolled power of the popular will, and were so many progressive encroachments of democracy. In 1790 every State required certain property qualifications from their citizens before endowing them with the electoral franchise: they were obliged either to be freeholders or leaseholders to a specified amount, or to pay a fixed sum in direct taxes, or to possess personal property of some sort. These wise precautions did not last long. Not a single State whose constitution was framed since 1800 requires any property qualification for the exercise of the suffrage;

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and in most of the older States the established qualifications were greatly reduced, and universal, or quasi-universal, suffrage was adopted,—by Massachusetts in 1821; by Connecticut in 1818; by New York in 1821 and 1826; by Maryland in 1801 and 1809; by Virginia in 1830; by Mississippi in 1833; and by Tennessee in 1835. Now when we remember that the electors for the State Legislatures are also electors for the House of Representatives in Congress, and that the Federal Senate is chosen by the State Legislatures, we shall become aware how effectually this democratic progress must have made itself felt not only in the Provincial, but in the National Assemblies.

In the course of the same period the first steps were taken towards a still more fatal innovation in the Judiciary system. That the independence of judges is essential to the pure administration of justice and to the security of true freedom, and that this independence must be jealously guarded, and can only be effectually secured by appointing the judges for life or during good behaviour, have always been regarded as unassailable maxims of sound policy. They were adopted and followed, as we have seen, by the framers of the Federal Constitution. But scarcely twelve years had elapsed, ere a notion had grown up in the minds of some ultra-democrats, among whom we are grieved to have to name Jefferson, that irremovable and independent authorities of any kind were fetters and incongruities in a truly popular government; and preparations were made, with only too easy success, for bringing courts of justice, like every other institution, under the direct control of the people. In 1802, under Jefferson's auspices (our authority in these matters is Justice Story), sixteen duly-appointed judges were dismissed, and their courts abolished by an act of Congress, without notice and without compensation. The same President pertinaciously urged the limitation of judicial appointments to terms of four or six years, *renewable by the President and Senate*,—thus reducing their holders to a state of absolute dependence. Jackson adopted the same fatal notion, and recommended it to Congress in 1829 and in 1832; and before his tenure of office ceased *five* out of the twenty-four states then existing had gone even a step farther, and *made the judges elective*, and elected only for a term of years.

Another unimportant but significant movement had been made during the same period. The payment of representatives has always, for obvious reasons, been regarded as a specially democratic scheme. It had been naturally enough incorporated with the Federal constitution of 1789, by which members of Congress were paid *six* dollars a day during actual attendance on their duties, besides an equal allowance, under the name of

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"mileage," for every twenty miles of distance from their residence. In 1795 the payment was raised (though shortly afterwards again reduced) to *seven* dollars. In 1816, instead of six dollars a day, they voted themselves 1500 dollars a year. But this would appear to have been unpopular with their constituents, for the vote was repealed the following year; and in 1821 the payment was finally fixed at *eight* dollars a day during session, with eight dollars for "mileage."

Again, the democratic instinct—than which nothing is keener or surer—had contrived effectually to neutralise, without formally repealing, that provision of the constitution which endeavoured to place the election of the President in the hands of "select men," by enacting that he should be chosen by a body of men elected *ad hoc*. The reason of this provision, according to Judge Story, was, that such a body "would be most likely to possess the information, discernment, and independence essential for the proper discharge of this duty,"—and, according to Justice Kent, "to close the opportunity as much as possible against negotiation, intrigue, and corruption." How entirely this purpose has been frustrated we shall see presently; but, even in the period we are now speaking of, it was virtually evaded. "It is notorious," says Mr. Story, "that these [presidential] electors are now chosen wholly with reference to particular candidates, and are silently pledged to vote for them. Nay, upon some occasions the electors publicly pledge themselves to vote for a particular person; and thus, in effect, the whole foundation of the system so elaborately constructed is subverted; . . . . and nothing is left to the electors after their nomination but to register votes which are already pledged; and *an exercise of an independent judgment would be treated as a political usurpation*, dishonourable to the individual and a fraud upon his constituents."

Finally, it was reserved for General Jackson to give the most desperate and fatal blow to the dignity and purity of republican government in America ever inflicted upon it by friend or foe. By one single act he may almost be said to have effected the ruin of his country. Up to his time all the government *employés*, civil and military, with a very few specified exceptions, held office in the United States, as in England, during life and good behaviour, were never removed for their political opinions, and never changed with any change of administration. The justice as well as the policy of this practice is too obvious to be dwelt upon. By the constitution the control over all these offices, as well as the appointment to them, was vested in the chief of the Executive, the sanction of the Senate being required in only a few cases; but it is worthy of remark that this abso-

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lute power over the government *employés* was only conferred upon the President after long discussion and by a very narrow majority. The clause affirming it only passed the Senate by the casting-vote of the vice-president; and in the long debates that it gave rise to, the idea that any chief of the State could so far disgrace himself and damage the community as to abuse the power conferred for personal or electioneering purposes, was scouted as an insult and a chimera. Nor was it abused till the advent of the violent and unprincipled ruler whose era we are now considering. During Washington's eight years of administration, he only removed *nine* persons from office,—one, a foreign minister, at the instance of the French Directory; the other eight for cause assigned. Politics had nothing to do with any of the cases. Adams also removed *nine* subordinate officers, but none for political reasons Jefferson removed *thirty-nine*, but, as he solemnly declared and was ready to prove, not one of them because their political opinions differed from his own. Indeed, his purity in the matter of appointments almost approached to prudery. Madison made *five* removals; Monroe, *nine;* John Quincy Adams, *two* only. General Jackson was no sooner inaugurated than *he dismissed from office nearly every man who had opposed him or whose friends had voted for his opponent, and replaced them by partisans of his own.* The number thus removed was variously stated: his enemies mentioned *two thousand;* his friends admitted *six hundred and ninety.* We are content to accept the moderate and indisputable account of Justice Story, who specifies 8 in the diplomatic corps; 36 in the executive department; 190 in other civil departments; besides 491 postmasters. "These officers," he says, "included a very large proportion of all the most lucrative offices under the national government."

It is impossible to exaggerate, and needless to point out in detail, the ruinous results which must flow from such a course of proceeding,—a course which, once inaugurated, must almost necessarily be continued, since its adoption by one party or one President compels its imitation by the antagonistic faction as a measure at once of justice and of self-defence. Accordingly, this plan of wholesale removals has been pursued ever since, and is now the common practice. At each presidential election the whole places in the gift of the government, from the highest to the lowest, change hands. The consequences are manifold, and all mischievous. *First*, few men can obtain any skill or experience in their office, and the official capacity of the civil service must be deplorably impaired. *Secondly*, every man, knowing that he has only a four years' (or at most, and by every exertion, an eight years') tenure of place, will be inclined

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to "feather his nest" as fast and as daringly as he can. *Thirdly*, public appointments are thus converted into an engine of jobbery and corruption on the grandest scale and of the dirtiest sort. Every office is promised, and is promised in return for political support. There is nowhere in the world bribery and electioneering intrigue comparable for openness and shamelessness to that of the United States. And *fourthly* (and worst perhaps of all), it renders it impossible for men of intelligence, ability, and virtue, who wish for a reasonable permanence and a decent independence, to become servants of the state. Office necessarily falls into the hands of a very third-rate class of men. One American writer sums the matter up by the assertion, that, "in the year of our Lord 1859, the fact of a man's holding (removable) office under the government is presumptive evidence that he is one of three characters, viz. an adventurer, an incompetent person, or a scoundrel."

Such were the inroads made upon the wise policy of the previous generation as far as the constitution was concerned. A similar departure from Washington's principle of action in external questions had already manifested itself. Those projects of conquest and annexation which have now made such fearful progress had already entered deeply into the national mind, and received the tacit, if not formal, sanction of the executive. General Jackson had already conquered Florida from the Spaniards, as the issue of a war of which, to say the least, the success was more indisputable than the justice; and this conquest did as much towards rendering him the favourite of the people as his military triumphs over the Indian tribes or his defence of New Orleans against the British. In Colonel Burr's filibustering scheme against Texas in 1806, he is said to have heartily sympathised. He attempted to obtain this province by negotiation in 1829, and was unquestionably at least *cognisant* of Houston's plans for effecting that gradual seizure of Texas from Mexico, which was designed to end, first, in her independence, and then in her annexation to the United States. He certainly offered no impediments to the execution of Houston's scheme: the last year of his presidency saw the first part of the drama fully played out; and before he died he deliberately counselled the consummation of the unprincipled and long-planned piracy. This was the first practical inauguration of those doctrines of "manifest destiny," which have ever since been at once the opprobrium and the chief prospective danger of the American Republic.

Another point of difference between the era of Washington

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and the era of Jackson is, that the question of Slavery—which was scarcely noticed in 1790, and which, in its direct or inferential issues, was the overshadowing and all-absorbing interest in 1860—had already made its difficulties felt in the arena of American politics. The decision as to the extension of those limits within which slavery was to be permitted had already been fiercely contested on the occasion of the admission of Missouri into the Union in 1820, and settled by a compromise, which was to have been unalterable, but which we have recently seen most dishonourably set aside. In Jackson's own presidency we hear little of the subject, for it was never brought directly into issue on any question of practical policy; but it painfully occupied the minds of all thoughtful statesmen; and it had become obvious that, apart from all considerations as to the continuance of such a social blot upon the national character, it was ripening fast into a desperate controversy as to the balance of power, or rather the possession of supremacy, between the North and the South. The ambition of the South and the conscience and fears of the North were growing more and more restless during the whole of this apparent truce; and the existence of two millions of a servile race disturbed and perplexed minds which had looked with easy indifference on a coloured population of 700,000, destined, as it was thought, to early and gradual emancipation.

In Jackson's time, too, we trace the rise of what has since been one of the most disgraceful features of the social and public life of the United States,—a feature significant of terrible and growing barbarism. We refer to those brutal assaults of eminent citizens and public men on one another, in open places and even in official sanctuaries, which have been the opprobrium of nearly all the newer and southern states, and which culminated in the cowardly attack by Mr. Brooks on Mr. Sumner in the senate-house at Washington. These assaults in themselves might pass as the mere ebullitions of brutal passions: their *impunity*, which began in Jackson's time, tells a more serious tale. In 1832, the well-known General Houston, afterwards the filibuster and governor of Texas, found fault with some sharp criticisms made upon a transaction in which he was involved. The words were spoken by Mr. Stanberry of Ohio, in the House of Representatives at Washington, of which he, as well as Houston, was a member. Houston met his critic in the street, assailed him with a bludgeon in one hand and a pistol in the other, struck him from behind, felled him to the ground, and then *continued beating him* long after he was able to offer any resistance, and till a bystander—Senator Buckner of Missouri, who watched *the whole process without attempting*

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to interfere or seeming ashamed of his quiescence—thought he was killed. The outrage was reported to the Speaker, was investigated *in spite of the efforts of James Polk (afterwards President) to smother inquiry*, and ended in Houston being reprimanded in so mild a manner as to leave little doubt that the Speaker sympathised with the assailant rather than with the victim.

This was bad enough; but it was not the worst. Jackson, then President, defended his blackguard friend, saying, that "after a few more examples of the same kind, members of Congress would perhaps learn to keep civil tongues in their heads." He did more: when the district court of Columbia sentenced Houston to pay 500$ for the offence, Jackson actually *nullified the sentence and remitted the fine!* Such was the man who, in 1832, sat in the seat of Washington. Of course such an example, with such encouragement, bore speedy fruit. Another member of Congress, Mr. Arnold, who had commented severely on Houston's brutality, was twice publicly assaulted by a Major Heard, a friend of Houston's, who struck him with a club and fired a pistol at him, as usual taking him unawares, and as usual also committing the outrage in the presence of sympathising or indifferent spectators.

This circumstance alone would suffice to depict the character of the man who was twice chosen to be the chief of the great Republic, and who was certainly the most popular President since Washington. He was simply a violent, ignorant, narrow-minded man, of boundless self-confidence and iron will; bitter in his enmities, rooted in his prejudices, intemperate alike in conduct and in language. He was unrelenting towards every one who ever opposed him, and unscrupulous in his mode of effecting his revenge. He treated the Congress no better than the Bank. He dismissed any of his ministers who differed from him just as cavalierly as he had dismissed the office-holders whose friends had voted against him. He removed the government deposits from the United States Bank, and did his best to destroy that institution, because he fancied its influence had been employed to prevent his election. Long before he became President he had put two Englishmen to death in Florida, on a most scantily sustained charge of exciting the Indians against his troops; and when the court-martial to which he had consigned them sentenced one of them only to a flogging, Jackson, on his own authority, ordered the unhappy victim to be shot. His one merit appears to have been his unflinching resolution. He was a democratic despot; and unhappily the American people had already, as they progressed in democracy, begun to have a taste for despotism. The leading

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politicians of his day, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, were men of great ability and power—Webster especially, who lacked nothing but character and purity of patriotism; they were vastly superior to their master—vastly superior, too, in all respects to those who have been leaders since; but at an immeasurable distance below Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Jay.

Pass now over thirty years more, to the presidency of Mr. Buchanan in 1860. By the annexation of Texas, by the Treaty of Oregon, and by seizures (afterwards confirmed by treaty) from Mexico, the total area of the states had expanded from 1,786,000 to 2,963,000 square miles. The two territories, Texas and New Mexico, acquired by fraud or violence from their southern neighbours, exceeded in extent the whole area of the United States at the date of their separation from England. The number of confederated commonwealths in the Union had multiplied from *twenty-four* to *thirty-three*, of which eighteen were free; the total population was 31,600,000 in place of 13,000,000; and just four millions out of the thirty-one were slaves. Meanwhile the aggregate foreign commerce of the country, which was 72,000,000$ in 1790, and 144,000,000$ in 1830, had reached the enormous figure of 700,000,000$ in 1859.

But vast as are these changes in the lapse of one generation, others have taken place in the same period quite as startling, and by no means as satisfactory. We are giving a sketch only —not a history; we will, therefore, be as brief and graphic as we can, overlaying our picture with but few details, and referring our readers for proofs and statistics to more elaborate publications. In the first place, then, we have to notice that the gradual reduction or abolition of all qualifications for the exercise of electoral rights in the several states, which had already proceeded so far in 1830, has now been almost every where consummated. In only about ten states is even the semblance of any restriction on universal suffrage yet maintained, and in most of these it is but a semblance. In twenty-one of the most populous and powerful states, every free male white of the age of twenty years, who shall have resided for some short period varying from three months to two years, is entitled to vote, though he neither serves in the militia, nor pays a single tax, nor possesses a dollar of property real or personal. Contemporaneous with this change, and naturally connected with it, is the increase and now universal prevalence of a most mischievous practice, viz. that elections have fallen into the hands of professional agents, who devote themselves to the business, and work the whole machinery for the candidates who employ them; who spare neither calumny, intimidation, promises, nor bribes;

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and who are, as might be anticipated, among the most noxious class of bankrupt and disreputable rowdies. This is no loose or unwarranted statement; all thoughtful patriots in the Union have long deplored the evil; the American press teems with instances; and governors of states (New York especially) have repeatedly called attention to the fact, but have proved wholly powerless to repress it.*

In Jackson's time, as we have seen, the first blow had been struck at the purity and independence of the judicial bench. In 1833, *five* states out of twenty-four had taken the fatal step of appointing their judges by popular election, and for only a limited term of office. This grievous error, so irresistibly tempting to the capricious and despotic temper of democracies, made terribly rapid progress. In 1844, the five had swelled to *twelve;* and now (we quote from Mr. Tremenheere) "the elective principle in the appointment of judges, and their appointment for short periods, prevails in *twenty-two* states in the Union. In *three* others the elective principle has been adopted, but the term is during good behaviour; and in two others they are appointed for a term of years by the governor." In New York the dependence of the judges of the superior courts is secured by rendering their salaries subject to an annual vote of the Legislature. The consequences of these ultra-democratic provisions are obvious enough. In the first place, no first-rate lawyers will aspire to or accept a position at once so precarious and so undignified; and the bench will be, and often is, filled by men inferior in all qualities to the members of the bar over whom they preside, but from whom, of course, they cannot command respect. In the next place, it is inevitable that judicial decisions will tend to bear the impress of the popular passions and desires, instead of acting as a salutary check upon them. Judges who canvass for their seats can scarcely be severe or strictly impartial with those who elect them; the plaintiff in the case or the prisoner at the bar will be able to remind the presiding justice that he voted for him; and the magistrate will find it difficult to pronounce judgment against popular violence and prejudice when he knows that such judgment will infallibly cost him his salary and his post. Nor is this a merely conjectural apprehension: the celebrated Van

* See Mr. Tremenheere's two volumes, especially i. 129, and ii. 123. One of the most striking proofs of the progress of democratic encroachment, and of submission to it, may be found in the fact that at the recent presidential election one, at least, of the candidates, and that one the most eminent (Mr. Douglas), *for the first time* in the history of the United States, stooped to what is called "stumping;" *i. e.* making canvassing speeches to the mob, wherever a crowd collected on his progress. He spoke sometimes at railway-stations, sometimes from the balconies of hotels, sometimes from improvised platforms. This fact we heard from a gentleman who occasionally travelled with him, and knew him well.

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Renselaer, or Anti-Rent, struggle at Albany was a case in point; decision after decision was given in favour of the plaintiff, whose legal rights were indisputable, but none of them could be enforced by the executive authorities; till at last, after many trials and judicial changes, a tribunal was found which gave judgment in accordance with the dictates of democratic greed. It was in reference to this case that the *successful* candidate for the office of Attorney-General of the State of New York, in his canvass, publicly and in writing, pledged himself to support the popular view by every legal means within his power. A somewhat similar case occurred some years ago in Massachusetts. The Ursuline Convent at Charlestown near Boston was attacked by the mob, without any provocation from the harmless nuns, pillaged, and destroyed by fire. Vigorous efforts were made to bring the offenders to justice, but in vain. In spite of the clearest evidence, jury after jury acquitted them, for no reason except that the Catholics, and especially the Irish Catholics, were unpopular in Boston.* Several Numbers since, in this Review, we cited the case of the Erie Railway outrages described by Mr. Chambers, wherein *the mayor and his officers* were the rioters, and wantonly tore up the rails of an unpopular company, whose only offence was that they proposed to pass through the town without making it a stopping-station. The spectators quietly sympathised with the lawless destroyers, and no justice could be obtained, the violators of the law being themselves the elected of the people. A more recent specimen of the same temper occurred, as we all remember, at Staten Island, New York, two years ago, when the Quarantine Hospital was destroyed with perfect impunity, the patients having been forcibly removed and *laid down outside*, by a mob composed of the principal inhabitants, who chose to regard it as a nuisance, and, being unable to remove it by process of law, chose this summary and scandalous method of enforcing their arbitrary will.

It is curious to observe how this lawlessness is sometimes exercised in the interests of law, or at least of order and good government. Indeed the one encouraging feature of society in the United States is the latent *power of rectification*, the tendency of an evil, when it becomes flagrant and intolerable, to work its own cure. For a long time, as is well known, there has been a growing disposition to allow all administrative affairs, small as well as great, to fall into the worst hands,—into the hands, that is, of men who make politics not a profession but a trade, a handicraft, a money-making and lucrative occupation,—the idle, the violent, the irregular, and the da-

* Grattan's *Civilised America*, i. 141.

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maged. The cause of this is twofold: first, the more respectable and industrious men are busy in their own callings, and are too engrossed in the fierce race and struggle of competition to think much about public matters except when compelled to do so by the endangering of their private concerns; and, secondly, the best men are too proud, too honest, and too firm to be popular with a wilful and tyrannous majority, and therefore seldom offer themselves for election, and are still more seldom chosen. But when, in consequence of these operating influences, the administration has fallen into the hands of men *too* rowdyish, *too* infamous, or *too* incapable to be endured for very shame; or when these officials push their atrocities or their corruptions beyond the very liberal line which even American tolerance has drawn,—then the respectability of the community arouses itself like a giant for temporary action, convulsive but irresistible, and the abusers of power are kicked out with ignominy. Such is the explanation of those "Vigilance Committees" of which we heard so much a few years ago. One instance of their operation in California will be sufficient to characterise the class. That province, as was natural after the gold discoveries, speedily attracted both all the adventurous energy and all the adventurous rascality of the states: the former went to the diggings; the latter took possession of the administration. But after a while the conduct of the official rowdies became so scandalous, crime grew so rife and so daring, and so certain of impunity from the connivance or participation of those whom packed ballot-boxes had placed in power, that a "Vigilance Committee" was formed as a measure of self-defence by a democratic community against a democratic government. A public man of the name of Casey had made himself conspicuous by some official misdeeds; and the respectable editor of a respectable newspaper, Mr. King, in denouncing these transactions, reminded the public that Casey was a "convict," and had served his time in Pennsylvania Penitentiary. Casey went to King and shot him dead on his own door-step. He was arrested and sent to gaol; but as Mr. King was very much respected, and as it was notorious that any malefactor left in the hands of the authorities would be either acquitted or allowed to escape, the Vigilance Committee collected their adherents, planted a cannon against the prison-door, and demanded the surrender of Casey and another murderer. The gaoler was obliged to give them up: they were forthwith tried by a sort of drum-head court-martial, and as their guilt was notorious, they were hanged without delay. A number of other well-known scoundrels were then ordered to quit the place within twenty-four hours on pain of death; a

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few vigorous examples were made; order, if not law, again prevailed; and the community slept in security once more. The truth is, that every where in America, the populace is above the law: when the law acts too slowly or in an unpopular direction, it is superseded in the most cavalier fashion, sometimes for good and sometimes for ill; but in any case, the administration is autocratic, not legal—*actually*, often—*potentially*, at any moment. These exertions of arbitrary force, though often outrageously iniquitous, may sometimes be necessary, and are sometimes unquestionably righteous; but, just or unjust, they are undeniably features of barbarism, not of civilisation; and as such, must be included among the evidences of relapse and retrogression since the days of Washington.

We have already adverted to the mode in which the election of the President is now conducted, and the deviation in practice from the original plan marked out by the constitution. But the subject is curious, and calls for one remark farther. With a view, no doubt, to secure as far as might be, that the individual who is to wield for four years the very enormous power vested in the chief magistrate of the United States should be truly the choice of the great body of the people, and not merely of a considerable portion of them, which might still be only a minority of the whole, the framers of the constitution enacted that the successful candidate must have not merely *more* votes than any competitor, but an *absolute* majority of the entire number of suffrages; and that if no candidate secured this absolute majority, the choice should devolve upon the House of Representatives. This provision has produced exactly the opposite effect from that designed. It has almost secured that the President chosen shall never be the one desired or designed by the popular voice. The *modus operandi* is well worth notice, and will explain—far better than the supposed ostracism of superiority to which it is usually attributed—the reason why the eminent politicians of the United States so rarely reach the presidential chair. It is obvious that if *several* candidates were allowed to appear in the field, the chances of any one of them obtaining an absolute majority would be small indeed, and that in consequence the choice would, as a rule, be taken from the people, and handed over to the Congress. In order to provide against this unwelcome result, each of the two (or three) parties holds a convention, at which it is decided by repeated ballots which of the many aspirants shall be put forward as *the* candidate of the party, the ballots being continued till some one name receives an *absolute* majority of suffrages. Of course it usually happens that the two most eminent men,

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the two favourites, have each of them so many votes, that neither has the required number; and when it is made obvious by repeated trials that this negative result will continue, one of the favourites is withdrawn by his friends; but as it would not be in human nature that they should vote for his antagonist, they usually give their suffrages to some comparatively obscure candidate, who thus finds himself unexpectedly possessed of the necessary number of votes. Even in the most recent case, Mr. Lincoln, at the first two ballots, had fewer votes than Mr. Seward. But the most remarkable and instructive illustration of the actual working of the provision we are considering occurred in 1852. The name of the candidate who was ultimately successful (Mr. Pierce) did not even appear on the list till the thirty-fifth ballot. Sometimes Mr. Cass had had the greatest number of votes, sometimes Mr. Douglas, sometimes Mr. Buchanan; but Mr. Pierce was an unknown man, of whom no one had ever dreamed. At the forty-eighth ballot he had only 55 votes out of 288; when, it appearing that the convention would never agree to the selection of any one of the favourite competitors, they tacitly agreed to meet as it were on neutral ground, and on the forty-ninth and last ballot Mr. Pierce was nominated by 283 suffrages, — that is, almost unanimously. Nearly the same thing took place some years before, when Mr. Polk, of whom no one had ever heard, was chosen in preference to the celebrated and really able Mr. Clay, simply because he was an unknown man, who had no enemies and no rivals.

But perhaps the most remarkable change between the days of Andrew Jackson and those of Buchanan is the prominence assumed by the Slavery question, not so much in itself as in its indirect issues. For many years it has directed the whole policy of the Union and coloured the whole character of the people; and it has done this much more from the political and economic, than from the moral, considerations immediately involved. It is very important that we should understand and bear in mind this distinction, if we would rightly comprehend the present strange crisis of American affairs. When we think and speak of the FREE STATES and the SLAVE STATES we are apt to fancy that the southerners are all slaveholders and the northerners are all abolitionists. This is as far from being the case as possible. Slavery is not looked upon there, as a rule, at all in the same light as with us. The citizens of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, do not, as we do, regard the institution of slavery as an abomination and a sin, from which the nation should purge itself at any cost; nor do they view the African race with that gushing and abounding pity which

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melts the heart of every Englishman. There is among them, no doubt, a considerable and perhaps an increasing body of "abolitionists," in our sense of the word, full of martyr courage, of martyr zeal, and often of martyr recklessness too, who will hold no parley with the unclean thing. But these men are comparatively few; they are not popular even at the North;—as a rule, the free communities abhor the Negro, and sympathise little with his sufferings. But they see and have long felt that between communities worked by free labour and communities worked by slave labour there is, and must be, an innate and extending diversity of interest: the two systems beget different characters and stimulate different desires. What can there be permanently in common between republican societies in which labour is held in honour, and republican societies in which it is held in disgrace—between those in which it is a passport to consideration and to power, and those in which it is a badge of servitude and degradation? The South feels this just as keenly as the North; and the people there, believing themselves to be really superior to their northern brethren, have long watched with bitterness and envy—which has now grown into dismay and fury—the more rapid progress of the latter in wealth, in numbers, and in political preponderance. We need not go into the often-repeated comparison. In the days of Washington the free and the slave states were as nearly equal as possible in every assignable element of prosperity, except in climate, in which the South had a marked advantage. *Now*, after the lapse of seventy years, the slave states are only fifteen to eighteen;—their white population is less than half, or 8,500,000 against 19,000,000;—the number of representatives they send to Congress is scarcely more than half, being 84 against 150;—the agricultural produce of the free states is out of all proportion greater than that of the slave states; their commerce is at least fourfold; they contribute more than five-sixths to the federal revenue derived from customs duties; nearly all the trade and industry of the South is carried on by northern capital; the postal administration leaves a large surplus in the North and a large deficit in the South; the railroads in the two sections admit of no comparison whatever; and to complete the picture, the comparative education in the free states is at least as preponderant as their enterprise and their wealth.

This vast preponderance on the part of the free or northern states, besides being, in itself, in a high degree mortifying and irritating to the fiery spirits of the South, obviously menaced their political equality—much more that supremacy which they had hitherto enjoyed, and had exercised with such peremptory

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insolence. It was obvious that whenever the free states should think fit to act in conjunction and with any near approach to unanimity, they would be able to command the whole federal policy, and to appoint to all places of trust, authority, or lucre, throughout the entire Union. This was naturally a most unwelcome future; and it was the more annoying and infuriating from two additional circumstances. In the first place, the southerners, as a rule, dislike the northerners, despise them, feel, in fact, antipathy towards them, to a degree till now little understood. They consider them *snobbish*, pedantic, pushing, and vulgar—not gentlemen, in short; and though this sentiment seems absurd enough when we look at their own proceedings, and the degraded condition both as to comfort and education of four-fifths of their own white population, yet it exists in great strength, and is traceable in part to the fact that *they* sprung from *Cavalier*, and their rivals from *Puritan*, colonisation; in part to the change wrought in the northerners by the large infusion of Irish and German immigration, and in part to the irritating relation of debtor and creditor which prevails so largely. In fact, the southern planters feel towards the northern merchants and settlers somewhat as spendthrift nobles feel towards the thriving tradesman who lends them money; or as landed gentry, out at elbows and fond of hunting and hospitality, feel towards the mushroom manufacturer who first becomes the mortgagee and afterwards the purchaser of their patrimonial estates.

But there was more than this. The South had a double interest in the acquisition of fresh territory in a tropical direction, and, for this purpose, in retaining the command of the federal government; the North had no such interest—rather the contrary. It is the peculiarity of slave cultivation that it can only be profitably applied to virgin soils, which yield their produce abundantly even to the roughest tillage; for the more careful and elaborate contrivances of husbandry neither the slave nor his master is sufficiently intelligent and energetic. This is especially true of cotton-planting. Every five or six years the plantation is moved; new land is taken into cultivation; and as soon as the available amount within the state has been overrun and exhausted, new territory must be acquired. Besides this motive there is another, which in practice has been nearly equally influential. It is only by the acquisition of new territory, *out of which new States can be formed*, that the slave-holding section of the community could hope to maintain that equality in the Senate of which the increase of the free population had long since deprived it in the House of Representatives. Hence, since slave products can only be cultivated in a hot cli-

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mate, extension towards the South by means of conquest, annexation, filibustering, or purchase, became almost a law of existence to the slave states, and has now for nearly a generation been the leading idea of their policy. Thus the passion for conquest and territorial aggrandisement, which has prompted many of the most disreputable proceedings of the United States, is less attributable to the naturally aggressive and domineering tendency of democracy than to the political and economical exigencies of slavery. To this domestic institution we must trace the insidious settlement, then the treacherous rebellion, then the unprincipled annexation of Texas, out of which three slave states are ultimately to be formed. To this, also, was owing the Mexican war, which ended in the acquisition from that weak government of the district now called "New Mexico," —to which we are assured that Sonora and Coahuila are soon to be added. The infraction of the "Missouri Compromise," in defiance of the most solemn engagement, and all the astounding atrocities of the border ruffians in Kansas; the "Ostend Manifesto," with the unparalleled audacity of its claim on Cuba, and its denunciation of any European intervention on the American continents; the piratical attempts of Lopez upon Cuba and of Walker upon Nicaragua; the "Central American" dispute with this country; the indecent application of the President to Congress for funds to purchase the coveted island which Spain had refused to sell; the insolent and *ungentlemanly* appointment as ambassador to Madrid of that very M. Soulé who had made himself so conspicuous in applauding the filibustering expedition of Lopez, and probably in aiding it; to say nothing of several minor acts of greed and *outrecuidance;* —all had their origin in the slave-holding necessity for fresh territory, to uphold the endangered "institution," and the supremacy that was fast slipping away.

Slavery, too, must bear the largest share of blame for the more frequent brutalities and the increasing barbarism of American society, of which we saw some dawning specimens under the presidency of General Jackson. The extent to which these have now reached, the frequency of their occurrence, the rank of life of the perpetrators, and above all the trivial attention they excite, and the faint reprobation (if any) which they call down, constitute in our judgment the most revolting and ominous features in the social condition of the great Republic. Much allowance, no doubt, must be made for the natural roughness of men who have made themselves the pioneers of civilisation, who have lived much alone, or in the woods with natures as uncultivated as their own, and whose whole life has been a ceaseless, hand-to-hand, mortal conflict with the forest

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and the jungle, with wild Indians and wild beasts. Fierce enmities, untamed passions, and savage outbreaks may often be expected from such men, even when called to govern or to legislate for hastily formed communities. But the atrocities of which we speak are by no means exclusively or principally perpetrated among the settlers in the new states that have been conquered by hard labour from the forest and the prairie. They are seen even in the streets of New York and Washington, and are far more common in the South than in the West, in Texas than in Illinois; and they are *not* met with, or very rarely, even in the remotest provinces of Canada.

No doubt, too, much must be attributed to that intolerance of opposition and impatience of control which absolute democracy usually engenders, to those habits of insolent oppression which always spring up where "the tyranny of the majority" is without a check, and to that coarseness of manners which cannot fail to spread where the lower, and not the upper classes set the fashion and rule the state. But democracy is enthroned in as absolute power in the New England states as in the South, and yet the exhibitions of savagery which have so dishonoured America are of the rarest possible occurrence there. We find them almost exclusively either among slave-holders or in the slave states; and can trace them directly to the essential adjuncts of slavery, viz. the possession of absolute power, the fury generated by a haunting though unacknowledged fear, and the habitual association from childhood with a race systematically kept at the lowest ebb of intellect and morals. The children of the planters and southern gentlemen are brought among slaves, themselves brutal and degraded, and on whom they are able and are permitted to exercise, without remonstrance or fear of resistance, their capricious passions, whether those passions prompt to cruelty or lust. We need say no more, after these few words, than quote one sentence from Mr. Olmsted's last work. "How," he asks, "can men retain the most essential quality of true manhood who daily, without remonstrance or interference, see men beaten whose position renders effective resistance totally impracticable—and not only men, but women too? Is it not partially the result of this that self-respect seldom seems to suggest to an angry man at the South that he should use any thing like magnanimity or fair play in a quarrel?" In fact, the entire natural education of the southern slave-holders seems directed to teach their hot blood to give way to the first impulse of passion; and how can we expect those who have learned this lesson upon coloured men to abstain from practising it upon white men when aroused?

Now, with the inevitable tendency of these causes in our

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minds, let us turn to their practical operation, and see how they have undermined the natural feelings of freedom, humanity, and justice. We wish to avoid all highly coloured pictures, and to say no more than is required to exemplify our position. Details may be found in Olmsted's works, and in the columns of *Southern* newspapers. We will merely *allude* to the habitual violation of postage secrecy, under cover of both law and practice, for the detection of any documents conveying anti-slavery opinions; to the entire suppression, by the promptest measures of Lynch law, of the faintest approach to discussion or to the expression of opinion, even in private society, on the forbidden topic; to the tarring and feathering, the forcible banishment, the cruel scourging of peaceable citizens, and even of venerable clergymen, who were *suspected* merely (and often wrongfully) of spreading abolition doctrines or of only counselling humanity and moderation—for, alas, all these things are of daily occurrence and of unquestioned notoriety; so that not even in Rome, in Russia, or in Austria, is personal freedom and security such a hideous mockery as in the southern states of the North American Republic. We *hear* of the burning alive of an itinerant hawker in Texas not two years ago, for the supposed crime of encouraging a fugitive; but as the story, though not doubted, has not been actually proved or avowed, we will not endorse it. But the progress from ordinary fair and decent duels with pistols—first, to savage encounters with rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives, when the disabled combatant is butchered in cold blood on the ground, and no spectator cries shame upon the murderer,—and then to stabbing or shooting an antagonist in the street by surprise and from behind, with not even a pretence of combat or fair play,—this progress is as notorious as it is significant, and no man seems shocked or astonished at the point which has been reached. We need only remind our readers of the Sickles tragedy two years ago, and of the sympathy and prompt acquittal accorded to the murderer, who, though applauded for butchering the paramour, lost all his popularity by forgiving the wife. In many parts of the Union, assassination, with or without notice, has become nearly as common as in Italy in former days.

Burning alive is now the *recognised* punishment for slaves who assault or slay their masters, if indeed they are not shot in the act. Not many months since, Mr. Olmsted tells us,* a Negro who had attacked his master, just as Mr. Brooks attacked Mr. Sumner, from behind and killed him on the spot, was roasted by a slow fire, in the presence of several thousand slaves, and many magistrates, clergymen, and other chief inha-

* Vol. iii. p. 442.

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bitants. The most moderate newspapers of the district justified the deed; others applauded it, partly on the ground that it "was no act of an excited multitude, but the cool, calm, deliberate proceeding of one thousand citizens;" and the editor of one of these journals—*a Methodist preacher*—declared that "the punishment was unequal to the crime; and that he should have suggested tearing the criminal to pieces with red-hot pincers, or cutting off a limb at a time, and burning them all in a heap." It is not by ferocious actions like this, *but by the way in which they are received and spoken of by the community at large*, that we can judge of the awful state of feeling produced by the mingled lawlessness and terror which prevails in the slave-holding districts of the Union. This remark applies with especial force to the last indication of the brutal temper cultivated by slavery, to which we shall need to refer in illustration of our argument. The barbarous and cowardly outrage committed by Mr. Brooks on Mr. Sumner in the Senate-house at Washington is in every body's recollection;—how, in retaliation for a speech made in the Senate a senator was assaulted by an intruding member of the House of Representatives, taken from behind and unawares while seated at his desk, and incapable of self-defence, caned on the head till he was insensible and nearly dead—the assailant being accompanied by a friend, and the rest of the senators (with one single exception) watching the completion of the outrage without interference. This scene, occurring in the Parliament of a great nation, was sufficiently characteristic and disgusting; but the scene itself was nothing to what followed. Mr. Brooks was called upon to pay—300 dollars; he was obliged to resign his seat in Congress, but was immediately reëlected by a vast majority; all the southern newspapers applauded his act as "*chivalrous*, noble, gallant, and courageous;" public meetings were every where held to present fulsome addresses of admiration to him; and lastly, the ladies of South Carolina (the state he represented) presented him with a splendid gold-headed cane, in lieu of the one he *had broken* over his victim's head, inscribed with the words, "Hit him again"! Mr. Olmsted's remarks on this matter are too pertinent to be omitted. "The late Mr. Brooks's character should be honestly considered, now that personal enmity towards him is impossible. That he was courteous, accomplished, warm-hearted, and hot-blooded, dear as a friend, and fearful as an enemy, may be believed by all; but in the South his name is never mentioned without the term *gallant* or *courageous*, *spirited* or *noble*, being also applied to it. Why is this? The truth is, we include in these terms a habit of mind *which slavery has rendered*, in a

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great degree, *obsolete in the South.* The man who has been accustomed from childhood to see men beaten when they have no chance to defend themselves; to hear men accused, vituperated, and reproved, who dare not open their lips in self-defence or reply; who is accustomed to see other men whip women without interference, remonstrance, or any expression of indignation,—must have a certain quality, which is an essential point of personal honour with us, greatly blunted, if not entirely destroyed. The same quality which we detest in the assassination of an enemy is essentially constant in all slavery. It is found in effecting one's will with another, when he cannot, if he would, defend himself. Accustomed to this every hour of their lives, southerners do not feel magnanimity and the 'fair-play' impulse to be a necessary part of the quality of 'spirit,' courage, or nobleness. By 'spirit' they apparently mean only passionate vindictiveness of character, and by 'gallantry,' mere intrepidity." *Generosity to the weak*, which lies at the root of chivalry and true manliness, must become extinct in them.

Slavery is responsible in yet another way for the deterioration and repellent coarseness of American manners, especially in the South, in yet another mode, and one that deserves far more study than it has yet received. The entire white population of the Slave States now exceeds eight millions. Of these the actual slave-holders (who are under 350,000 in number) with their families do not amount to two millions—probably not to much more than 1,500,000. What is the character and condition of the remaining six millions and a half? They have no slaves, and are too poor to buy any; they live in a land where the existence of slaves renders all agricultural labour a dishonour, and therefore nearly an impossibility to the white man, however destitute, or however industriously inclined;—how, then, do they subsist, and what is their social status as to comfort and reputation? Mr. Olmsted's last volume answers this question very fully. A certain number are respectable mechanics, shopkeepers, and small tradesmen in the towns; many keep liquor-shops and taverns; others follow any occupations that are not menial; some are sportsmen, or keep blood-hounds for the purpose of hunting runaway Negroes; but the great majority are squatters on such soil as they find unoccupied or can purchase. But as these are nearly always in the lowest state of social and moral degradation,—ignorant, debauched, and idle, and very mischievous to the Negroes, whom they demoralise and supply with drink,—the planters are exceedingly anxious to remove them from their estates. They buy up their small plots of land, or bribe them to disappear;

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and the poor wretches are thus driven yearly farther and farther from civilisation, and live in log-huts on the produce of such grain as they can raise from their clearings and patches of soil, and such game as they can kill and exchange for rum or whisky; and sink into a depth of squalor, wretchedness, and barbarism which teaches the very slaves to despise them, and which would appear to be almost without a parallel, except *perhaps* in Ireland, in her worst districts and her worst times. These men often emigrate to new states: they become the "Border Ruffians" of Missouri; they swarm in the lowest haunts of New Orleans and other cities; they help to constitute the rowdies, bullies, gamblers, and murderers of most portions of the Union; but *wherever they go, they are voters,* and wherever they go, they lower the tone of manners, morals, decency, and comfort. Too poor to be proprietors, too proud to be domestics, too white to be industrious labourers for hire in a slave-land, too ignorant and too wretched to aspire to a better position, they form the growing gangrene of that great nation. They are the very spontaneous seed-beds and disseminators of brutality and filth; yet they are the natural product of a system under which industry is discredited by its association with "niggerdom" and servitude.

Such having become the condition of the country to be ruled, it remains to be seen what manner of men are now its rulers. George Washington was a great and good man, firm in his purposes, righteous in his means; and his fellow-statesmen were worthy to be his colleagues. Andrew Jackson was neither good nor great, but he was *strong;* he was consistent and clear in his designs, and unflinching in the promptitude and vigour with which he carried them out. He was narrow, but not bad: he was virulent, but not mean. James Buchanan is corrupt, unscrupulous, and feeble; from the day of his inauguration, he has shown neither capacity, principle, nor dignity; he has been altogether an evil and unworthy man; nothing so poor has yet sat in the presidential chair. He was elected mainly on the ground of the "Ostend Manifesto," and his understood subserviency to the cause of "slavery extension," and consequent annexation at the South. He did all he could to redeem his pledge. He connived at the filibustering expeditions of Walker to Nicaragua in the most transparent manner; he liberated that pirate, when arrested and brought back; he was silent and inactive when the same man was received with public ovations in the chief cities of the Union. He endeavoured to persuade Congress to intrust him with thirty millions of dollars wherewith to purchase Cuba from Spain (Spain having already resented the proposal as a flagrant

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insult), and intimated in his Message that if not *sold*, it might perhaps be *taken*. He got up the Central American Dispute with Great Britain with the view of obtaining sole command over the Isthmus and the adjoining territory. He not only encouraged and assisted the border ruffians of Missouri in the most open manner in their lawless violences against Kansas;—he actually employed the United-States troops in putting down the legitimate self-defence of their outraged victims; and endeavoured to force through Congress a bill to legalise and confirm the proceedings of the slave-holding rioters of Lecompton,—acting throughout the whole affair, not as the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, but as the shameless nominee of the Slave-extensionists. Happily, through the firmness of the Free-soilers, he failed, and Kansas is now a free state within the Union. It is believed—indeed, scarcely denied, and almost proved—that he owed his election mainly to corruption exercised in an unusually reckless and extravagant fashion in his native state of Pennsylvania. It is notorious that bribery of all kinds, both of constituencies and of assemblies, has become fearfully rife during his administration.* It is on record that a committee (the 'Covode' Committee, as it was called) was appointed in 1859, by the House of Representatives, to inquire into alleged malversation of funds voted for the navy, some of which were believed to have been employed in passing through the House a bill in which the President was interested; and more to have been abused by unfair contracts to favoured electioneerers; and though much was not proved, and though Mr. Buchanan vehemently protested against the investigation into such charges, yet enough came out before that committee, and was embodied in their report, to connect him most discreditably with some very ill-favoured transactions. Among other documents was a private letter from a friendly politician to

* From an official report by a committee of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Wisconsin, it appears that a certain railway company obtained their charter and donation of public lands by bribing the entire Government. *Thirteen* members of the Senate received 35,000*l.* among them in railway bonds. *Sixty* members of the Lower House received from 1000*l.* to 2000*l.* each. The Governor of the State received 10,000*l.*; his Private Secretary, 1000*l.*; the Lieutenant-Governor, 2000*l.*; the Bank Controller, 2000*l.*; the clerks of the House, 1000*l.* to 2000*l.* each. Besides this, 50,000*l.* was distributed among "outsiders," lobby-agents, &c. The passing of the requisite bills for many railway grants through *Congress* itself, too, is openly asserted to have been managed by wholesale bribery.

Among other painful proofs of the general lowering of the standard of national integrity must not be forgotten "Repudiation," which came into vogue between the eras of Jackson and Buchanan. The defaulting states were ten in number: of these Pennsylvania, Illinois, Louisiana, Maryland, and Alabama resumed their payments to the public creditor after a time; but Indiana compromised for about half the amount of her debt; and Michigan, Arkansas, Florida, and Mississippi repudiated their obligations altogether, and are still fraudulent debtors, though now very wealthy.

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the President, advising that a certain contract should be given to a certain firm in Philadelphia, as it would be worth 150 votes to the administration in the coming election. This letter was endorsed by the President, and forwarded by him to the Secretary of the Navy. We cannot go into details; but the revelation of systematic jobbing at the dockyards, with the full knowledge of the chiefs, was something startling. And, as if to place the general conclusions beyond doubt, Mr. Buchanan wrote his curious 'Pittsburg' letter, deploring in the strongest language the spread of corruption and the general decline of integrity among public men. Finally, the recent deliberate treason of three members of the cabinet, and the proved frauds of one of them, need only to be recalled to mind to give us a conception how deeply immorality of every sort must have eaten into the heart of political circles in America.

Of the mingled dishonesty and weakness displayed by the retiring President in all matters relating to the Secession Movement there is no need that we should speak. Probably a great crisis was never met in so contemptible and undignified a manner. But the time has not arrived for commenting on the history of that strange conjuncture. Nor, in conclusion, have we left ourselves space for pointing the moral of the sketch we have endeavoured faintly to portray. Both America and England will be strangely blind and supine if they do not—each according to its need—profit by the lessons of the Past at this grave but golden opportunity;—America, to rectify her errors; England, to take warning against the imitation of them;—America to re-curb the democratic taste for encroachment and absolutism; England, to avoid unchaining it.

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BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. Longmans.

[Not inferior to the earlier portion of this great work.]

Ancient Law; its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas. By Henry Sumner Maine. Murray.

[Reviewed in Article V.]

The Diary and Correspondence of Charles Abbot, Lord Colchester, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1802 to 1817. Edited by his Son. With Portrait. 3 vols. Murray.

Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria. From original Family Documents. By the Duke of Buckingham, K.G. 2 vols. With Portraits. Hurst and Blackett.

The Private Diary of Travels, Personal Services, and Public Events, during Missions and Employments with the European Armies in 1812-14, from the Invasion of Russia to the Capture of Paris. By the late General Sir Robert Wilson, C.M.T. Edited by his Nephew and Son-in-law the Rev. Herbert Randolph, M.A. 2 vols. With Map. Murray.

The Spanish Conquest in America; and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. Vol. III. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of George III. 1760-1860. By Thomas Erskine May. Vol. I. Longmans.

[An interesting record of the constitutional history of George the Third's reign.]

Lectures on the Apocalypse. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Macmillan.

[Noticed in Article IX.]

The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology, containing Suggestions offered to the Theological Student, under present Difficulties. By Archibald Campbell, Lord Bishop of London. Murray.

[A book partly written for 1846, and partly for 1861. It shows a devout, tolerant, and liberal spirit; but will scarcely do much to aid the student in liberating himself from intellectual difficulties.]

The English Cathedrals of the Nineteenth Century. By A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq. Murray.

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Revolutions in Religion, forming the Second Volume of "Revolutions in English History." By the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

Port Royal: a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France. By Charles Beard, B.A. 2 vols. Longmans.

[Reviewed in Article VIII.]

On Translating Homer. Three Lectures given at Oxford. By Matthew Arnold. Longmans.

[One of the most perfect specimens of true critical genius that we have ever met with; and yet failing, as we think, entirely to establish the superior claim of hexameter to blank verse as the true medium for a translation of Homer. Mr. Arnold's clear and delicate criticism is perhaps slightly disfigured by the supercilious grandeur of the Oxford style.]

Serbski Pesme; or National Songs of Servia. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

[However little accuracy as translations these English reproductions of Servian ballads may possess, they have beauty, spirit, and real fascination for a cultivated reader; that there may be schoolboy errors in the grammar even of the title itself, is a fault not likely to be offensively obvious to many English scholars.]

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[Reviewed in Article VI.]

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[Quite as witty and amusing as "Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," and the other tales which first gained Mr. Peacock the reputation of an intellectual satirist, in the days when Shelley was his correspondent and admirer.]

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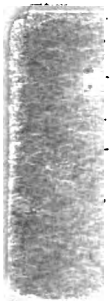

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